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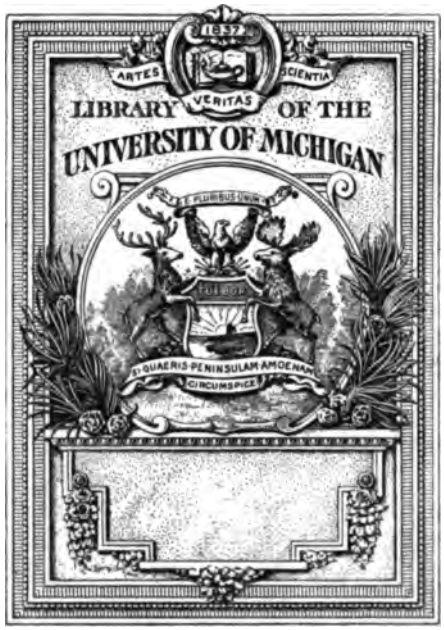
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PRACTICAL JOURNALISM.

Newspaper work for most people has a peculiar fascination. To the ordinary reader its processes seem mysterious and its achievements little short of marvellous. The reporter, sure of entrance at scenes of interest and excitement where others are denied admission, familiar, apparently, with all who are distinguished, either by their position or by their pre-eminent qualities, constantly close to human life in all its various phases, is an object of envy to thousands who would be glad if they could duplicate his delightful opportunities. They do not realize how many difficult and disagreeable tasks he is called upon to perform, and they have no idea how he does his work. Of the internal methods of the newspaper most people know practically nothing. The system of the great daily is so vast and complicated that to outsiders it cannot be easily explained, and the mystery that surrounds its achievements enhances for them its charm. For this reason authentic information about journalism as it is seen from the inside is generally desired, and now that a Chicago newspaper man has devoted a volume* authoritatively explaining in detail how newspaper offices are organized and how newspaper work is done, his book is certain to be widely read.

Young men and women who have the ambition to enter newspaper work as a profession will, of course, be particularly attracted by Mr. Shuman's manual, but apart from this the great general public, always curious about journalistic methods, will turn to its pages with eager interest to find out how the thing is done. Mr. Shuman is in every way competent to give this generally desired information. His life has been devoted to newspaper work, and he has had experience in every department of a newspaper office and in practically every position, from that of typesetter on a country weekly to editorial writer on a great Chicago daily paper. In other words, he is a thorough all-around newspaper man, and in writing about journalism and journalistic methods he knows whereof he speaks. His present book takes the place of his former more elementary treatise, "Steps into Journalism," which is now out of print. In a few cases the earlier work has been drawn upon for materials, although the language and treatment are entirely changed. "Steps into Journalism" was for beginners alone. The present volume is intended to be of value to practical newspaper men of some experience, as well as to those who still stand on the threshold.

Modern journalism in the United States began, as Mr. Shuman shows, with the *New York Herald*, when the elder James Gordon Bennett realized that the American people

*PRACTICAL JOURNALISM. A Complete Manual of the Best Newspaper Methods. By Edwin L. Shuman. 265 pp. Cloth, $1.37. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

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want news rather than opinion, and set out to give them what they want. The development of the new journalism was pushed marvellously by the Civil War, creating suddenly an enormous demand for news, which the newspapers, revolutionized by Mr. Bennett's example, were ready to supply. Journalism then became an important business, if not, indeed, a profession. The collection of news was reduced to a system — almost to an exact science — until to-day every event of importance in the world is instantly recorded by the press.

The evolution of the mechanical department necessarily kept pace with the development of the newspaper in general. The invention first of the cylinder and then of the multiple perfecting press, of the stereotyping process, of wood pulp paper, and of the typesetting machine, the general use of the telegraph and the telephone, and the application of photography to the needs of newspapers have made easily possible to-day what before the time of James Gordon Bennett, the elder, would have seemed an iridescent dream. Newspaper circulations have grown enormously, and regarded simply as a business the publication of a newspaper in any of the large cities of the country to-day is an enterprise of impressive magnitude. Considering the amount of capital invested and the number of people employed, the publication of newspapers throughout the United States is one of the chief industries, if not the chief industry, of the country, and when the influence of the twenty thousand and more publications regularly issued in this country is considered, newspaper making must be regarded without question as the most important industry of all.

Let us see, now, how newspaper work is done. As Mr. Shuman says, it is no small task merely to get a fair understanding of the organization and methods of a large newspaper. First of all, it is important to understand that the modern newspaper is a business enterprise, run primarily to make money and not for the purpose of preaching or propagating any one's ideas. Its first object is to give the news, and so get a large circulation, which will enable it to get quantities of advertising, and thus bring financial profit to the publisher. Incidentally, the newspaper may have a public policy, and it may be more or less closely affiliated with some political party, but generally its policy and its affiliations are planned chiefly with the idea of making money, and are subservient to that. The modern newspaper, in other words, is conducted from the counting room, and its control is in the hands of the alert business man who provides or has secured the large capital required to carry on the enterprise, and whose chief concern in life is to get as large returns as possible. He seldom writes for his paper, although he may be wholly capable of doing so. He deals with its large policy, employing men in all departments fitted to carry out his plan, and directing their work as a general directs the operations of his army. He is the manager of the paper, the publisher, controlling both the business and the editorial departments, the real editor-in-chief, although he is seldom referred to by that name. Next to him in the news and editorial department comes the managing editor, who again may do little writing or none at all, but who has control of the writing force, and whose important duty it is to furnish the new ideas that the successful paper constantly demands. The managing editor's chief assistants are the city editor, who collects the local news; the telegraph or news editor, who has charge of the matter that comes by wire; and the various department editors — exchange, dramatic, musical, sporting, financial, commercial, real estate, art, literary, and others. The city editor has a corps of reporters under his charge, and the news editor has a corps of correspondents in the towns and villages of his especial territory and the cities of importance throughout the country. The city editor is responsible for all local matters. He plans the work of his reporters, assigns some of them to regular stations at important news centres — the courts, the police stations, the state house, and the city hall, for instance — and keeps the others busy with special assignments given to them from time to time as he learns of matters that it is necessary to investigate. The telegraph editor deals with correspondents outside the

city in which the paper is published, receives from them telegraphic offers of the news that comes to their attention, and gives them directions as to how much to send. Sometimes the managing editor gives direct attention to this work. After collecting the news the telegraph editor and his assistants edit it for publication, throwing away vast quantities of it, condensing the rest wherever possible, and writing the headlines to prepare it for publication. Through the city editor, and the telegraph editor, and the department editors, the papers get practically all the news they print, with the exception of that which they receive from the Associated Press, which, for the purposes of this article, may be regarded as the most efficient correspondent on the telegraph editor's staff, since it furnishes day and night a never-ending summary of the news of the whole world. The department editors may be regarded really as high-grade reporters, since each is expected to furnish the news that comes directly within his department. They are responsible direct to the managing editor, and many of them have assistants. The exchange editor, for instance, is expected, with the aid of his assistants, to read the hundreds of newspapers received daily in exchange, for the benefit of everybody in the office — that is to say, he is expected to cut from them for the assistance of his fellow-workers everything that anybody on the staff requires for his work. To the news editor, or the city editor, he gives news found in other papers that may not have been received direct from correspondents or reporters. To the managing editor he gives suggestions and ideas that occur to him or come to his attention in reading other papers. To each of the other departments he turns over all clippings relating to the work of those departments, and finally, he prepares for reprinting in his paper vast quantities of miscellaneous matter of interest — poems, jokes, anecdotes, special articles of all kinds, to be quoted with due credit. The dramatic editor has charge of things theatrical, is responsible for all news regarding theatres and actors, writes criticisms of the most important dramatic performances himself, and assigns assistants to do the less important critiques. The musical editor treats musical matters in the same way. The sporting editor deals with the sports, with the aid of assistants who make a specialty of baseball, yachting, boxing, golf, lawn tennis, rowing, and other varieties of sport. The financial editor deals with the stock exchange; the commercial editor, with business interests; the literary editor, with new books and magazines; the real estate editor, with building improvements and the sale of real estate; the household editor, with cooking recipes and matters supposed to be of interest to women; the librarian, with the accumulation of books and clippings likely to be useful for reference, particularly the collection of biographical matter and pictures and information that are likely to be needed some day. Under the control of the managing editor also are the editorial writers, each of whom has his assigned work day by day in filling the editorial columns of the paper. The art department is an important feature, duly organized with its responsible head and numerous assistants.

Throughout the office, from managing editor down to the newest cub reporter, every man knows his work and does his part daily, all working together for the production of the complete newspaper. System prevails everywhere, and the whole force works together with the precision and effectiveness of a marvellous machine.

"How can I get a position on a newspaper?" is a question commonly asked by young men and women who are especially interested in newspaper work. Mr. Shuman points out that on a large newspaper there is no place for inexperienced assistants. It is practically useless for a green hand, even though he be a college graduate or a well-informed business man, to apply to a big city daily for a position. Such papers pay good salaries, and they want none but experts. They have no time to train raw recruits. To begin newspaper work, one must apply to the smaller papers, the country weeklies, or the small-city dailies. There the business can be learned, with little or no pay at first, and the man who shows aptitude can make progress; so that after he has gained experience he can apply, with some chance of success, for a vacancy on some larger paper.

For persons in large cities, it is sometimes practicable to start with special articles for the Sunday papers, but the task of winning an entrance at that door is a long one and full of rebuffs and discouragements for beginners. They usually begin by writing essays on some ancient or abstruse subject, and they meet many bitter disappointments before they learn that a newspaper has no use for a learned disquisition on "The Pharoahs of Egypt" or on "The Innateness of Religiosity." In time, they may learn to study the paper for which they are attempting to write, and thus grope their way toward success, but the process as a whole is slow and tedious. The current of promotion naturally flows from the country toward the city. The thirteen thousand country weeklies in the United States are the primary schools in which men are trained for the higher positions in journalism. Practical experience in newspaper work is the only competent teacher of journalism. Some help can be had from the journalistic courses now springing up in the larger universities. Correspondence schools of journalism also may give some useful aid, if they are conscientiously conducted, but newspaper work cannot be learned thoroughly, completely, and to the best advantage under present conditions outside of a newspaper office. How it may be when the Pulitzer school of journalism is in operation, time alone can show.

Having described the general system of a newspaper office in a large city, Mr. Shuman takes up in detail the different departments, and shows how newspaper work is done. His chapter on "The Reporter at Work" gives typical examples of newspaper experience, and is full of useful suggestions to beginners. In the next chapter, "The Plan of a News Story," he points out that a news article — or "story," as it is called — is constructed upon plans and specifications of its own, which may be defined as clearly as those governing a poem or a novel. In its aim and in its form, the newspaper article is the exact opposite of a sermon or a tale of fiction. The well-constructed sermon, novel, or drama begins with the less important details, and works up to a climax near the end in which the vital point of the whole production is revealed. The well-constructed news story begins with its most important fact and ends with the least important. The novelist conceals his message as long as possible. The newspaper writer tells forth his message as quickly as words will let him. The fiction writer begins at the beginning and follows the course of events chronologically until he reaches his dramatic climax. The reporter puts his climax into his first sentence. This is the most important professional secret that can be imparted to the beginner.

"Put the point of your whole story," says Mr. Shuman, "into the first sentence, and the shorter the sentence, the better. Whether the story be two columns or two inches long, cram the marrow of it into the first paragraph. Banish the school-essay idea that there must be an introduction or preliminary explanation of any kind. Put your best, strongest, most startling statement first, and follow it with a few other brief sentences, summing up the whole matter, so that the rest of the article might be 'killed' and the story still be 'covered.' Every newspaper report should answer the questions, 'What? Who? Where? When? Why?' and should do it in the first paragraph as nearly as possible. This is the first and greatest commandment in the matter of journalistic style, and the penalty of breaking it is the waste basket and swift oblivion."

Lack of knowledge of this simple law of journalism will account for the failure of many would-be reporters. It also will account for the frequent rejection of news stories contributed by well-educated outsiders, such as clergymen or school teachers. Every person who expects ever to write anything for a newspaper will be the gainer by realizing the facts here stated. The usual mistake is to begin the story at the chronological beginning, instead of at the point of greatest interest. Another error is to forget to mention one of the three essentials — the actors, the place, and the time. The beginner cannot go far wrong if he gets these three things into his first sentence, and the nub of the whole story into his first paragraph. Two potent causes have cast the American newspaper article into

this form. One is the tremendous volume of news demanding a place in the press, making swift curtailing of articles necessary; the other is the wish to catch the eye of the reader, fix his attention, and give him a chance to get the gist of the story at a glance, if he has not the time or desire to go into details.

In the chapter entitled "How the News is Gathered," Mr. Shuman gives information about the Associated Press, and adds some suggestions to newspaper men in small towns about selling news by telegraph to the big city dailies. The proper way is to send at the earliest possible moment a short telegram, called a "query," giving the pith of the whole story in two or three lines, and asking the editor whether or not he wants the article. This dispatch may always be sent "collect" — that is, at the expense of the paper. If no reply is received, there is nothing more to do, unless it be to try some other paper. If an answer comes, it will probably be within an hour, and will specify the length of the dispatch desired. Whatever the limit of words, the correspondent in writing his dispatch should try to come as close to it as possible. Of course correspondents should offer news only when it is important from the city paper's point of view, and good judgment must be exercised in this respect.

After chapters devoted to "Editors and Their Methods" and "Qualifications for Journalism," Mr. Shuman gives a chapter to "The Sunday Supplement," in which he makes many suggestions of value to writers, not regularly connected with newspapers, who wish to contribute special articles to the Sunday press. The preparation of the feature sections of the Sunday papers, as he points out, is in the hands of the Sunday editor, who usually works every day in the week except Sunday. The matter with which the Sunday supplements are filled is of a nature half-way between that of the daily paper and that of a popular monthly magazine. It is miscellany of a more or less newsy nature, treating current topics more at length than is possible in a week-day edition. Articles of this kind are known technically as "Sunday specials," and they are generally paid for by the column, the average rate, perhaps, being five dollars for two thousand words. The writing of special articles is something that may be done by outside contributors. The Sunday paper, like the monthly magazine, is open to any bright writer who can produce what the editor happens to want at the particular moment when he desires it. It must be remembered, however, that every Sunday editor has his staff of experienced helpers, to whom he gives suggestions and assignments, covering all the chief topics that he wishes to treat each week. It follows, naturally, that there is little space left for the outsider. His matter must be of exceptional novelty or timeliness in order to find a place in the Sunday editor's columns.

Timeliness is the essence of value in all newspaper work, and the "Sunday special" affords no exception. So far as possible every special story should have its peg of news to hang upon. "News," however, must be regarded in the broad sense of Mr. Smalley's definition — "It is what people will want to read to-morrow morning." Any topic with human interest in it may be acceptable to the Sunday editor. What he wants is something that not only you would like to read but that half the people on your street would like to read on Sunday morning.

The special article presents one avenue of access to a regular position on a newspaper staff. There are two ways in which an outsider may approach the editor with matter of this kind. One is to go to him and give him a brief verbal outline of one or more subjects which seem to give promise of good stories, and to ask him whether he could use an article on one of these topics. In most cases he will say "No." The other way is to go ahead and write out a story and send it to him for his acceptance or rejection. The finished article will have exactly as good a chance when sent by mail as if you handed it to the editor in person and took up his time telling what you have written, or what you think of your own production. All specials, or sketches, or fiction tales intended for use in the Sunday paper should be addressed to the Sunday editor, and not, as so many beginners mistakenly imagine, to the literary editor. The literary editor of

a newspaper is the book reviewer, and usually he has nothing to do with contributions intended for publication in the paper.

If a special article is rejected by the first editor to whom it is offered, it should be submitted promptly to the editor of another paper, always with the necessary postage for return, and this process should be continued until the story finds the right place, or until its unfitness is fully demonstrated. With "space" stories of this kind, as with magazine articles, the author must expect many rejections, as a matter of course. Persistency counts for a great deal, and the special writer has need of a liberal share of it. The chief difficulty is the same as that which confronts the magazine writer: One never can be sure of what is going to meet the tastes and wishes of the editor. There is an inevitable percentage of wasted work. The best that one can do is to study carefully the nature of the articles the periodical has published in the past and write something — not like anything that has been published — that will conform as nearly as possible to what seems to be the editor's standard. The outsider cannot reasonably hope to make a living by writing Sunday specials. The real value of the work in most instances is that it affords a foothold, and opens up a way to steady work at some kind of steady wages. The Sunday special offers a short cut, rough and thorny, into regular journalism. It is not so good a mode of entrance as the way that lies through the country newspaper office and the local room, but it is the best that is open to many persons, and it is perfectly legitimate.

The Sunday special, while it is subjected to a less exacting literary standard than magazine work, has to conform to definite requirements of its own. Its length should be commensurate with the importance of the subject, and the shorter it is, the better is the chance of selling it. It is generally useless to offer an article containing more than three thousand words. Special efforts should be made to give sparkle and life to the article, and bits of dialogue breaking up the monotonous solidity of the column, if cleverly done, will add to its salability. Sketches or photographs for use as illustrations will help wonderfully in getting the favor of the editor. Photographs are more acceptable than drawings.

"Select subjects that you know about," says Mr. Shuman to the would-be writer of Sunday specials, "and that everybody else does not know. Avoid religious doctrines entirely. Cultivate a cheery and generous, rather than a censorious spirit. Remember that humor and good-natured wit always are the best of material, and as elsewhere in the world will win a hearing where staid and sober wisdom is left to wait without the gates. The heavy magazine essay has little chance of acceptance, however finished or deeply pondered. Never forget that persons are more important than things. A new anecdote about a prominent man or woman is almost always salable. The human interest is universal; the interest in scenery is limited. Travels are not in demand. A story that throws new light on the inside workings of the last political convention will be sought eagerly, whereas new details of the greatest battle of the Revolution will have difficulty in finding a place in a newspaper. There is a never-ceasing rivalry among editors to get any news that may have bearing upon an approaching event of importance."

Serious poetry is in slight demand among American newspapers. Many prosperous papers make it a rule not to buy poems of any kind. Most papers, however, are willing without payment to print good verse, appending the author's name to it. As a means of securing a local reputation, the writing of serious verse for newspapers has some practical value, but its paying qualities end there so far as journalism is concerned. There are, however, a few papers that pay a fair price for good poems of especial human interest.

With jokes and humorous jingles the opportunity is much more encouraging. There is a regular and steady market for choice brands of such staples at all seasons of the year. But they must be really bright or funny.

Taking up the subject of "Women in Newspaper Work," Mr.

there are less than three hundred regularly employed newspaper women in the United

States. They stand on exactly the same basis as the men, and they hold their positions simply because they can do their work fully as well as men could do it. . . . The only real staples of journalism are news, politics, and business. In none of these can women compete on even terms with men. The woman who is a specialist on some subject has the best chance, but even she is at a disadvantage, because of the perpetual change of fads in the newspaper office.

"Acrobatic journalism, otherwise known as yellow journalism, employs more women and gives them better pay than the conservative newspapers, but it is a hard and unpleasant taskmaster. A young woman may earn from $50 to $100 for a week for a while on one of the large sensational journals in New York, but she can do so only by going to all sorts of risky places, and by doing things for which she will often feel inclined to despise herself. One woman secures a story by having herself hoisted by a rope from the street to the top of the highest skyscraper building and then describing her sensations in print, with illustrations. Another earns her money by making a balloon ascension. A third is sent to see a man hanged, and describes 'A Hanging as It Looks to a Woman.' A fourth is commanded to walk up and down a certain street after night and see whether she is arrested. This glimpse of the work is enough to convince almost anybody that the money is dearly earned.

"Reportorial work under the best conditions rubs the bloom off a woman much more quickly than school-teaching or employment in a business office. The paper takes all her time, all her strength, and robs her of almost all social life, and of many feminine characteristics. No woman can succeed in regular newspaper work unless she loves the pen better than anything else, and is willing to devote all her time, energy, and ability to it. Whether the sacrifice in doing so will not be greater than the gain is a question which every woman of journalistic ambition must decide for herself.

"A woman with genuine literary talents really has a better chance as a beginner if she devotes herself to writing verses, stories, and humorous and pathetic sketches for the magazines and Sunday papers than if she attempts to get a place in straight news-gathering. Such work requires more talent than reporting, but it is work in which a woman has exactly an even chance with men. The average woman is better fitted for writing fiction than fact. As novelists women are now commanding as large a share of success as men. Feminine writers, also, are especially fitted to weave entertaining tales for children. The juvenile departments maintained in some papers are ideal fields for the cultivation of feminine talent. Moreover, success as a writer of stories, sketches, or poems means comparatively easy access to journalism afterward, if desired. Probably more women have entered journalism through literature than have entered literature through journalism. They have to work for years to make names for themselves, even after their matter begins to be accepted, but they are not subjected to the unsexing process through which the woman reporter must go, and if they succeed, they have the credit for it over their own names, while the newspaper reporter of either sex remains anonymous to the last.

"Should a woman give up her position as a school teacher, for instance, in order to carry out her desire to be a writer? Certainly not, until she has secured good evidence that she can support herself with a pen. Why a woman who can get $800 a year for teaching should wish to take up the harder work of newspaper reporting is difficult to understand. It is easier to see why a woman with literary talent should wish to write for magazines or other periodicals over her own name. In any case, the right thing for her to do is to try her powers, without letting go her hold on her existing source of income."

The closing chapters of Mr. Shuman's book treat of the newspaper art department, common errors in writing, advertisement writing, soliciting advertisements, editing a country paper, the law of libel, and the law of copyright. "Practical Journalism" should be read by every one who is thinking of taking up newspaper work, and even experienced newspaper men will find in it suggestions of real value.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

T. Jenkins Hains, the writer of sea stories, has had an unexampled opportunity to gather material for future work. While on a yachting trip in December, he was shipwrecked, and for five days his shattered yacht drifted at the mercy of the sea, the hull filled with water and the waves dashing over her deck continually. When the rescuers came, they found Mrs. Hains lashed to the mast, and shortly after the rescue the yacht went down. The next shipwreck story by Mr. Hains should have no lack of genuine local color.

* * *

In a review of Haldane Mac Fall's "The Masterfolk," the critic of the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* sums up so well the important qualifications of the novelist, and at the same time points out so clearly some common faults of writers, that the review is well worth quoting. Mr. Mac Fall, he says, has the makings of a great novelist. "Keen, penetrating observation; close, subtle analysis; deep study of underlying forces he has, together with the power of drawing striking portraits; vital character studies, and vivid bits of description. For a terse, graphic, picturesque presentment of life in the heart of London; for a living, moving, stirring group of active humanity showing a wonderful variety of types, all vital and convincing; for bright, bantering talk, quick repartee, serious philosophy and pretty romance, the reader will seek far to find the equal of 'The Masterfolk' in recent literature.

"And yet," the critic goes on to say, 'the book is unsatisfactory, exasperating, and provoking to a degree. The writer is evidently in love with George Meredith and makes him most handsome tribute in the form of dedication. Also, he has read and studied Dickens and Thackeray, and instead of letting his own genius have full sway, he has gone and saddled himself with a composite burden of other men's styles. He is like one author here, another there, and a third in another place, with the result that his work is scrappy and ineffective where it ought to be stunning. If there were not so much real good in it, so much original force of character that all the adaptations of style that are piled upon it cannot destroy, it would not be worth while to wade through it, for it is unconscionably long. Four hundred and forty octavo pages are too much for any one novel nowadays. We have not time for such, life is too short. The padding in it is a survival of the old English traditional three-volume novel, only that has gone

out of fashion; so most works are published in one book these days, but the habit of 'filling up' remains, to the detriment of the work. If this author will forget that he ever read anything, and just write what he learns from the book of daily life, he will become a leader in the land; for he has the germ of greatness, but he does not want to handicap it with borrowed manners or bury it under a waste of needless words."

* * *

Rudyard Kipling was thirty-eight years old December 30. It is hard to realize that he is so young.

* * *

"A typographical error is a hard thing to find in a proof-sheet," says the editor of the *Junction City*, O *Republic*, "but in the printed paper it looms up like a fat lady in a group of vegetarians." Writers can do much to reduce the number of misprints by taking pains always to make their copy legible.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

It is time for every citizen to get together. — *St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.*	It is time for all good citizens to get together.
Bryan and Choate joke one another. — *Boston Globe.*	Bryan and Choate joke each other.
He suggested that perhaps, if they could hold off a little, that it might be better. — *Boston Journal.*	He suggested that perhaps, if they could hold off a ittle, it might be better.

FIVE EDITORS INTERVIEWED.

Some questions put by the *New York Times Saturday Review* to the editors of some of the leading magazines are of interest to writers, because the answers indicate the feeling of the editors toward certain kinds of contributions. The editors were asked to express their opinions briefly regarding "timely" articles, the long serial, ordered and proffered manuscripts, magazine poetry, and the short story. Those who replied are Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* Robert N. Johnson, associate editor of the *Century;* Colonel George Harvey, of *Harper's* and the *North American Review;* S. S. McClure, of *McClure's Magazine;* and Edward Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The first question was: "Is the tendency toward the 'timely' article in the monthly magazines growing or diminishing?" To this Colonel Harvey replied: "Growing, I should say, in all except *Harper's Magazine.*" Mr. Johnson said: "There is undoubtedly a growing tendency toward the 'timely' article in some quarters, and I believe it not to be to the detriment of the magazines that they should have in mind the psychological moment; but it is possible to carry this tendency to excess, and to fatigue the reader with actualities." Mr. McClure: "If anything, the tendency toward 'timely' articles is increasing. It has always been the policy of *McClure's* to take up such subjects as are enlisting the public interest; so much so that the magazine has been defined as 'National Journalism.'" Mr. Perry questioned whether there was a "uniform type" of monthly magazine. "Magazines," he said, "that make a specialty of 'timeliness' are constantly perfecting their machinery for discussing contemporary events. Relatively, therefore, many of the older magazines seem less timely than they did ten years ago. Actually they are more timely." Mr. Bok replied: "Undoubtedly, the public likes timeliness in its literature, whether in a monthly or a daily, but it stands to reason that as the magazines increase in circulation, necessitating an earlier date of going to press, the 'timely' article will become more difficult to give with any security of its being timely upon publication. And as between many copies and no 'timely' articles, or few copies and timeliness, is there a choice? Editors like a few of the luxuries of life as well as authors."

To the second question: "Are long serials as much in favor as they were, or are novel readers now generally inclined to await publication in book form?" Mr. Johnson replied: "I think that among readers in the cities long serials are less in favor than in the days of leisurely reading. At the same time we have no conclusive evidence on this point. The readers of the *Century* are not of the class that write much to the editor. Readers living out

of the cities, to whom the coming of a magazine is more of an event, probably still like the serial form, with its charm of arrest, anticipation, and return; but this, of course, depends upon the character of the serial itself." Colonel Harvey said: "The long serial is no longer essential." Mr. Bok: "Our experience is that the shorter serial of five parts, as a limit, is the popular standard, so far as length of serials is concerned." Mr. McClure: "Yes. Many novel readers follow a serial through and read again — or at any rate, purchase — in book form." Mr. Perry: "Theoretically, there is little or no reason for serials under modern conditions of book and magazine publication. Practically a first-rate one justifies itself, but only a first-rate one."

The third question was: "Do you regard the publication of poetry in monthly magazines as a response to a public demand, or merely as the survival of an old custom? In other words, would any magazine lose prestige if it stopped publishing poetry?" To this Mr. Bok replied: "No magazine of general literature has ever published so little poetry as the *Ladies' Home Journal;* still we live!" Mr. McClure: "If there is not an actual demand, there is at least a warm appreciation of good verse among the readers of magazines. Some publications would undoubtedly lose prestige and friends by cutting off their verse; upon others the effect would be practically nil." Mr. Perry: "When our poets quit marking time and begin to march again, it would be a pity if they could not find the magazine roads open. Meantime, it is they who are losing prestige rather than the magazines." Mr. Johnson: "I believe that the public, which in general is indifferent to poetry and short stories in book form, would look with less favor upon any magazine which should entirely eschew either of these two attractive features. The American people, in spite of their commercialism, have much sentiment, and I believe that, in a more or less shame-faced way, they are fond of verse, and that this taste will increase as we get, first, better poetry, and, second, better criticism of poetry, if, indeed, I do not reverse the true order in which they are likely to come." Colonel Harvey thinks that any magazine that should stop publishing poetry might lose prestige, possibly, but no subscribers.

The fourth question put to the editors was: "How large a proportion of the descriptive and historical articles published by your magazine in the course of the year are ordered by the editor and based on ideas given by him to the writers?" To this Mr. Perry answered: "The last time the *Atlantic* analyzed the source of the articles for a given year almost exactly one-third of them were the result of direct editorial suggestion. Another third were sent by regular contributors who allowed this magazine through consultation to select from their current work. The remaining third were entirely unsolicited." Mr. McClure said: "More than seventy-five per cent. of the articles published in *McClure's* represent the ideas and suggestions of the editorial staff." Colonel Harvey: "About four in five of the articles printed in the *North American Review*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *Harper's Bazaar* are ordered by the editors." Mr. Johnson replied: "It is impossible to give data in response to this question, but I may say that we generally find that the ordered article is less likely to turn out well. Writers unconsciously are less on their mettle than when writing from an original impulse and with an uncertain market, and, if truth must be told, are less likely to be conscientious in their work. There is, moreover, an element of unfairness to the editor in asking him to speculate upon the result of these ventures. Such articles are often written to time as well as to order, and the disarrangement of one's menu by a poor dish which arrives late need not be enlarged upon. The most trying thing in editing is to have a well-conceived idea which has been placed in apparently competent hands turn out at the last moment unexpectedly wrong in execution — not bad enough to be excluded, but not good enough to have the desired significance."

To the last question: "Does the supply of good short stories equal the demand?" Mr. McClure replied: "Certainly not. Neither in short fiction nor in any other product of man's brain does the good supply equal the demand."

Colonel Harvey and Mr. Bok both answered in the negative. Mr. Bok said: "It takes a mighty good while, you know, to write a good short story, and generally about half an hour to read it. So how could the supply ever equal the demand?" Mr. Perry's answer may seem to some something like some of the responses of the Delphic oracle. He said: "Barring out those works of genius which are not often written to order, I should say that short stories illustrate the law of the equivalence of supply and demand better than anything else in literature. The demand being what we know it is, the merchant must supply it, as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay or Calcutta."

To sum up, then, it would seem that, in spite of dissenting voices, the weight of editorial opinion in the magazines is in favor of increasing the number of "timely" articles; it is against the verse and the serial, and for the short story; and editors find the ordered article the more satisfactory.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Helen Sherman Griffith, author of "The Face in the Crowd," in the December *Short Stories*, is a niece of General Sherman and of Secretary John Sherman. She was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and passed her school days in Cincinnati, Ohio. After extensive European travel she married and settled in Philadelphia. Mrs. Griffith has been successful in the production of more than a dozen plays, two books for girls, entitled, respectively, "Her Father's Legacy," and "Her Wilful Way," both published by the Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, and several short stories, which have appeared in *Short Stories*, the *Gentlewoman*, the *Churchman*, and other magazines. *Lippincott's Magazine* will soon publish a novelette, entitled "Incognito," which is Mrs. Griffith's most ambitious work.

Edward Mumford, whose story, "As Conducted by Minerva," was printed in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for December, is the bursar of the University of Pennsylvania, and writes only in such spare time as he can gain from his arduous duties. Mr. Mumford says that his interest in writing has been greatly stimulated by his connection with a little club in Philadelphia—a very modest club indeed, known to its few members as the "Write-about." Among those who have been associated with this club are Paschal H. Coggins, quite well-known through the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Monthly*, and the *Atlantic*; Francis Churchill Williams, author of "J. Devlin, Boss," and "The Captain"; Edward Robins, who has written several good boys' books and some plays; Arthur Lewis Tubbs, who is also a play-writer; and A. H. Quinn, who wrote a volume of college stories. Mr. Mumford adds that nearly everything he has written has been read to the Club, and that although he has n't always agreed with its frank, untrammeled criticisms, he has found them very helpful.

Esther Waggaman Neill, whose story, "A Politician's Daughter," appeared in the Christmas number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, is the daughter of a well-known writer, Mary T. Waggaman, and the wife of Professor Charles P. Neill, of the Catholic University at Washington. She is a native of Washington and has spent most of her life there. Her stories have appeared in the *Puritan* and *Donahoe's Magazine*.

Sarah Endicott Ober, whose story, "Her Love and Its Memories," was printed in the *New England Magazine* for November, is a sister of Frederick A. Ober, the author and traveler. Her home was formerly in Beverly, Mass. She studied art in Boston for several years, and has done some illustrating for her brother's articles, but she gave up her artistic ambitions to work among the "poor whites" and the "mountaineers" in the South under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. After six years, ill health compelled her to give up this work, and for several years she spoke of the work in the churches of New England, and also in some of the colleges and academies. She has had stories published in the *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, and *Short Stories*, and three years ago the Congregational Publishing Company published a book by her, entitled "Gin

sey Krieder," under the nom-de-plume of "Huldah Herrick."

J. C. Plummer, whose story, "The Captain of the Penguin," appeared in *Short Stories* for December, was born in Virginia, and at an early age began to compose rude stories. At the age of fourteen, he won a twenty-five-dollar prize for a children's story in a weekly newspaper. Later he contributed to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, the *Baltimore Home Journal*, and the *Baltimore Every Saturday*. Circumstances compelled him to take to the water as a profession, and it is only of late that he has recommenced contributing marine stories to a Chicago syndicate and to the magazines. Two of his stories have already appeared in *Short Stories*, and others will follow shortly.

Benjamin H. Ridgely, whose story, "The Missing Exequatur," was published in the *Century* for November, is in the United States consular service, and is at present stationed at Nantes. Mr. Ridgely was born at Ridgely, Maryland, but was brought up and educated in Kentucky, and his reputation as a writer was well established before he left Louisville some years ago, to enter the consular service. Since then, although a very busy man, he has had articles in *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, and *Harper's Monthly*, in this country, and in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Strand*, and other first-class London magazines. "The Missing Exequatur" has been widely and most favorably commented upon as a strong story of really original humor.

Charles D. Stewart, whose story, "The Colonel's Accretion," appeared in the December *Atlantic*, is only thirty-six, but he has had an adventurous career. When he was sixteen, — he is now thirty-six — he ran away from the academy where he was being made a Baptist minister, and hearing that there was less education in the South, he immediately had a "call" to go there. He started in by being a "pilot's cub," working a summer on the Missouri, and then when the boat was tied up for the winter, going south on the Mississippi. It was from these river memories that he wrote "The Colonel's Accretion." Finding that river piloting had seen its days of glory and was "on the wane," he drifted to central Texas, where he spent about two years — mostly in the saddle. Mr. Stewart says that he got to Texas "at the interesting period of transition when free grass was giving way to wire fences," and he found that being a cowboy was also "on the wane." While in Texas, he was inspired to write some funny observations that met the approval of George W. Peck, of "Bad Boy" fame. He went home to Milwaukee, and finding no opening in literature, took up wood-engraving, which he learned under Marr, the father of the great artist, Carl Marr, and himself a sculptor of no mean ability. By the time he had mastered this profession, he says, his advancement toward distinction in the magazines was cut off by the invention of photo-engraving, which rapidly replaced wood-engraving, and has made it practically extinct. Wood-engraving, too, was "on the wane." Mr. Stewart was, however, the half-tone engraver on *Puck* at the World's Fair, and of this experience he says that "after working to the end of it in glaring light, and being marvelled at and interrupted by a million persons" he was so tired of half-tone dots that he took a vacation in newspaper work. He wrote the "Talk of the Town" for the *Chicago News* for a year. This was given a position in the middle column of the front page, and was the precursor in journalism of the "Little About Everything," which is now a standard department. At the end of the year Mr. Stewart dropped newspaper work forever, because, as he says, having looked forward to being an editor he found himself becoming the funny man. He had learned also that the editor who was a great writer was going out, and that there were only a few specimen survivals. Great editors, too, were "on the wane." Mr. Stewart got into the *Century* with some "words of wisdom," written when he was nineteen, and every year since then he has found that the more he practised writing, the less he knew. His more important magazine articles have been a story, "The Stork That was Late," in *St. Nicholas* for October, 1900, and a previous article —

"Old Times on the Missouri"—in the Contributors' club in the *Atlantic* for September. He has thrown away a hundred times more than he ever submitted, finding that he would "outgrow" a theme in the thought and labor of finishing it.

Helen Sterling Thomas, of New York, whose story, "The Soul of Judas," appeared in *Short Stories* for December, is one of the younger magazine writers. She has made a special study of folk-lore, and has in preparation a book, entitled "Legends of Several Lands." This deals, in some dozen tales, with the poetical truths contained in certain familiar legends. Her stories will continue to appear in *Short Stories* and other periodicals during the present year.

Nina Welles Tibbot, who wrote "The Story of Dan," in the *New England Magazine* for December, lives in Minneapolis, where she conducts a successful real estate business, and it is between hours of talking bricks and valuable corner lots that she turns to her typewriter and writes about the queer characters she meets. Her characters are real people, the setting alone being the product of her imagination. Most of her work is published under a pseudonym, and she is the author of a large number of short stories, which have been published in many of the popular magazines.

Emily Allison Townsend, who wrote the story, "The Enchanted Pitcher," in *Short Stories* for December, belongs to a well-known family in New Haven, Conn. She was born and brought up in that city, was graduated from the high school there, and afterward from Vassar College. For several years she taught English Literature, Latin, and Greek at St. Catharine's Hall, Augusta, Me., and Lakewood, N. J., and St. Mary's Hall, Memphis, Tenn. She has only recently begun to write for publication.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hawthorne.—Julian Hawthorne came into the literary field as Hopkinson Smith did, from that of engineering. Mr. Hawthorne began life as hydrographic engineer of the New York dock department. After eighteen months' work he was rotated out of office.

"My profession is not literature, but engineering," he said, recently. "While I was waiting for another job, after leaving the dock department, I happened to write a short story, for fun, and sent it to *Harper's Weekly*. It was accepted and I got fifty dollars for it. That seemed an easy way of making money during the suspension of my professional activities, and I kept at it, always expecting the new engineering work. That was more than thirty years ago, and during the interval I have done a good deal of writing, but have never for a moment ceased to hope for an order for a bridge or a canal. It may come any day; I am young yet—only fifty-seven—and I feel that it is not too late to begin serious work again."

In his book "Hawthorne and His Circle" Julian Hawthorne gives some interesting details of his father's literary methods. The manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter" was destroyed by the printers; Field's confidence in the greatness of the book assuring him no prevision of the manuscript's ultimate value. "All the extant manuscripts are singularly free from erasures and interlineations; page after page is as clear as a page of print." This is too sweeping. It does not hold true of the four trials with one subject: "Septimius Felton," "The Bloody Footstep," "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," and "The Dolliver Romance." Here the long fumbling with his problem tortured the lines of Hawthorne's manuscript into corresponding twists and turns.

Hawthorne appears to have come out more into the open in Italy than anywhere else, especially with men of letters, artists, and the like. But in Rome he passed through several distinct phases of feeling—first, disappointment with the abominable weather. With the improvement of that came a new sense of creative power. Next, a profound depression, caused by his daughter's critical condition, set in; recovering from which as she recovered, he fell into a new slough of despond when it became evident that her recovery was partial and could never be complete. To write "The

Marble Faun" under the stress of such vicissitudes must have been a difficult task. The Faun of Praxiteles was so exciting to his imagination that it is strange to find him describing the statue inaccurately both in his notes and in the novel. The left arm, he says, "hangs carelessly by his side."—*The Nation.*

London.—Jack London was still putting on paper the last chapters of "The Sea-Wolf" when publication began in the January *Century*, although the story was complete in fabric and fashion in his brain before he began to write. Mr. London does his work the first thing in the morning, right after breakfast, averaging a thousand words a day, five days in the week. When pushed, he has written more than a thousand words daily for many weeks at a stretch; and has occasionally accomplished two thousand words every day for two weeks. He writes slowly, making few changes in his first draft. At the end of each day he typewrites what he has written, and this is the completed manuscript. Mr. London plans a ten-years' tramp around the world, stopping to write only when and where the fancy seizes him. A newspaper paragraph says that in case of war between Russia and Japan he will act as war correspondent for the *New York American.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Fixed Forms of French Verse.—L. E. Kastner is about to publish through the Clarendon Press a "History of French Versification." It promises to be an instructive volume, with much practical explication in it of poetical forms. Here are some of the author's notes on the rondeau and triolet:

Rondeau is simply a more modern form of the word rondel, just as peau is of pel, chapeau of chapel, etc. . . . The rondel, or rondeau, is so named because it was originally intended as an accompaniment to the dance called ronde or rondel, still surviving in the western provinces of France, in which the dancers joined hands and went round in a circle according to the time of the song, the soloist and chorus taking alternate parts, while a minstrel not infrequently accompanied the whole song on a kind of violin, called the viole. . . . From the rondeau there developed the so-called bergerette, which did not survive the first half of the sixteenth century. . . . The triolet is nothing but a favorite type of the early rondeau. . . . Like the rondeau, the ballade was originally a dance song (Prov. *ballar*—to dance). . . . The chant royal, or chanson royale, is a kind of elaborate and grandiose ballade addressed generally to a king or a divinity. . . . The virelai, or chanson baladée, also a dance song, of which the older and correct name is vireli—the form virelai being due to a false etymology from virer and lai—is nothing but a bergerette of several strophes. . . . The lai (Erse *laid*) was a piece of music played on the harp or rotte (a kind of harp), in accompaniment to a song of lyric character in Keltic language.

Delayed Magazine Articles.—The Wood-Runcie-Baker article on General Brooke's administration in Cuba appeared within a few months of the time when it was written, and was subjected to much less delay than most magazine articles. Yet the situation had so changed when it was published that two of those concerned in the publication would have been glad had it been entirely suppressed.

Similar changes in conditions have happened in a great many instances between the writing and the publication of magazine articles, but few have caused so much embarrassment. A conspicuous editor and publisher in New York wrote for a religious periodical of this city an article on a phase of the negro question in the South, and was astonished seven or eight years later to see the thing published and widely quoted as coming from him.

He had forgotten that he had ever written such an article, had materially changed his opinion on the question discussed, and had grown so much in importance that whatever he said in print was much more significant than it would have been at the time his article was written. He was able to explain the affair to his friends, but he did not take the trouble to enlighten the general public.

The late H. H. Boyesen once complained that one of the best-known literary monthlies had held an article of his for more than six years and that at a time when his reputation was growing. His experience was like that of scores of other men more or less well known in letters.

Even specially ordered and advertised arti-

cles are often held for many months by the magazines and not published within the year for which they are announced. Some such articles are paid for before publication, but in many instances the writers have to whistle for their money.

One widely circulated periodical is said to return unpublished a large percentage of articles accepted and paid for. Only the other day this periodical returned to an author an article that it paid for six or eight years ago.

Other magazines which pay for articles on acceptance sacrifice a good deal of matter through the fact of its becoming uncurrent by reason of long delay in publication. The annual loss of matter in this way is considerable in the office of nearly every successful magazine.— *New York Sun.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.— I. REMINISCENCES. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

FRA PAOLI SARPI. — I. Andrew D. White. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING. Walter D. Scott. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE PUNSTER AND THE POET. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE STAGE IN BOOKS. Clara Morris. *Reader* (28 c.) for January.

LITTLE STORIES OF JOURNALISM.— III. Julius Chambers. *Reader* (28 c.) for January.

THE NOVELIST'S GENTLEMAN. Geraldine Bonner. *Reader* (28 c.) for January.

ONE DAY WITH WHISTLER. Frederick Keppel. *Reader* (28 c.) for January.

AN IRISH POET AND HIS WORK (William Butler Yeats). Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND ACCORDING TO "PUNCH."— II. Illustrated. Lionel Strachey. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE AUTHORS OF THE CONTINENT. George Haven Putnam. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

THEODOR MOMMSEN: A NEAR VIEW. With frontispiece portrait. Frank Barkley Copley. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER. With portrait. William James. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. VII.— John Fox, Jr. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for January.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE UPON CHILDREN. M. J. Gill. *Book News* (8 c.) for January.

FANNY BURNEY. Albert S. Henry. *Book News* (8 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER: A CHARACTER STUDY. William Henry Hudson. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. Horace White. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA. — I. Churton Collins. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

LANGUAGE (continued): THE NEED OF A NEW BASIS IN EDUCATION. J. M. Rice. *Forum* (53 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER. With portrait. Michael A. Lane. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

A MEMORABLE LETTER OF EDWIN BOOTH'S. Charlotte F. Bates Rogé. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY. — III. Illustrated. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THE FIRST "WIRELESS" NEWSPAPER. Illustrated. E. Leslie Gilliams. *Wide World Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER. Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

SOME FAMOUS HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS. Illustrated. Laura Grover Smith. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

THEODOR MOMMSEN. Frederic Williams. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January

THE ODD AND ECCENTRIC IN THE DRAMA. Illustrated. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen., 2d. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for January.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: CLEMENT MAROT. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for January.

WORDS THAT GO TO THE BAD. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for January.

AVOWALS. Being the Fifth of a New Series of "Confessions of a Young Man." George Moore. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH. With frontispiece portrait. Rev. R. Heber Newton. *Mind* (28 c.) for January.

JOAQUIN MILLER. With portraits. J. A. Fowler. *Phrenological Journal* (13 c.) for January.

DID WILLIAM SHAKSPER WRITE SHAKESPEARE? J. Warren Keifer. *Open Court* (13 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER. With frontispiece portrait. *Open Court* (13 c.) for January.

THE DEATH OF HERBERT SPENCER. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Anna McClure Sholl. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

THE REALISM OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Pauline Carrington Bouvé. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

THE TOIL OF PROSE. Stephen MacKenna. *Criterion* (13 c.) for January.

A LITERARY HIGHWAY. (Road between London and Dover.) Walter Dexter. Reprinted from the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 5.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 5.

THE POLITICAL POETRY OF MR. WILLIAM WATSON. G. K. Chesterton. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 12.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: MALHERBE. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 12.

CHARLES DICKENS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 19.

THE ALFIERI CENTENARY. Art. Jahn Rusconi. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 19.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: THE SYNTAX OF DE QUINCEY. Vernon Lee. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A new book on George Borrow is to appear early this year. It is by Theodore Watts-Dunton, and will be made up of the two obituary notices of Borrow that he wrote for the *Athenæum* and the introductions that he supplied to new editions of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., is at work upon a "Life of Francis Parkman," which will be included in the American Men of Letters Series.

John Morley will visit the United States next autumn, having accepted Andrew Carnegie's invitation to deliver the opening address at the Pittsburg Technical School.

Gouverneur Morris has left California and is now sojourning in India.

El Porvenir is the name of a handsome new monthly established at Denver, Colo., with J. W. Canada as editor. It proclaims its mission to record "the past and present of the Trans-Mississippi, the land of the future."

Dr. Charles B. Spahr, who has been an associate editor of the *Outlook* since 1886, will shortly sever his connection with that periodical for the purpose of assuming charge of *Current Literature*, in which he has acquired an interest. Dr. Spahr is widely known as a writer on sociological subjects, his works including "The Present Distribution of Wealth" and "America's Working People." He was born at Columbus, Ohio, in 1860, and is a graduate of Amherst.

The *International Quarterly*, edited by Frederick A. Richardson, is now published by the Scott-Thaw Company, New York.

Wayside Tales, now published in Chicago, is enlarged with the January issue, and shows a number of improvements.

Mrs. Anne N. Van Oost, publisher of the *Art Amateur* (New York), has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

The directors of the Authors' Publishing Company (Detroit) have filed notice of dissolution. The firm has ceased to do business in Michigan.

The *House Beautiful* (Chicago) has a new department conducted by Ellen M. Henrotin, called "The Woman's Forum."

Country Life in America (New York) is offering $1,500 in prizes for articles and photographs on out-door subjects.

The *Housekeeper* (Minneapolis) announces that until further notice a prize of five dollars will be awarded each month for the best discussion of any topic of vital interest to the home. The choice of subjects is left to contributors.

The *Professional and Amateur Photographer* (Buffalo, N. Y.) has a standing offer to pay cash for acceptable articles submitted for publication. It wants papers that contain original ideas, or practical descriptions of studios, or methods, or results. Such articles should preferably be accompanied by illustrations.

"Thackeray's Friendship for an American Family" is continued in the January *Century* in a third instalment of unpublished letters and drawings by the great novelist, showing him in familiar, playful, and lovable moods.

Herbert Spencer died at Brighton, England, December 8, aged eighty-three.

Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D. D., died in Philadelphia, December 8, aged seventy-three.

Rev. Dr. Brooke T. Herford died in London, December 18, aged seventy-three.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer died at Concord, N. H., December 27, aged sixty-two.

George Gissing died at St. Jean-de-Luz, in the Pyrenees, December 28, aged forty-seven.

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PRACTICAL HINTS TO TRANSLATORS.

While there is very little demand by American editors for short stories translated from the French and other languages, the translation of books and special articles is often required, and some hints about the work of translation may, therefore, be acceptable. No one will suppose that I am going to give in this article a secret recipe for a perfect translation. The requisite for a perfect translation is no secret: It consists simply in a proper appreciation of the spirit of the author, and a complete knowledge of both languages involved. This, of course, everybody knows. I intend merely to make a few suggestions that will help the translator to avoid errors and stimulate him to make the most of his knowledge, so as to present in the langua[illegible] translating the living ideas of [illegible] from which he translates. I a[illegible] my indebtedness to the Introduction to the book, "French Prose Composition," by F. E. A. Gasc.

Many people have an idea that the translation of a book, say from French into English, is a simple matter. In point of fact, as all expert translators know, quite as much talent is required to translate a book as to write one, although it may be of a different kind.

Every translator has to consider, first, words separately, which represent simple ideas, and, next, phrases, or the association of the words into more or less complex expressions of thought.

First as to words. It is assumed, of course, that the translator has wide familiarity with the language from which he translates, and knows all the common words and many of those less commonly used. It is to be supposed, also, that he is translating into his mother-tongue, and that he is skilful in its literary use. He must be particularly careful to guard against the danger of being misled by the likeness of many words in different languages, which, though they a have similar origin, sometimes differ widely in their meaning. For instance, a translator may be able to read ordinary French easily and still not know that in French *emphase* is used in the sense of the English word "emphasis" only as a rhetorical term; in ordinary language it is understood in a bad sense, and means "bombast." *Altération* in French signifies "alteration" only from good to bad, the word that corresponds to "alteration" in its general acceptance being *changement*. *Métropole* does not answer to "metropolis" in the sense of "capitol town." *Métropole* was used formerly in French to mean the capitol town of a prov[illegible] means now only a town which has an arch[illegible] —as Paris, Rouen, Bordeaux —[illegible] "parent-state,"

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with relation to colonies. The French word *parents* means all relatives, as well as the father and the mother. *Concurrence* in French means "competition," while the English word "concurrence" is in French *concours*, or *coopération*. Similarly, *éditeur* in French means "publisher," while the French word for "editor" (of a newspaper) is *rédacteur*. A similar difference is observable in *libraire*, "bookseller," and *bibliothécaire*, "librarian"; *librairie*, "bookseller's shop," and *bibliothèque*, "library"; *tuteur*, "guardian" and *précepteur*, "tutor." Care must be taken not to be misled by such resemblances.

Blunders in the mis-translation of similar words of different meanings can be avoided, of course, only by acquiring a thorough knowledge of both languages. No one should undertake to translate any work for publication without such familiarity.

Trouble is caused, also, by the fact that a word in one language may be used both in a proper and in a figurative sense, while in the other language there may be two words to correspond to it, one for the proper, and the other for the figurative meaning. The experience of Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," who wrote in French, with the best intentions, a somewhat unpalatable compliment to Fénelon, author of "Télémaque" and archbishop of Cambrai, affords a striking example of the errors into which a neglect of this distinction between the various acceptations of a word will often lead persons writing in a foreign tongue or translating from another language to their own.

Sometimes a word has a different meaning, when it is applied to persons, from what it has when applied to things. Take, for instance, "economical" in English: In French, "an economical person" would be *une personne économe*, and "an economical process," *un procédé économique*.

The translator, then, needs to be familiar with all the uses of words in both languages, and he must be alert to suspect cases in which words may be used in special senses, and, in case of suspicion, to look them up thoroughly in a good modern dictionary, to ascertain whether they do wholly correspond to the words in his own language that they suggest to him.

I have treated of words first, because they naturally claim priority over phrases, of which they are the constituent elements; but the translator should remember that the first thing to do in translating an expression from a foreign language is to consider whether the whole expression has not in his language a peculiar meaning not expressed by the translation individually of the words of which it is composed. The influence of climate, the habits and customs of the people, peculiarities of education, and other causes affect powerfully and with dissimilar results in different countries methods of thinking, and consequently methods of expression. These peculiarities cannot be reduced to fixed rules, and the consequence is that only by study, and constant study, can the translator perfect himself in a knowledge of idiomatic expressions. A wide knowledge of such idiomatic expressions is absolutely essential in making a good translation. The translator cannot depend upon his dictionary. Dictionaries cannot include all idioms, and dictionary-makers generally have to confine themselves to giving only those idioms that are common and remarkable. Even the skilled translator cannot be expected to know every idiom of the language from which he is translating. Often, therefore, he will be compelled to use his ingenuity in finding an English expression which will represent the meaning of the original, even though it be not an exact translation. In some cases an exact translation is impossible. The translator's success will depend on his power of judging by analogy, and his acquirement of the habit of bringing all his store of knowledge to bear on every puzzling passage.

It is in transferring the sentiment and peculiar quality of the text from one language to another that the translator shows his greatest skill. A merely literal translation is seldom a good one. Frequently it is better to use in English, for instance, not the words that are immediately suggested by the words of the French text, but synonyms that express the meaning of the French words more exactly. The order of words in the sentences of the

original should not be slavishly followed. Very often it is better to turn a sentence upside down, so to speak, changing the order of the phrases to retain in the new language the spirit of the original. The secret of successful translation is in transferring the meaning and spirit of the author, without being fettered by the mere wording.

A translator should, then, consider first the idea, the spirit of the writer, and afterward the words, the letter of the text. Should the same words and the same phrasing used by the author express his meaning just as well in English as in the original, they should by all means be used — but not otherwise. A literal translation is the best, if it is as strictly in accordance with the genius of one language as with the genius of the other — and only then. The translator, in short, should alike avoid servility in the use of the exact words of the original, and excess of freedom in the substitution of others; the just medium must be kept constantly in view. Many a second-rate translation has appeared in print, in which the originality of the author, the volatile essence of his production, so to speak, has been permitted to escape and is completely gone, because the translator, unable to grasp the full meaning of the author's peculiar expressions, has substituted for them something of his own which gives a different idea. The translator must take especial pains not to change without reason the peculiar turn of phrases in the text, since by so doing he will often deprive his translation altogether of the author's original character, with which it ought, on the contrary, to be thoroughly imbued.

It may be true that even the best translation cannot exactly reproduce the original, but a good translation generally can reproduce it well enough for ordinary purposes. The modern European languages have much in common, even those that are most dissimilar. Civilization has run on the same lines in all of them, and a great number of things and ideas which form part of the common civilization are represented by words and phrases similar in different tongues. Most literary works therefore bear translation very well.

The translator's greatest difficulty will come with the things that are untranslatable literally, and that, in order to be rendered in the spirit of the original, require the highest skill in the art of translation. Plays on words, puns, and the like are often extremely difficult and even unmanageable. The only thing to be done in many cases is to render them as nearly as possible by equivalents, and sometimes by expressions wholly irrespective of the words in the text. Take proverbs, for instance. It is often the case that a proverb in one language has no equivalent in another. Yet it must be translated as a proverb, in such a way as to give it, in the translation, at least the shape of one. The translator has, in fact, to make a proverb, to a certain extent, at least so far as the form is concerned. In such a case an effort must be made to find, or make, a proverb in English that will match in form, in spirit, and in sense, so far as possible, the proverb to be translated. Alliteration and rhyme must be considered. For example: In Spanish, "Quien bien *ata*, bien des*ata*" corresponds to "Safe *bind*, safe *find*." In Italian, "Amor e signor*ia* non voglion compagn*ia*" means "Love and lord*ship* like not fellow*ship*." In German, "Bist Du sch*uldig*, sey ged*uldig*" corresponds to "He that cannot *pay* let him *pray*." In French, "Selon ta *bou*che gouverne ta *bou*rse" corresponds to "Cut your *c*oat according to your *c*loth." Similarly, "Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera" equals "God helps them that help themselves"; "Nul bien sans peine," "There are no pains without gains"; "Trois déménagements valent un incendie," "Three removes are as bad as a fire"; "Les petits ruisseaux font les grandes rivières," "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

Remember that a translation is not good which in a proverb, or an idiom, or a characteristic dialogue, does not render a familiar or even a vulgar expression by the corresponding one or by an equivalent; by, in short, another expression just as familiar or just as vulgar. The difficulty is, of course, to find an expression neither more nor less so, and it is necessary to have read books on all sorts of subjects, or to have seen much of foreign countries in order to be acquainted with expressions used by different classes of people

— the lower, as well as the more polite. This must be done, however, or the translation will be inferior in an important respect, namely, the drawing of character. The translator, in short, must also adapt his style to the subject; the one must ever rise or descend in an exact ratio with the other.

The translator, to be successful, sometimes has to adapt even common jokes to the ordinary language, habit, or local association — whether of ideas, words, or sounds — of the people into whose language he translates. He must have due regard to the minutest points of local color. For instance, suppose he is translating into French the blunder of Bardolph, who in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," says: "Why, Sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences"; to which Evans says: "It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!" All this might be rendered in French: —

"Pour ce qui est de moi, je dis que monsieur était tellement gris, qu'il en avait perdu les cinq essences."

"L'ignorant! il veut dire les cinq sens."

In this case, translating "sentences" by *sentences* would hardly have done. The French word *sentences* (pronounced like the singular, as if there were no final "s") does not resemble much in sound the word *sens* (in which the final "s" is pronounced) and so cannot be used to reproduce the English blunder of mistaking "senses" for "sentences," which sound a good deal alike. For this reason, therefore, the French word *essences* is substituted in the translation for "sentences" merely on account of the similarity in sound, which it is necessary to observe. It is not the translation of the English word, but it represents better the spirit of the quibble.

To sum up, then, the translation should be literal if the corresponding English word or phrase exactly expresses the meaning of the original. Otherwise the translation should be free, the effort of the translator being always to reproduce the spirit rather than the words of the original. Especial care must be taken in translating idioms, proverbs, and plays upon words, to produce the effect of the original text. It is evident that no one can be a good translator who does not have a wide knowledge of both languages involved, and who does not possess besides much literary skill and ingenuity. Of the two, translator and author, the author has the easier task. *E. F. Charles.*

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XXIX.—BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Book-keeper*.

Let me begin by saying that the *Book-keeper and Business Man's Magazine* is a magazine of "facts and figures."

We want articles based on the actual experiences of business men in the advertising and selling of goods, in the management of business, and in the financing and organizing of business enterprises.

While we believe that no progress can be made without a due amount of theory clearing the ground for action, yet we wish to reduce mere theory to a minimum, and prefer to get the practical experiences on which theory is based as a preliminary to a suggestive theoretical statement as a conclusion.

By practical articles we mean: Taking as an instance the story about the advertising success or failure of a business. Get samples of the ads — booklets, newspaper, magazine, and billboard advertisements. Get the plan by which the advertising was arranged and circulated. Get the forms of cards used, if a card-index follow-up system was used, and

wherever possible fill in these cards to show the typical manner in which the cards were handled. Get copies of form letters used. Get copies of forms used in getting orders and taking care of orders. Get photographs of the managing heads of a concern, and in cases of advertising stories, get a photograph of the advertising manager. Wherever possible get permission to take photographs of the interior, showing the office arrangements, with the employees at their work.

In cases where the writer is dealing with accounting and book-keeping problems, forms are absolutely necessary to the proper understanding and are ninety-five per cent of the value of the matter written; therefore it is necessary to have either rough pencil sketches or the actual forms themselves. As we maintain our own art department, we can take these rough pencil sketches and have them properly prepared for reproduction.

Our desire is to make the *Book-keeper and Business Man's Magazine* attractive to look at, and we therefore place a premium on pictures and illustrations. Different lines of business are to be treated in different ways in different sections of the country: for instance a story of a business success in Alaska would permit of many photographs being used, to show the environment of the Alaskan merchant, that would be very interesting to the merchant doing business in Florida, and vice versa. Our contributors are therefore requested to pay particular attention to the subject from this point of view, and to send us photographs wherever possible, with the understanding that we will return any that we can not use.

We deem the matter of illustration by forms and photographs so important that an article that would otherwise be acceptable, if it lacks forms and photographs may be rejected.

Submit all photographs, forms, etc., with your article. Wrap them in the same package, with cardboard on either side of the photographs. Write your name and address on the back of each photograph, together with title to show what the photographs and forms are intended to illustrate.

Manuscript and photographs and forms sent us without previous solicitation will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

We are in the market at all times for articles of from five hundred to five thousand words on business topics and the queer, quaint, and odd things of business life. If you know of any thing peculiarly effective, write it up and send it to us.

While of course, treatment and style of literary workmanship figure in our judgment of the value of an article, yet we consider the subject and the information contained as eighty per cent of the value of the article. We reserve the right to re-arrange and edit all articles we accept.

We pay from twenty-five cents to one dollar for each acceptable "Short Cut" sent us. By a "Short Cut" we mean some quick and effective method of handling the detail of the business in advertising or selling departments.

We have no stated rates for articles. Payment varies from one to five cents a word. We pay the highest rate, of course, for articles realizing our requirements of "facts and figures."

Articles forwarded to us without previous solicitation and on which no price is set are regarded as complimentary contributions.

Authors having a suggestion to make regarding an article they have in mind, will help us a great deal if they will kindly forward us a scenario or synopsis of their idea, showing the character of the article and the number and kind of illustrations they can obtain, stating the price that they wish to be paid for it. We will then tell them whether we can use the article, and if their price is too high, state what we are willing to pay for such an article.

All correspondence, manuscript, packages, photographs, etc. should be addressed: "The Managing Editor, *Book-keeper and Business Man's Magazine*, 61 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.," and in case of valuable manuscript and photographs the package should be registered. We will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts, drawings, photographs, or forms unless they are furnished under a specific order and registered as above.

DETROIT, Mich. *E. St. Elmo Lewis.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The decline of religious journalism in this country in recent years has been made noticeable chiefly by the suspension and consolidation of religious papers of different denominations and by the change in the character of prominent religious weeklies, like the *Independent* and the *Outlook* (formerly the *Christian Union*), which are now rather secular magazines appealing to the general public than religious journals appealing to special denominations or to Christian people generally. Recently we have had other evidence of the falling off of the religious weekly, this time in depressing figures from the counting-room.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Boston Wesleyan Association in Boston in December, George A. Whitaker, publisher of *Zion's Herald*, which is owned by the Association, reported receipts of $28,739.60 and expenditures of $27,230.40, leaving a balance of only $1,509.20 to be divided among the six Methodist conferences to which the profits of the paper are devoted. He reported also that the number of subscribers for *Zion's Herald* had decreased 2,500 in a year. Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, the editor of the paper, gave as the cause of this falling-off the limited and changing constituency of the paper; the competition of the other Methodist journals, notably the *Advocate* and the *Epworth Herald*; and the decline of religious journalism generally. He said that other denominational organs are losing ground, and cited the *Christian Register* as having sunk $46,000 in the last five years. His theory is that constant improvement in the daily press and the magazines is largely responsible. "The old-time religious paper has gone," he said. "That religious journal alone can live that adapts itself to the needs of the hour. A few may continue, but the rest do not." He reminded the Association that in fifteen years *Zion's Herald* has paid to the conferences profits amounting to $50,000 — thus incidentally illustrating, by comparison, the smallness of last year's profits.

* * *

Of course the importance and usefulness of a religious paper are not always indicated by the figures of the counting-room. The *Christian Register*, for instance, may have lost money, as Dr. Parkhurst says, but it appeals to a comparatively small denomination, and while it is doing a necessary and valuable work, it can hardly be expected to pay large profits to its owners. *Zion's Herald*, on the

other hand, appeals to a large denomination. It has been financially successful in the past under the same management, and if its circulation and its profits have decreased, there is good reason to think that conditions affecting religious journals generally are in large part responsible.

* * *

The truth is that the demand for strictly religious journals in this country is apparently decreasing. There are, to be sure, conspicuous exceptions to this rule, religious journals of large circulation that are making large profits for their owners, but in every case they are live papers that have adopted modern journalistic methods and that differ widely from the old-style religious weeklies that published principally sermons, moral essays, didactic stories, Bible lessons, and church, Sunday school, and other religious news.

* * *

Just what the causes of the change may be, no one can say with absolute authority. Probably a number of causes together have contributed to the result. The daily newspapers now print the news of the churches liberally, and in other ways supply the demand that the religious weeklies used to meet. The country as a whole is not so religious as it used to be. The standard of secular publications has been raised, and the reading public expects much more of religious publications than they used to furnish twenty years ago. These and other causes have doubtless had their influence. Another cause, that may suggest itself to writers, is the illiberal treatment that religious editors as a class have given to their contributors. There have been prominent exceptions, but religious papers as a rule have treated their contributors meanly and in many instances dishonestly, and writers certainly will not agree that publications so conducted can succeed in the long run. The few religious weeklies that have prospered and are profitable now are papers that are conducted vigorously, on honest business principles, paying fair prices to their contributors, protecting their readers from the schemes of dishonest advertisers, and generally proving by their activity, originality, liberality, and enterprise that they have a right to live. Whatever may happen in religious journalism generally, the influence and profits of such papers are not likely to decline. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Jerome Case Bull, whose story, "A Redwood Santa Claus" appeared in the December *Lippincott's*, is a New York journalist, but the hobby he rides is Pegasus Farm, one of the most beautiful mountain ranches in the redwoods of Santa Cruz county, California, and it is there that his redwood stories take life. "Felton" and "Boulder," of "A Redwood Santa Claus," are both real logging towns near Mr. Bull's farm, while the "Big Basin," with its virgin forest of redwoods, which the state is trying to preserve, is just over the range. For several years Mr. Bull was associate editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, and many of his best stories appeared in that magazine. He is now connected with *Scribner's Magazine*.

Richard Bradford Coolidge, whose story, "The Saving of the Choir," was printed in the *New England Magazine* for January, is a native of Portland, Maine. He graduated from Tufts College in 1902, taking his A. M with the A. B. Last year he was an instructor in English at Tufts. During college vacations he did newspaper work, and last summer he was "war correspondent" when the war game of the army and the navy was played off the Maine coast. He is at present at the Harvard Law School. "The Saving of the Choir" grew out of a familiarity with the life of midland New England.

Kathryn Jarboe, whose story, "The Santa Claus of Hogan's Mills," appeared in the *Delineator* for January, is Mrs. Jerome Case Bull, and it is interesting to note that she has five stories of widely-varying tone and scene credited to her in the holiday magazines. "When Mary Went Away," in the December *Everybody's*; "Lost! A Santa Claus," in the Christmas *Harper's Weekly*; "The Santa Claus of Hogan's Mills," in the January *De-*

lineator; and "The Way of the Father," in the Christmas number of the *San Francisco Call*, are stories of strong Christmas spirit, while "His First Triumph," in the January *Munsey's*, is a marked contrast to the other stories. Mrs. Bull lives in a New York apartment, but her home, Pegasus Farm, in the redwoods near Felton, California, is a low bungalow-shaped building of many windows, big fireplaces, and open porches—a haven for which the New York apartment is gladly forsaken.

Nellie Frances Milburn, whose poem, "To-Day," is printed in the *National Magazine* for January, began her literary work as a society reporter for a country newspaper. For several years she was a law stenographer and teacher of shorthand in Cincinnati. She spent two years at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and for several seasons she was connected with the Summer Assembly at Bay View, Mich. She has contributed many articles to the *Phonographic Magazine* and other shorthand publications. She has also acted as correspondent for local papers, and furnished essays on literary subjects to the *Chautauquan*, the Denver *Commonwealth*, the *Journal of Education*, *Camp and Fireside*, and the *Cincinnati Criterion*. Injuries resulting from an accident and a long illness compelled her to go to a sanitarium, and while lying in a darkened room there she sought to entertain herself by composing verses. That she was successful is shown by the fact that her verses have been published in *Munsey's*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Life*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Chautauquan*, and the *Literary World*.

Harvey J. O'Higgins, the author of the short story, "Lieutenant Connors' Cowardice," in the January *McClure's*, is a New York newspaper man, who is known to the magazine public chiefly by his contributions to *McClure's* and *Scribner's Magazine*.

Sara Bulkley Rogers, whose story, "Heimweh," was printed in *Short Stories* for January, was born in Waterbury, Conn., and now lives with her parents in Bridgeport, Conn. On her mother's side she is descended from Rev. Peter Bulkley, the earliest pastor of Concord, Mass., and on her father's side from Rev. Medad Rogers, M. A., who was graduated from Yale College in 1777. Miss Rogers is one of the few women to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Columbia College, New York. In 1891 she obtained the degree of Master of Arts from Cornell University, and in 1894 both she and her sister, Dr. Rogers of Vassar College, were among the first women upon whom Yale University conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By a happy coincidence, the same Commencement was the occasion of the fiftieth re-union of the class of 1844, of which Miss Rogers's father is a member. In 1892, *Scribner's Magazine* published Miss Rogers's first story, "Ezra Hardman, M. A.," which attracted attention from the fact that several western colleges took it personally, greatly to the surprise of the author. The story was published under the pseudonym, "Schuyler Shelton," as was also a novel, called "Life's Way," which was brought out by Bentley & Son in London, in 1897. After leaving college, Miss Rogers spent several years in foreign travel, and has found time only for occasional stories. Her work has been accepted by the *New York Evening Post*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, McClure's Syndicate, the R. H. Russell Syndicate, *Short Stories*, and the *Book Lover*, and a collection of college stories written by her was published by the Dodge Publishing Company, of New York, in 1900.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Gissing.—"I have only one rule to work by," said the late George Gissing one day, after a conversation on the methods of literary production. "It is simply to write of what I know best. This principle is vital, the life of literature. If my stories are pessimistic, it is only because my life is such. My environments were sordid, the people were sordid, and my work is but a reflection of it all. Sadness? My books are full of it. The world is full of it. Show me the masterpieces of art, literature, or music, and I shall show you

creations palpitating with sadness. Ah, the toil for the 'Weib und Kind,' how it fashions men's lives! Mine has been but the common lot. No use saying much about it. I find my little happiness in the fields in summer, and am content when I think of the toiling millions, twelve miles away, who never see a blue sky, or feel the earth yield beneath their feet."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mommsen.—How active Theodor Mommsen was up to his last moments is illustrated by an account of the condition of his workroom at the time of his stroke. The professor's work table had been pushed to one corner. On it lay half a page of manuscript of the unfinished "Lives of Roman Emperors," on which he was working before he suffered the apoplectic stroke. His power for steady and accurate work continued until that moment, although the quantity of his output was restricted to an inconsiderable fraction of the prodigious results of his middle life. He wrote thirty-five works. His great one, "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum," which alone composed fifteen volumes, was issued by the Berlin Academy during thirty years, ending in 1893. Mommsen was assisted in this by other scholars, but nearly all the text was in his own handwriting. He never dictated and never used a typewriter. Thus the mere penmanship of his writings was an enormous task. A friend given to figures looked over a hundred odd volumes of which Mommsen is the author and told him that they contained twenty-four million words in German, words which average a third longer in German than in English.—*Newark Call.*

Pater.—At first sight it will seem to the casual critic that the omission of some of the qualifying clauses which overrun Pater's sentences would be a gain, but let him attempt to take away one, and he will see how necessary are these apparent redundancies. He wished to exhibit a mind full of wistful uncertainties, a mind that slowly unwinds, like soft silk, with many pauses and in a gentle twilight. We know that he wrote with difficulty, that each sentence was written out on a separate piece of paper; we know that he told Arthur Symons that it were well to read the dictionary, so that we might learn what words to avoid, and when Arthur Symons pointed out a sentence he could not understand, a long, intricate sentence of ten lines or more, Pater examined it, comma by comma, a puzzled look upon his face all the while. At last he said: "I see the printer has omitted a dash."—*George Moore, in Lippincott's for February.*

Russell.—It is rather pathetic, when you consider how comparatively many writers there are in England whose names, on account of their former works, are household words the world over, but who are now buried away in some seaside or country town, living the lives of recluses, either on account of illness or of age. There was Herbert Spencer. There are George Meredith, Swinburne, William Watson, Thomas Hardy, and, though comparatively few realize it—Clark Russell.

Every now and then, though much less oftener than in former days, a book comes from the author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor"—"Overdue" was the last to appear—and so the majority of readers suppose that the most fascinating writer of sea stories since Marryat still enjoys health and vigor. As a matter of fact, the severe rheumatism which attacked Clark Russell about fourteen years ago, instead of being conquered, gradually has got the writer more and more firmly in its grip, and for a long time he has not been able to put his foot on the ground or had one day free from intense pain. He lives in Bath with his wife and daughters, and you can see him on the street nearly every pleasant day, being propelled in an invalid's chair. It is necessary only to see him in this way, however, to realize that, in spite of his bodily ills, the famous story teller is still an optimist. As he goes about in his chair, he puffs away at a cigar, gives a cheerful nod to every acquaintance, and keeps up a running fire of bright talk with whatever member of his family happens to be his companion. Like Milton, Mr. Russell now dictates all that he writes to his daughters, and he and they are now at work on a new story of the sea, which will be finished within a few months.

Practically all Clark Russell's landsman days

were spent in England, so it may not be generally remembered that he was born in New York. That was just under sixty years ago. He went to school, however, at Winchester and at Boulogne, in France, where three of Charles Dickens's sons were his classmates. Then he began his life as a midshipman in the British merchant service, which lasted eight years, and enabled him to store up the supply of "material" upon which he has drawn ever since. His first book was "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate" — his greatest success, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Oddly enough, its author did n't expect that this story would go. He wrote it in a hurry, largely to please himself, and though he realized that there were a few technical errors in his descriptions, he didn't bother to correct them, with the result that they never have been set right. Russell and W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, are great friends, and the former is fond of telling a story of "unconscious cerebration" between them. It was while Russell was writing his story, "The Convict Ship," that he received one day a hurried note from the author of "Pinafore" asking him why he did n't write a novel on the exact subject which he had in hand, and suggesting the outlines of a plot similar in almost every detail to that upon which the romancer of the sea already had hit. — *London Letter in Washington Post.*

Thackeray.— Upon the subject over which critics will always wrangle, the formless style of Thackeray's novels, Mr. Whibley, whose life of Thackeray has just been added to the series of Modern English Writers, has this pertinent word to say: "It is this fatality, this frank obedience to his own puppets and his own pen, which explains the frequent formlessness of Thackeray's work. But though he permitted most of his books to write themselves, it must not be thought that his style was uniformly hazardous. Despite its occasional inaccuracy, despite its loose texture, it has many shining qualities. It is graphic, various, and at times eloquent. It is easy to recall a hundred passages which would entitle Thackeray to a high place among the writers of England. The Waterloo chapters of 'Vanity Fair,' much of 'Esmond,' 'Harry Warrington's First Visit to England,' 'Denis Duval's Journey to London' — these, to name but a few, are touched by the hand of a master, who need fear comparison with none. Even where Thackeray's prose is least under control, it inspires no more than his own regret that he did not write a 'completely good book.' For it is always the prose of a man of letters."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Writer's Don'ts. — If I were asked to write a list of literary "don'ts," some of the following would be among them: —

Don't put your relatives in a book. It is too great a price to demand of them for being related to you, which, after all, they cannot help.

Don't try to make epigrams, for, unless they are spontaneous, they will — like a bad sauce — be quite unpalatable.

Don't write on subjects of which you know nothing; don't, for instance, attempt to describe a French girl if you have never met one.

Don't describe society in which you have never mixed, or scenery you have never seen.

Don't, when you head your stories with a quotation, forget where you took it from, and don't forget to be accurate in small things. Women are notorious sinners in this respect. I remember recommending a really clever novel to a man, who refused to read it on the ground that he was sure it would be trash, simply because he unfortunately opened the book and saw some allusion to a dinner party, and to a bottle of excellent champagne, from which was extracted a "fine, swelling cork."

Other things to avoid are religion (unless you have the intellect and restraint of Mrs. Humphry Ward, which is also unlikely), impropriety, plagiarism (very important hint, which includes too much reading), dulness, and Latin words.

Try to give your editor what he wants. He may be a poor judge of your inestimable work, but he is often a very good judge of what his readers want.

If a manuscript comes back to you more than once, read it carefully again; rewrite it

if it does not please you, and try to criticise it as if it had been written by some one else.

Try altering the title. I have sold a story, after having it returned two or three times, by this small alteration.

If you have an interview with your editor, say what you have to say and go. Don't try to fascinate him and talk him into taking work he has told you he does n't want; because, unless he's an idiot as well as an editor, it will not influence him in the slightest degree.

Don't try to persuade, either by writing or personal interview, any man or woman to take your work.

Always try to be accurate, and sympathetic, and original, and, above all, always do your best. Take for your motto in your literary strivings the well-known text from the well-known book, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." — *Mrs. R. Keish, in the Pall Mall Magazine.*

The Workings of Copyright. — During the past year 9,299 foreign titles and 88,680 from the United States were entered in the copyright archives in the Library of Congress.

The titles include books, periodicals, music, drama, maps or charts, engravings, cuts or prints, chromos or lithographs, photographs, and original works of art.

Each day's titles are filed separately, and indexed, so that they may be produced on demand.

Anything under the sun in the shape of a literary production, from the weightiest volume of science to the veriest trashy novel, may be copyrighted, and no questions asked, Thus the record of the folly, as well as the wisdom, of writing books is accurately kept.

An interview with Thorvald Solberg, register of copyrights, reveals many interesting facts connected with the subject of copyrights.

When asked, "What constitutes a book in the sense of the copyright?" he replied: —

"A book is the prose or poetical expression of an author's thought. The quality of the literary ingredient is not tested, but its presence is requisite; not everything which may be called a book is fitly so nominated to indicate the subject-matter of copyright, while some productions not ordinarily designated as books may properly be thus classified. Thus an article of a few paragraphs may be a book under the copyright, while a book-keeper's ledger, to all appearances a book, is not so when it comes to registering its title in the copyright office. It is not essential that the idea of the book should be original in order to obtain copyright protection; it must simply be a book in the ordinary understanding of a work of literature or art."

"To what extent does the copyright protect?"

"That is a mooted question. The protection afforded is not clearly defined. The author shall have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, and vending his work. The restriction of every one but the author to multiply copies constitutes the property.

"Still, the public is not entirely restricted in the use of the author's creation. His works, except in the case of musical compositions and dramas, may be read in public, and even for profit.

"By the act of March 3, 1891, the exclusive right to translate or dramatize his book is reserved to the author.

"In regard to the matter of protection, it is the literary expression of the author's ideas which is the subject-matter of protection. Even if the idea itself be original, when the author makes it public, he gives it away, and can no longer control its application."

When asked about conflicting claims as to authorship, Mr. Solberg replied that the office had no authority to question any one's claim, or give consideration to conflicting claims. It is an office of record, and merely registers claims of copyright. If two persons secure copyrights on practically the same publication, the courts and not the copyright office must decide upon their conflicting claims.

Mr. Solberg thinks that one of the most desirable forward steps in respect to copyright would be the adhesion of the United States to the Berne convention, thus securing the inclusion in the International Copyright Union of our country, the leading one of the three great states not yet members of this association. This would secure protection for our

authors practically throughout the book-reading world.— *Washington Times.*

The Three Editors of Harper's Magazine.— The statement frequently appears in the press that George William Curtis was editor of *Harper's Magazine.* This is not true, though Mr. Curtis for years conducted the "Editor's Easy Chair." As a matter of history, *Harper's Magazine* has had but three editors since its inception in 1850. The first editor was Henry J. Raymond, who founded the *New York Times* one year afterward. He was succeeded by Dr. Alfred H. Guernsey, and Dr. Guernsey was succeeded by Henry Mills Alden, author of "God in His World" and "A Study of Death." Mr. Alden has occupied the editorial chair of the magazine for about thirty-five years.

Before going to the Harpers, he had taught, and had written editorials for the *New York Evening Post* and *Times.* He was first associated with the Harpers as editor of their "Pictorial History of the Civil War," and later was offered an editorial position on the *Weekly.* Fletcher Harper, who edited the *Weekly*, said to Mr. Alden, then a young man of twenty-six: —

"Do you think you could manage the *Weekly*?" And Mr. Alden replied, with modesty and tact: —

"I think I could help you do it." He helped so efficiently that six years later he was made editor of *Harper's Magazine.* It is interesting to record that the first manuscript he read in his new capacity was a short story by Louise Chandler Moulton.— *Newark News.*

Authors and Publishers.— Mr. Howells, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, advocates a publishers' syndicate, or an authors' union, for the purpose of improving the present unsatisfactory relations between authors and publishers. As to the recommended labor union for authors, Mr. Howells outlines a scheme for a schedule of prices for fiction, history, poetry, psychology, travel sketches, reviews; and penalties, direct and indirect, for ratting authors. "Of course," he says, "the same prices must be paid to poor authors as to good ones, when once they are members of the union." As to the publishers, Mr. Howells suggests that they should form a syndicate "pledged among its own members to the payment of such and such prices to authors, and bound to an absolute constancy in one another's behalf." He says incidentally: —

"There is nothing the young author indulges so eagerly as the superstition of his own importance, and there is much excuse for him. He must be more than mortal not to believe himself more than mortal when he finds his name in all the reviews and advertisements and paragraphs of literary gossip. The publisher who is pressing the belief upon the public is largely, though helplessly, to blame for the author's inflated notion of himself; his one purpose is to sell the author's book, but all the time he is fashioning an automatic idol, which constantly falls down in worship of itself. The thing is preposterous, but no one is particularly to blame, least of all the idol, poor thing, which, when it gets its first account for copyright, is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, rudely recalled to a realization of its humanity. No wonder that, in the difficulty of accepting the facts, the author goes off with his next book, and his grudge and his shame, to another publisher. In most cases, the first publisher does not grieve for him, except as an erring fellow-man, but if he has proved a big seller, the publisher feels hurt by his defection. He thinks unkind things of him, and prophesies evil for him."

How the Popular Novel Destroys Forests. — It has been estimated that nine novels had a total sale of 1,600,000 copies. This means 2,000,000 pounds of paper. We are assured by a manufacturer of paper that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood, which is equivalent to 500 pounds of paper. In other words, these nine novels swept away 4,000 trees. Is it any wonder that those interested in forestry look with anxiety upon the paper mill? — *Scientific American.*

Importance of Keeping a Scrapbook.— It argues much for a man that he keeps a scrapbook. Shallow-witted men do not. Neither do intellectual invertebrates. Men utterly self-centred do not keep scrapbooks. What-

ever his failings, the man with the scrap habit has any number of good qualities — and foremost among them are moral courage and a literary conscience.

The scrapbook is the individual's effectual protest against the flood of books and ephemeral prints. Many a man of letters, many a good historian, has gone down before this flood; he has been swamped by the abundance of his material. Sometimes he has shortened his life in an unavailing attempt to master it. Shallow men and men without consciences make no effort to save anything out of the flood. It passes them swiftly with many good and valuable things interspersed with the flotsam and jetsam of its rubbish, and they let it all go. What they let go is the thought of an age in the making, a confused and yet a priceless thing.

If he can be nothing more, the man with the scrapbook may plunge a boathook in the water here and there, and pull out what he thinks he wants. To most men that is the only way. The daily newspaper makes a formidable heap at the end of the year; so do the weeklies, the magazines, and the pamphlets that come to one's desk. He knows there is good stuff in the heap, but he throws it away forthwith, or stows it in the attic and throws it out later; its dusty, ephemeral glories almost veto recourse to it. The only way to keep one's head above the mass is to select and reject as he goes along.

It is almost a tragedy to think of the amount of interesting, attractive, or permanently useful matter that lives only for a day, not from any fault of its own, but from the circumstances of its appearance. The number of persons who are writing for the ephemeral prints in this country mounts into the tens of thousands. Every one of them has his enthusiasm, his aptitude, his special line of study, his particular gift or his peculiar opportunity to learn something that the world wants to know. Now and then each of them says something in the newspapers or magazines which he is able to say better than any one else. It may embody the results of a lifetime of thought, or an experience absolutely unique.

At least once in his life every man who is able to write at all will approach finality of expression. He will strike twelve instead of five. But in its reception his best is as his worst. It is lost in the flood. It is one of the sorrows of anonymous newspaper writing that the men who do it are continually launching into the void craft that never return — scows, canal boats, rafts mostly, but now and then something shipshape and workmanlike.

The office of the scrapbook is to rescue some of the these. It is surprising what an array its owner can get together. In his own way he is doing what the trust magnate does, what the great publisher may do. He is commanding the brains of a multitude of men and women. They are working for him without knowing it. And permanently they are working for no one else. The field he gleans is his own alone. No publisher has a chance to make so wide or good a selection.

And none has as fine a joy in the discovery of talent. Every discriminating scrap collector, whose books go back over ten years, will find, signed to poems or special articles among his possessions, names which have since become well known, but whose work he was the first to guess had the lasting quality. Even if the writers of the moment never attain any fame, it is an exquisite consolation to stumble sometimes, in the scrapbook of a stranger or a new acquaintance, on something they had done which another had deemed worth preserving.

A scrapbook is more than a working library for the man of letters or affairs. It is a diary of the age in which he lives. It is an intimate record of conditions that are passing. Nothing so minutely and faithfully photographs an era in the large as a well-arranged, carefully discriminated collection of characteristic articles — accounts of local customs, descriptions of the life of cities, narratives of the rise of great industries, tales of Eastern thrift or Western husbandry, true stories of interesting and venturesome pursuits by field and flood, graphic correspondence on political conventions or political personages, single newspaper articles, it may be, on unusual calamities or unusual crimes.

The conditions of which these are marginal

notes change; they may never get adequately on the record. In New York, for instance, the migrations of the nations are sketching a great and singular drama, bits of which are being written every week — and forgotten. Sometime these migrations will cease; the foreign quarters will become American. If the story of that period is ever to be written as it should be, it must be written out of the hoardings of scrapbooks. At least one intensely interesting history of the metropolis has its avowed genesis in, and owes its permanent and peculiar value to, the scrapbooks of the man that wrote it.

By some such means, of course, the intimate portrait of every epoch has been painted. The historian consults the private letters and memoirs of individuals, the speeches of statesmen, the public documents. Since newspaper presses were multiplied, he has been much indebted to the intelligent foresightedness of individuals who have placed their scrapbooks at his disposal, or who have bequeathed them to libraries. Whether their owner writes a book himself or not, he has the high satisfaction of knowing that he has a book, a collection of books, which no one else can duplicate, and which he fondly imagines no one else can match in interest or value. He has a library that is absolutely his own, and that may well be of greater service to the community after he is gone than anything he could write himself.— *C. B. F., in the New York Mail and Express.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

MY FAVORITE BOOK-SHELF. By Charles Josselyn. 292 pp. Cloth, $2.00, net. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. 1903.

Some months ago Mr. Josselyn offered to the reading public a beautiful volume, "The True Napoleon"— not an original biography, but a compilation of anecdotes and extracts from Napoleonic literature, illustrating the varied phases of the great emperor's career. Now he offers this second handsome volume, "My Favorite Book-shelf," a compilation of striking passages from thirty or forty distinguished authors who have written since the time of Bacon. The scheme of the work is novel, and the plan has been executed well. The quotations, of course, are not extensive, and they can give, as a rule, only a taste of the authors' quality, but they are generally interesting in themselves, and they will serve a useful purpose by stimulating a desire for further acquaintance with the authors' writings. The book is beautifully printed with clear-cut, handsome type on heavy linen paper, and it has a most attractive binding.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA. 1904. 543 pp. Paper. 25 cents; by mail, 35 cents. New York: The Press Publishing Company, New York World. 1904.

Probably the most useful work of reference that any newspaper writer can have upon his desk is a copy of the World Almanac. Any newspaper man will refer to it twenty times where he will look in an encyclopedia once, and nineteen times out of the twenty he will find the date, or the fact, he wants, without looking further for it. The book is a marvellous collection of useful facts and figures, many of which are available nowhere else. It is up-to-date in all respects, and considering its small price, no intelligent person can afford to get along without it. W. H. H.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC AND POLITICAL REGISTER, 1904. 384 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: The Tribune Association. 1904.

For years the Tribune Almanac has been a standard annual work of reference, invaluable because of the mass of general information it contains, and particularly useful because of its full election tables and its thorough treatment generally of political affairs. From cover to cover it is packed with the information that everybody needs to have easily accessible. It is a whole reference library in itself, and a copy of it should always be kept within easy reach on the desk of every writer. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodicals *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY. —IV. Unpublished letters. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

HENRY VAN DYKE. With portrait. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE. (Reminiscences.) Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

FRA PAOLI SARPI.—II. Andrew D. White. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

GEORGE BORROW. H. W. Boynton. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

SECLUSION NECESSARY FOR A LITERARY CAREER. Editor's Study. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

THE TRICK OF EDUCATION. Alice Meynell. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

AVOWALS: WALTER PATER. BEING THE SIXTH OF A NEW SERIES OF "CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN." George Moore. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING.—II. Illustrated. John La Farge. *Mc Clure's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

SKETCHING UNDER FIRE AT ANTIETAM. Illustrated. Frank H. Schell. *Mc Clure's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

UNPUBLISHED WHITTIER POEMS.—II. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

AMERICAN CARICATURE AND PUBLIC OPINION. Illustrated. Ingram A. Pyle. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for February.

PUBLISHING AS A BUSINESS CAREER. George P. Brett. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for February.

OUR PATRIOTIC AIRS. Benjamin F. Stevens. *United Service* (28 c.) for February.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? Illustrated. *Open Court* (13 c.) for February.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Nicholas Rowe. *Open Court* (13 c.) for February.

ACQUIRING GOOD ENGLISH. Mary Richards Gray. *Wayside Tales* (13 c.) for February.

THE ART OF THE STAGE MANAGER. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA.—II. Churton Collins. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

ON THE NEGLECT OF LITERATURE. John o'London. Reprinted from the *Book-Lover* in *Book News* (8 c.) for February.

REV. CHARLES W. GORDON ("RALPH CONNOR"). Robert Haddow. Reprinted from the *British Monthly* in *Book News* (8 c.) for February.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON: "THE SPHINX." Charles Malloy. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A REPORTER. Edward V. Murphy. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

CHARLES DICKENS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

THE POLITICAL POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON. G. K. Chesterton. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES. Oliver Elton. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: THE SYNTAX OF DE QUINCEY. Vernon Lee. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: JOACHIM DU BELLAY. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from *The Pilot* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

HERBERT SPENCER. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

BOOKS THAT HAVE PASSED THE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARK. Harriet Monroe. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

THE ART OF DRAMATIZING NOVELS. Paul Potter. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

THE BREADTH OF HERBERT SPENCER'S TEACHING. With portrait. Logan G. McPherson. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

CRYPTOGRAPHY.—I. George Wilkes. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

HOW A CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH IS PRINTED. Illustrated. L. Gray Gower. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

DAVID H. GREER, D. D. Illustrated. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

IS ENGLISH BECOMING CORRUPT? Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for January.

HERBERT SPENCER—A PORTRAIT. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 13.

THOMAS HARDY AS PANORAMATIST. Max Beerbohm. Reprinted from the *Saturday Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 24.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD. Edwin D. Mead. *Christian Register* (8 c.) for January 7.

SOME RELIGIOUS VERSE OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER. George H. Palmer. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 16.

VOLTAIRE. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 23.

BURR MCINTOSH. With portrait. *Journalist* (13 c.) for January 23.

HERMANN VON HOLST. *Nation* (13 c.) for January 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A volume of more than usual interest to lovers of our native literature is that promised by Leon H. Vincent on "American Literary Masters," which Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. are to publish this spring.

Samuel M. Crothers is preparing the volume on Lowell for the "American Men of Letters" series, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Dr. David Duncan is gathering material for a biography of Herbert Spencer.

Joel Chandler Harris has gone back to his old place as editorial writer on the *Atlanta Constitution*.

Edmund Gosse has been appointed librarian to the House of Commons—a place that will give him a $5,000 salary and a beautiful official residence.

Booth Tarkington and his family have taken an apartment in Rome, and will spend the spring there, moving to a villa at Capri for the summer.

There has been confusion because of the similarity in name between Baldwin Sears, author of the new novel of Southern life, "The Circle in the Square," and Hamblen Sears, author of the historical novel, "None but the Brave," which came out a year or two ago. There is no connection between the two writers.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who is just recovering from a serious illness, is sixty-seven years old, though his looks would suggest a decidedly younger man. This, perhaps, is accounted for by his devotion to sea bathing and long walks in the country. He is the son of the late Admiral Swinburne, but has never moved much in society, always preferring the quietness of the seaside to the more frivolous life of the fashionable.

Boys and Girls (Ithaca, N. Y.,) is a new illustrated magazine conducted by Martha Van Rennselaer.

A new publication, to be known as the *Liberal Review*, will make its first appearance this month. M. M. Mangasarian of Chicago will be its editor.

The *Lotus* (Boston) is a new magazine, of which eight numbers are to be published the first year. The first number is a memorial to James Whistler.

The *Barber Shop* (Chicago) is a new magazine, the official organ of the Barbers' Protective Union. J. Will Davis is the editor.

Dr. F. W. Spiers, the new editor of the *Booklovers' Magazine*, graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1888, and until recently has been professor of economics at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

Richard Duffy has resigned his position as editor of *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The *Academy* (London) has a new editor, with the odd name, Teignmouth Shore.

The *Reader* (New York) has been bought by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, and will be published hereafter in Indianapolis.

The *Olympian* (Nashville) has been combined with the *World To-day* (Chicago).

The Pilgrim Magazine Company (Battle Creek) has been put into the hands of a receiver,—the editor of the *Pilgrim*, Willis J. Abbott,—but it is said that this is only to prevent loss from the failure of a large stockholder, and that the business of the company will proceed as before.

The *Pacific Monthly* (Portland, Oregon) has been enlarged and much improved. William Bittle Wells is the editor.

The Floral Publishing Company, which issues *Home and Flowers*, and the Home Publishing Company, which issues the *Chautauquan* and *Pets and Animals*,—both of Springfield, O.,—are in the hands of a receiver. The publication of the *Chautauquan* will be continued as usual, a company having been incorporated for that purpose.

The Macmillan Company has become the American publishers of the *Burlington Magazine*, which has become famous during its two and a half years of life for its beautiful reproductions of all sorts of rare objects of art.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that after February 1 their business will be carried on as a corporation under the title of Charles Scribner's Sons, Incorporated. There will be no change in management or methods.

Henry G. Pagani, formerly with the L. C. Page Company and the Small, Maynard Company, and John W. Luce, recently of the C. M Clark Publishing Company, are associated with George I. Robinson, Jr., in the new publishing house, the Robinson-Luce Company, of Boston.

The fourth installment of Thackeray's Unpublished Letters, printed in the February *Century*, reflects a somewhat wider range of the writer's opinion than previous ones, but reveals in no small measure the warmth and faithfulness of the novelist's friendships.

Writers, who naturally lead sedentary lives, may get some helpful suggestions from the articles on "Japanese Athletics," by H. Irving Hancock, now running in St. Nicholas.

The *Burr-McIntosh Monthly*, (New York) for February is a Valentine Number, made up of thirty or more fine photographic pictures, many of which are well worth framing.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer died in Baltimore January 4, aged eighty-one.

Parke Godwin died in New York January 7, aged eighty-seven.

George Francis Train died in New York, January 18, aged seventy-four.

Professor Hermann Eduard Von Holst died at Freiburg, Germany, January 20, aged sixty-two.

THE WRITER:

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THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

I presume that many of THE WRITER'S readers are young men and women who are correspondents for metropolitan papers residing in moderate-sized towns. While awaiting the coming of the great day when they shall be recognized in the literary world as authors, their daily bread and butter must be earned from the news that may occur in their respective bailiwicks. To these a few words from one of moderate experience may not be fruitless.

The trouble is that great things don't happen every day — maybe not once a month — and it requires the most diligent ferreting out to make the monthly checks fairly respectable. One of the cardinal specifications in the correspondent's instructions is: "Don't force the news; if nothing happens, don't try to make something out of thin air."

That is the language in a very elaborate set of injunctions headed, "What Not to Send," which is on the desk in front of me.

But there are various ways of getting around that discouraging admonition. If the outlawed news is treated in an original or humorous way, the telegraph editor sometimes lets it in and asks for more of the same sort, thereby releasing you from a strict observance of the rule. And then comes the "Art of Interviewing"— a blessing to the correspondent located where things aren't "tearing up jack" every day, and to the one in large places as well. Almost every day some man of importance registers at one of the local hotels, and if the correspondent keeps on the good side of the landlords, they will let him know if their guest has a story about him. Then there are noted men from distant points attending church and other meetings, who are loaded with salable information.

In nine cases out of ten the man interviewed will not rise to within a dozen miles of the newspaper requirements in his style, and the odds are just as great that he will not have any subject of human interest to talk to you about, until you suggest one. I am not referring to politicians now. The interviewing of them in campaign years is not an art. They are simply asked for their views on the issue, or something related to it, and you are expected to quote them literally. Many cautious politicians write out their own interviews. If not, the reporter takes desperate chances, because after the report is printed if it happens not to strike the people just right, the average "statesman" will not hesitate to repudiate it, and that puts the

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reporter in an embarrassing situation, with half the people, possibly, believing him, and the rest putting their faith in the politician's denial.

The interviewing that is most satisfactory both to the correspondent and to the man interviewed is done when the interviewee is some one of general knowledge and experience in affairs of human interest — a soldier, sailor, traveler, scientist, civil engineer, missionary, detective, plainsman, or western miner. Your subject may have had a wonderful experience, but withal be a commonplace fellow as far as seeing the graphic is concerned, and you will have to draw him out by long and persistent questioning. I once observed an expert correspondent examining a man who had charge of construction on a South African railway during troublous times, and no witness in a court of justice was ever pumped more thoroughly. The answers of the interviewee were short, terse statements of fact, made in the most practical manner, as is the custom with men of action. The reporter used no notebook. He leaned back in his chair, while he suggested question after question, many apparently of the most insignificant character. When he got through he knew about everything the engineer could tell of interest. I read the article a day or so afterward, and my admiration approached reverence as I saw how adroitly the writer had worked up the story. He never varied from the statements of the engineer on one material point, but he had clothed them in words of dignity and often of startlingly vivid character. The article was readable from start to finish, and one could see at a glance that no newspaper editor of judgment would "turn down" such an offering.

Nearly every man has a good story hidden away somewhere in his head, and it is the correspondent's business to get it out, and apply his art to the polishing process for the press. It is rare indeed that a man will object to having you improve on his language, but you must guard as a sacred trust the accurate preservation of his meaning.

An old story is in point here: —

When Senator Sanders of Montana made his advent in Washington, it was soon apparent that he was something of a character. A budding correspondent went around to see him, for the purpose of getting an interview regarding the irrigation of arid lands. Now, Colonel Sanders is a very pleasant man to know when you know him, but it happened that the correspondent and he had never met before.

"So you want to interview me?" said the senator.

The would-be interviewer nodded.

"Would you have any objection to letting me know who you are?" queried the colonel.

"Here is my card."

"Thank you, but even that does n't give me the information I am looking for. Where were you born? Who was your father, and who was your mother? Did either of them ever do anything of a nature to earn the applause of men? Did you receive all the benefits which are supposed to spring from a common-school education, or was knowledge pumped into you from academic and collegiate sources? Are you bright mentally, and do you know how to transfer your impressions to paper? Have you accomplished anything that would fairly entitle you to a reasonable amount of renown?"

The interviewer was dazed.

"I ask you these things," continued the colonel, "because I am very much in earnest. Why should I be interviewed by a man of whose ability, or lack of ability, I know nothing? I might talk to you most entertainingly; might conversationally outshine historic chatterers and promulgate ideas on which fortunes and nations might be upreared; but all of this would avail me nothing if you were — excuse the term — a chump; I should appear like a fool. But if you are brainy, and keen-witted, and able to write, it would n't make much difference what I said. I could be as dull and as prosy as Senator — no, I won't mention his name — and you would be able so to sketch my conversation that the world would admire and say, 'What a statesman!' It doesn't make much difference what the man who is being interviewed says; the main point is the interviewer. That's why I insist on knowing a newspaper man before I talk to him for publication."

The responsibility of interviewing is a good schooling for one who would write higher liter-

ature than that of newspapers — though many contend there is no higher. It is the interviewer's bounden duty to use as elegant and graceful language as the interviewer could have done with the most deliberate study. Careless expressions — even though actually used in the interview — will never be forgiven; but good work at interviewing never fails to make a friend of the party interviewed, and the next time he comes to town, if he has a good story, he is very likely to hunt up the same correspondent and tell it to him.

It frequently happens that while talking with a reporter a man will impart some information, "on the side," in confidence. Of course the conscientious reporter doesn't need to be told to respect this confidence, even though the printing of the information would greatly enhance the value of the story. I know an instance where a famous officer in the army courteously granted a valuable interview to a young man, and the latter printed along with it a very sensational statement purporting to have been made by the officer. The officer very promptly repudiated it, and the reporter took issue with him. Whether he said the thing or not, the reporter is not relieved from the odium of his act. If the statement was made, he should have asked of the man who was good enough to give him an interview permission to print that part of his talk also. There could be no other honorable course, and I don't much blame the old war-horse for denying the anarchistic utterance, even if he did make it.

What I started in to say was that the newspaper correspondent in towns where business is dull will find many nuggets in the interviewing gold mine, if he will industriously work it, and by good, legitimate methods deserve the confidence of the men who know things, and who are willing to entrust to him the writing of their knowledge. *Edgar White.*

MACON, MO.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XXX.— BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Twentieth Century Home.*

The problem before the editor of the *Twentieth Century Home* is the establishment of a monthly periodical to enter a field not yet occupied by any woman's magazine in this country or in England. The very cordial and enthusiastic welcome accorded to the first issue would seem to show that there exists a real demand for a serial publication which is devoted to the serious consideration of matters truly helpful and important in home life, and which may increase its influence on our health and happiness.

Women have little opportunity to follow intelligently the latest developments in art, economics, and science, since this process is usually first reported through channels to which they have little access, and one aim of the *Twentieth Century Home* will be to hand this

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued Following is a list of numbers of THE WRITER containing such articles as are still of value, with the names of the periodicals discussed: September, 1895, the *Independent*; November, 1895, the *Outlook*; January, 1896, *Christian Work*; February, 1896, the *New York Observer*; June, 1896, the *Christian Endeavor World*; September, 1896, the *American Jewess*; October, 1896, the *Youth's Companion*; May, 1897, the *Catholic World Magazine*; March, 1898, the *National Magazine*; October, 1899, the *Congregationalist*; February, 1901, *Good Housekeeping*; March, 1901, the *Chautauquan*; June, 1901, *Lippincott's Magazine*; December, 1901, *Leslie's Monthly*; June, 1902, the *Pilgrim*; September, 1903, the *Red Book*; December, 1903, the *Holiday Magazine*; February, 1904, the *Bookkeeper*.

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1904, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1904, will be sent for ten cents each.

knowledge down in a way that will be interesting and attractive to every reader.

Broadly speaking, the magazine will attempt to correct the very many erroneous ideas with regard to our living and our social duty that have persisted through the ages, through ignorance, thoughtlessness, envy, and emulation of those apparently more favored of fortune. One special feature will be a thorough and illuminating discussion of the fashions in clothes, head and foot covering, ornament, etc., with the purpose of determining the principles of common sense, beauty, and good taste in these matters, and the elimination of certain factors of discomfort, danger, and deformity that have clung to them with astonishing pertinacity.

While such topics are the true *raison d'être* of the magazine, and its element of stability and permanency, a considerable amount of space will be devoted to the highest class of fiction, humor and light verse and satire, reviews of new books, etc.

We therefore ask the assistance of all thinking men and women in carrying out the policy of the *Twentieth Century Home.* We shall be glad to examine submitted manuscripts on all subjects of interest to women and in the home — articles that treat of the natural means of preserving health and beauty; that will aid the further enjoyment of life in small towns and the more isolated localities; that will enable women to be wage earners without taking them from their homes. Prizes are already offered for means of adding to a woman's income while she may retain her full place in the home; also for original methods of saving money.

Accounts of the more important achievements of women — and men, too — in art, science, and literature will be published from time to time.

Of course we shall want good fiction — stories that do not discuss the morbid and unconventional relations of humanity, but have a clean, wholesome outlook on life, and are full of incident. Stories dealing with the overcoming of the many problems in the life of women will be especially welcome.

Other topics for which material must be supplied are: Out-door Life, Entertainment and Recreation of the Family; the Education and Training of Children; Education within the Family Circle; Home Building and Home Furnishing. *James Randolph Walker.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HARD WORK AND LITERARY IMMORTALITY.

"In fact, hard work alone generally guarantees an author immortality."—*H. Adelbert White*, in the December WRITER.

The criticism I have to offer on Mr. White's conclusion is identical with that of the little first-grader who was asked by her teacher to tell what she knew of the story of Santa Claus. Her ready answer was: —

"'Tain't true."

Would that it were true that hard work will surely win! Most of us would willingly forego the delights of immortality, if by hard work we might win fame that would last even for a lifetime. Then, surely, might we plodders, in whose bosoms "industrious habits reign," run down the fickle and fleet goddess and compel her blessing. But, alas! "'Tain't true."

The commonest experience among authors is that success and failure bear little relation to the work put upon manuscripts.

Every magazine editor has heard over and over again, in various forms of words, the old complaint of authors, "You accepted my lighter work, and now you reject my masterpiece."

A conspicuous example of this difference of

viewpoint is Balzac's "Seraphita," a work on which the author spent many sleepless nights and into which "gulf" he says he flung most of himself. Finally, when the manuscript was placed in the hands of his publisher, the fiend found it "incomprehensible" and refused to handle it. The poor author was thunderstruck; but later, when his friend, Mme. de Berny, frankly told him that, with all the work he had put upon "Seraphita," he had made his angel "talk too much like a grisette," his eyes were opened to the fact that the prime test of authorship is not "hard work" nor sleepless nights.

Many of the most successful works are the faultiest. Expurgate the faults and you kill the book. Even the great Homer nodded, and "King Shakespeare," whose reign over us is unaffected by time, is a veritable bundle of faults and errors, his works showing strangely hasty and even reckless composition. "Hard work" on Le Sage's charmingly garrulous "Gil Blas" would have removed the chief charm of the narrative. "Hard work" would have reduced the rough granite of Emerson's poetry to the "faultily faultless" verse of the modern magazine poet. "Hard work" would have killed the "Chambered Nautilus" of Holmes, squeezing out of it the delightfully mixed metaphor to which the rhetorician objects.

The trend of Mr. White's article on "Painstaking Writers," and of many another article in THE WRITER, is that the one way to success and immortality is the laborious road of revision.

Now, I would not undervalue self-criticism. Without the power to sit in judgment on one's own work, no writer can succeed; but at most, revision is only the finisher's work. There must be something worth finishing. Again using Balzac as an illustration, the author of "Père Goriot" learned the finisher's trade to perfection, and worked at his trade with an industry which at times suggested insanity; but painstaking as he was in revising the work of his hand, he was pre-eminently a creator. The creative power of the man seems superhuman.

Balzac needed three months for the last chapter of "Seraphita"; but few there be who ever persist in reading the end of the work. While stupid Paris neglected the harder work of his brain, it ran eagerly after his "César Birotteau," which came to him with comparative ease. Balzac writes that he completed the first part of his "Lily of the Valley" in twenty days, and has given himself twenty days apiece for the two remaining parts, while Sainte-Beuve worked four years at "Volupté"! Balzac's "La Messe de l'Athée" was, as he says, "conceived, written, and printed in a single night." Others of his most popular short stories were thrown off in a few days — and some of them afterward were revised well nigh to death. In a moment of exultation, Balzac writes a friend that his "César Birotteau," one of his most powerful novels, was composed, written, and corrected fifteen times in twenty days!

Call it genius, cosmic consciousness, or what you will, the creative power was there, combined with rare industry — not the machine-like industry of a plodder, but the inward force that gives the physical man no rest until the work of the brain is registered in permanent form.

All the revision within the limits of the plodder's patience can't lift the product of the plodder's brain above the level of mediocrity. With every revision, the unilluminated mind is likely to take from a manuscript somewhat of that freshness which of itself is oftentimes enough to make an uninspired book "go," the last of many revisions leaving the production "dry as summer dust."

"First catch your hare," said Mrs. Hale in her famous recipe for cooking a hare. So say I: First assure yourself that you have something to say — or sing,— and, having said it — or sung it,— apply all your powers of self-criticism to the product of your brain, using extreme care lest in your over-eagerness to condense, or "boil down," you despoil your work of all that would commend it to the editor and the public.

Many a glowing conception of the mind has been boiled down until nothing is left in the kettle but the dregs.

DES MOINES, IA. *Johnson Brigham.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Few writers realize how much it costs a publisher to have the manuscripts submitted to him properly examined. Reading a book manuscript critically requires so much time, and so many manuscripts are offered nowadays, that the publisher as a rule cannot himself undertake the task of examining the mass of matter that is sent to him, and has to employ Readers for the work. Of course there are some manuscripts that the expert Reader at a glance can see are hopeless — illiterate stories, written by people of little education, the uselessness of which is obvious on reading the first page. The publisher's trouble is caused by the fact that most of the manuscripts sent to him are mediocre, neither obviously good nor obviously bad, so that a critical reading is necessary to determine their real value. Being unable to do this work himself, he has to employ expert Readers, and as a Reader, to be successful, must have both literary discrimination and good business judgment, the publisher must pay him well. There are manuscripts, of course, among the mediocre, that the first Reader can safely reject after an hour's study of them, here and there. Others prove to be so good that he feels justified in passing them on to a second Reader, or to the publisher himself, after a rapid reading. The difficulty is with the mass of manuscripts that obviously possess some merit, though they may have many faults, and that require careful consideration to determine whether they are really good or bad. A conscientious reader is always fearful of letting some good manuscripts escape. Sometimes a manuscript that is impossible as it stands contains the material of a successful book, and the expert Reader, by suggesting changes, may enable the author to make the manuscript just what the publisher is looking for. "David Harum" was a manuscript of this kind. Reader after Reader had made an unfavorable report regarding it, and it was not until Mr. Hitchcock suggested to the author some changes in arrangement, and advised other alterations, that its real merit became obvious. Similarly expert Readers have saved other manuscripts.

* * *

Naturally, men and women who can do such work expect good pay, and so the publisher is put to an expense of which writers seldom think. It is safe to say that the book manuscripts submitted to a publisher cost him, on an average, ten dollars each, for critical examination. If some can be dismissed in a few minutes, others require hours and hours of time. A book manuscript cannot be read critically, particularly if it is not typewritten, as a printed book can be skimmed through. To read a promising manuscript as it should be read, a conscientious publisher's adviser will devote to the work two or three days, sometimes a week, and not infrequently even more time is required. A mediocre manuscript often requires even more time than a good one, if it shows any signs of promise.

Only the obviously illiterate story can be dismissed with a superficial reading.

* * *

Until now publishers have borne the burden of the Reader's salary as a part of their legitimate expenses, but the number of manuscripts submitted of late years has become so great that some of them have felt inclined to make the writer pay the tax. A small London publisher, for instance, wrote as follows to a novelist from whom a manuscript had been received: "I have pleasure in informing you that I have now come to this manuscript, and if you are prepared to send me the sum of ten shillings six pence (payable in advance) I shall have your work thoroughly read by an expert Reader, and in the event of his approving it I shall be pleased to lay before you a scheme for its publication." In this case the author, who had attained some reputation, felt that the proposition was insulting, and there is probably little likelihood that high-grade publishing houses will soon make it their rule to tax authors even the small sum of $2.50 apiece for the privilege of submitting manuscripts, but the time may come when they will have to do something of the kind, in self-defence. In the mean time it will be well for writers to realize that whenever they send a book manuscript to a publisher they are burdening him with an expense that may average ten dollars, and find in this an additional reason for making their manuscripts in all respects as good as possible before they offer them for publication.

* * *

Not alone every poet, but every rhymester who has tried every now and then to mate three or four dozen jingling lines, has mourned over the paucity of rhymes for some most eloquent, poetical, and frequently desired words. Swinburne has indeed proposed a word of Greek derivation, which on a pinch may be said to be a rhyme for "month" — the only one so far invented; W. S. Gilbert has made a single rhyme for "carpet" — such as it is — by the forced use of "sharp pet." On the other hand, in spite of many efforts, "silver" still remains unrhymed. But these examples of rhymes desired are not the most important. Take "girl," for instance — a pet subject with the poets. Pearl, curl, twirl, whirl, hurl, purl, swirl, and possibly earl are available to help the poet in his labor, with bare possibilities of aid from uncurl, churl, thirl, and furl, but where is the much needed synonym for "girl" that shall rhyme with it as well as duplicate its meaning? Worse yet, take "love," the mainstay of all rhymesters. Even the biggest of the rhyming dictionaries gives as rhymes but dove, above, glove, — and shove! How pitifully inadequate is this meagre rhyme-list to the extensive requirements of the glowing poet! A reform of the English language is urgently demanded. Instead of devoting their energies to the fashioning of "universal languages," let the linguistic inventors address their talents immediately to the task of increasing the number of useful rhymes for "girl" and "love," not to mention "month," and "carpet," and "silver." Thus they will win the undying gratitude of all English-writing poets!

W. H. H.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

In the patois of Grub Street "D. W. T." means, not pennyweight, but "Declined With Thanks." With hope and a stamped envelope the author casts his manuscript among the editors. With despair and a printed D. W. T. it returns unto him before or after many days. Many articles have been published showing the path to literary success; this article is dedicated to the setting forth of the manner of rejection.

"It's little good that comes of writing for the press," declared Captain Shandon, but at the very worst it cannot be called a thankless occupation. Where else does one meet such stately courtesy, such warm gratitude, such poignant remorse as the editor exhibits to the humblest scribe? Editors are not the hardened monsters that some people would have the public believe. Indeed, the most amazing, and perhaps the most dangerous feature of journalism is the editorial capacity for grief and gratitude.

That "Declined With Thanks" is the formula of rejection is a hoary fiction which has too long represented editors as stony-hearted and

graceless tyrants, sternly indifferent to the massacre of manuscripts. Once for all let it be destroyed. So curt a refusal is practised by only one editor, him of the *Spectator*. The little slip of blue paper with its triplet of words is the single exception to editorial loving-kindness. Those who mourn the decay of modern manners can never have written for the press. Before me lies a memorandum of thanks and rejection from the *Times*, with an expression of autographed sorrow — sorrow from the journalistic Jove! — that the manuscript has been slightly torn. Could courtesy go further?

Other papers are no whit less polite. The editor presents his compliments; begs to acknowledge the receipt; regrets that he is unable to make use of, or greatly regrets his inability to accept, or to avail himself of the contribution or manuscript so kindly offered, or for the kind offer of which the editor expresses his great obligation, his many thanks, or, at the very least, his mere thanks.

Perhaps the D. W. T. of the *St. James's Gazette* may be awarded the palm, for "the editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed manuscript." This is pleasantly free from superfluous sorrow and effusive gratitude. The squat little notes of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Globe* make far better pipe-spills than the highly-glazed blue embossed D. W. T. of the *Westminster's* editor, who employs the aged excuse that he is already so fully supplied with manuscripts that he is unable to accept more. It is always amusing to note how the lady who presides over the *Westminster Budget* corrects the masculine gender of the engraved D.W.T.'s at her disposal, and alters "his" to "her" and "he" to "she" with deft pen-strokes.

Formerly the *Illustrated London News* sent an ideal D. W. T.: "The editor regrets to be compelled to decline the enclosed." Now he has assumed more unctuous language, and "regrets being unable to make use of the enclosed, which he returns with thanks." *Vanity Fair* pens its "Editor's respectful thanks," which reads like a cook's receipt for her wages. But the *Academy* is distinctly academic. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's vigorous *British Weekly*, in which Mr. Barrie first achieved fame, has a small, but effective, missive: "With the editor's compliments and thanks."

In magazinedom there is even greater courtesy of rejection. Editors "beg" and "regret" and present their "best thanks" and "compliments" in a multiplicity of modes, types, and sheets. The *Cornhill's* note, with its blue crest of a wheatsheaf, is interesting as having been perhaps drafted by Thackeray, its first editor, who found the rejection of manuscripts so painful. Alone among D. W. T.'s this note gives "the Writer" the same capital letter which "the Editor" always boasts. The oldest of English magazines, the *Gentlemen's*, for which Dr. Johnson wrote many a sheet, deals out rejection in the passive mood and russet ink: "Returned with the compliments and thanks of Sylvanus Urban, and regrets that space cannot be found for the contribution in the magazine."

This time-honored fiction, "lack of space," is also employed by the *Strand* and the *Graphic*. The aspirant is given to understand that the smallness of space at his disposal causes the editor the deepest anguish. The affection, by the bye, of minor poets for gazing at the blue abyss of heaven springs from the satisfaction of knowing that there, at least, nothing is crowded out through lack of space.

Like a dainty billet-doux used to come the lithographed refusal of the *Windsor*. Now it is reduced to cold type. In quaint affectation of old English print the *Temple Bar* regrets that "the manuscript entitled . . . has not been found suitable." This magazine, by the way, is mediæval in more than type; in one case it detained a manuscript for two years, and then returned it. *Chambers's Journal*, within whose mustard covers so many writers have made their first appearance, simply regrets its inability to use "the kindly offered contribution"; but often there is added the kindly words, "Many thanks. — Ed."

The *Saturday Review*, *Punch*, and many other papers return manuscripts without a word of explanation. The *Nineteenth Century* and other big reviews send an autograph letter of rejection. Some editors are careful to point out in the course of a lengthy D. W. T. that "the rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply an opinion unfavorable to the liter-

ary quality of the work, but only that the manuscript returned does not meet with any existing needs of this magazine, however well it may be adapted to the wants of other periodicals." Here are rejection, explanation, and expectation most deftly blended. On receiving this gracious missive the scribe no longer envies his Chinese comrade, whose effusions are D. W. T.'d by the Celestial editor in this wise: —

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon! Look upon thy slave, who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read thy manuscript with delight, but should we print it the emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again to print anything not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript, and beg of thee ten thousand pardons."

The result is the same, though the modes differ. Therefore the scribe could well dispense with the editorial expression of stereotyped gratitude and remorse. Yet every writer must pass through the desert of rejection, boomeranged by his own manuscripts, and enraged by the smooth excuses of editors. Blessed above men is the writer who does not learn to fear the postman's knock; if his heart does not teach his ear to distinguish between the soft flutter of a proof or check, and the thud of a D. W. T.'d manuscript. If the author have a turn for satire he may paper the walls of his room with the regrets and thanks, compliments and apologies of all living editors. There is a man who has so covered the walls of his den with the D. W. T.'s of all sorts and conditions of magazines and journals. One wall, plastered from skirting board to ceiling with refusal notes of every shape, color, type, and phrase, marks the period of his apprenticeship to the pen, and incessant rejection. The other walls are more slowly nearing the same patchwork cover, for the journalist is now one of those whose writings are in some request. When a youth whose ambition it is to turn penman comes to him for advice, the journalist leads the aspirant to this room, and bids him "Look around."

But he does not point out to the neophyte a sacredly reserved blank space over the mantelpiece, or explain the literary masterpiece with which the journalist hopes to fill it. It is whispered with bated breath in Grub Street that there is only one magazine published in the English language that has not solicited contributions from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. To attain the proud distinction of refusing editors as editors refuse him is the cherished ideal of this wall-papering journalist. He looks to the day when he will reply to editorial requests for a contribution from his pen by returning a printed D. W. T. notice: "Mr. S. Cribbler regrets that he is unable to oblige the editor of —— with a manuscript, the request for which he declines with thanks." —*T. P's. Weekly (London)*.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Temple Bailey, whose story, "The Judge and the Cur," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for February, has written a number of short stories that have been published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Smart Set*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, and the *Woman's Home Companion*, and he is also a regular contributor to the Youth's department of the McClure Syndicate. Mr. Bailey won the second prize of $250 in the *Ladies' Home Journal* love-story contest, and he is the author of a book for boys, "The Adventures of Three," which will be published shortly by the Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia.

Phœbe Willey Bensel, whose story, "Huldah's Revolution," was published in *Short Stories* for February, was born in Buckfield, Oxford County, Me. Her maiden name was Tuttle, and she is a descendant of two old New England families — the Chases and the Robinsons. Mrs. Bensel has written at times since childhood, but never for publication until a few years ago. Since then she has had stories published in the *New England Magazine*, *Short Stories*, and the *Northwest Magazine*, as well as in many newspapers both east and west. She hopes to have a book of short sto-

ries ready for publication during the present year.

C. Z. Hartman, whose story, "A Greyhound of the Sea," appeared in the *New England Magazine* for February, is a new writer whose name is just beginning to appear in the magazines. Miss Hartman was born in Indiana, although she now lives in Montana. She is a teacher by occupation, but has always been interested in writing, and when a child used to "think" herself to sleep every night over some story in process of construction. She has written twenty-five or thirty stories, all of American life, and many of them dealing with the western life with which she is familiar.

"Frances Keaton," the name signed to the story, "An Open Secret," in *Short Stories* for February, is the pseudonym of one of our newer writers, this being the second story that she has had published. Her first story, "A Current Feud," was published in *Short Stories* for May, 1903. Both of these stories have to do with the negroes and poor whites in Northern Georgia — where the people are principally engaged in cotton culture and in mining iron ore and manufacturing pig iron — and are written from life as the author has seen it.

Miriam Michelson, whose story, "Prince Roseleaf and a Girl from Kansas," is printed in *McClure's Magazine* for March, and whose serial, "The Bishop's Carriage," is now running in the *Reader*, is a dramatic critic and special correspondent well known among newspaper people both in the East and in the West. About a year ago Miss Michelson gave up journalism, and since then her short stories have appeared in a number of magazines. *Ainslee's Magazine* for March has a story by her, entitled "Her Letters from Dakota."

Mary B. Mullett, who had one story, "The Coronation of Mrs. Beacock," in *Harper's Bazar* for February, and another, "The Great Carruthers Rebellion," in the February *Red Book*, is a newspaper woman, who received her training on the *New York Sun*, which, as she says, has probably turned out more magazine writers than any "school" designed for that purpose. During her connection with the *Sun*, she spent several years abroad, living much in Paris, and she has traveled extensively in her own country and in Canada. In fact, for ten years she has not spent more than two consecutive months in any one place, without the interruption of some journey. Two years ago Miss Mullett's health broke down, and she went to the North Carolina mountains to recover, and it was in that region that she got the material for "Mrs. Beacock" and some other stories. She is now regaining her health, and in what little time she is able to write she is working on some stories of life in Paris for *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Eleanor C. Reed, author of the story, "A Voice in the Night," in the *New England Magazine* for February, lives in Chicago, but her childhood was spent on a farm in New England. Her father was a doctor, but being stricken with paralysis when still young, gave up his practice and took to farming. She wrote her first story when she was twelve years old. Her father laughed over it until the tears rolled down his cheeks, but her mother, an old-time Methodist, looked grave and concerned, and the great pile of New York story papers that her father had filed away suddenly disappeared, as well as his copy of the "Arabian Nights." Mortified beyond expression by her mother's obvious disapproval and her father's uproarious laughter, the child author hid her first effort in a chest of old medical books, and thereafter she found her literary diet confined as far as possible to Sunday school books, in which the bad little boy who stole the deacon's apples was bitten by the bulldog, and the good little boy who returned the pocketbook he had found to its owner, a kind, though wealthy, gentleman, was made a partner, in the course of time, in the good gentleman's flourishing business. But no one knew, she says, how she longed for the "Arabian Nights," and "The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main." After she grew up, Mrs. Reed traveled around the world, spent a year in Australasia, another in China, Japan, and Netherlands India, and two in Europe. After a second trip to Europe, she returned to Chicago and wrote for the *Sunday*

Tribune, but she found it very difficult to confine herself to fact. She was inclined to weave a story around each incident, and consequently spent much time and wasted a deal of paper weeding the fiction out of her facts. Six years ago, she turned the tables, threw facts to the winds, and wrote eight stories. After they had lain a year, she rewrote them, selected the five that she regarded as best and submitted them to A. C. McClurg & Company. They were accepted and published under the title of "The Battle Invisible." Mrs. Reed has since written a novel, but she says it is too long. It has lain untouched in her desk nearly three months, and in three more months she means to take it out and rewrite it — not to make any important changes in the story, but to improve it technically.

Mary Caldwell Richardson, author of the story, "Afternoon Tea," in *Good Housekeeping* for February, was born in New York and has always lived in that city or in Brooklyn. A while ago, struck by the absurdity of some of her own methods, she wrote a little sketch and sent it to *Good Housekeeping*. Encouraged by its success, she continued to write, and has since had stories published in the *Golfer*, the *Housekeeper*, and the *Tribune*. "Afternoon Tea" is one of a series of sketches now appearing in *Good Hous keeping*. Mrs. Richardson is a busy woman, and has little opportunity for writing.

Margaret Busbee Shipp, whose story, "The Hour of His Triumph," was printed in *Pearson's Magazine* for January, is the widow of Lieutenant William E. Shipp, of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry, who was killed in the battle of San Juan, July 1, 1898. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Shipp has turned her attention to literary work, and has compiled two volumes of extracts from the Brownings and from Emerson, which were issued by James Pott & Son. She has also had stories in *Munsey's Magazine*, *Everybody's*, *Ainslee's*, *Vogue*, the *Red Book*, and *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Preservation of Clippings. — There are almost as many methods of arrangement for scrapbooks as there are scrapbook makers, and all of them seem to have some one point of advantage, as well as many points in which they are lacking. My own preference is for the following method: —

Secure a number of scrapbook volumes, of the same size and general appearance if possible, and number and letter them, Vol. I., Vol. II., etc. Number each page of each volume distinctly in red ink or red pencil. These volumes need not be books made especially for clippings. Better still, let them be Government Reports, or some thick book of that kind, with leaves cut out here and there to make allowance for the bulk of the clippings. Now make use of an ordinary desk drawer, or even a box, and divide it lengthwise into compartments just wide enough to hold an ordinary visiting card. Then buy, say, five hundred blank Bristol cards; write on each as you need it the subject of one clipping and the volume and page where you have pasted it, and file your card alphabetically in the drawer. For instance, you have a clipping on "Snowshoeing." Instead of trying to place that under a general head, like "Winter" or "Sports," catalogue it alphabetically by itself under the letter S. Having pasted it in any volume you please, write on your card, under S — Snowshoeing, we will say, Vol. III., p. 20, where there may be a convenient space for it. Suppose you have a mere couplet or stanza of verse, with no title. Index it by the first letter of the first line, writing that line out in full on your card, and then catalogue under that letter. Short prose items without printed subject should have a heading written over them in red ink, by which they may be catalogued.

There will be room enough in an ordinary desk drawer or box of equal size to catalogue by cards an enormous number of subjects — all the room the average person will ever need. The cards must not be packed tight, of course, but left in each compartment loose enough to tilt with the finger until the lettering appears.

The scrapbook maker may fill each volume in turn, or scatter his clippings along through all, as convenience dictates. His library, if he chooses, may begin with only a single volume, and grow as he needs it; but his card cata-

logue must be provided for when he pastes his first clipping. A small weight may be used in each compartment of the divided drawer to keep the cards in unfilled compartments from falling flat.

This arrangement, I am sure, will be found by beginners in scrapbook making as satisfactory, at least, as any they could find or invent. It is the best arrangement of clippings for a writer, teacher, or minister that I have been able to discover. The cost of making the library is small; it requires comparatively little room, is convenient, handy, and free from litter. Then, too, if one wishes to use his books for entertainment, he can take up any volume and run through its miscellaneous contents with the same pleasure that one gets from the old fashioned random scrapbook. A life library of this sort will hardly outgrow one shelf of a small bookcase — and how could one shelf out of the many in an ordinary library be put to better use? — *James Buckham, in Young People.*

"Real People" in Fiction.— How far may the novelist draw upon reality in the portrayal of character? To what extent is he justified in presenting actual people under thin disguises? These questions have often been asked, but they have never been satisfactorily answered. Nor, perhaps, is any answer possible. It is generally admitted that historical personages are fair game, though even in their case some fidelity to fact is desirable. Scott wisely pursued the method of giving them only a subsidiary place in his story, and adding to history such slight touches as seemed to be in accordance with their known traits. His treatment of Richard Coeur de Lion, of Mary Stuart, of Graham of Claverhouse, are conspicuous cases in point. The contemporary romancer, however, is less scrupulous. Grave characters in American history — Washington, Jackson, Lincoln — have been made by him to play strange parts. And these posthumous liberties are rightly held to be unjustified. The romancer may deal with realities if he chooses, but he must not depart sufficiently from the essential verities to turn them into unrealities. Dead men have moral if not legal rights.

The portrayal in fiction of living persons is another matter. It is a device of doubtful taste at best, and only the nicest discrimination will save the novelist from going hopelessly wrong. Probably it is less often attempted than readers are apt to believe. The cap may not have been made to fit any one in particular, although trying it on may bring about that result. It is inevitable, of course, that imagination should be developed by observation. We know humanity by what we have seen of men. When a writer sets out to represent a miser, some miserly person of his acquaintance is quite likely to furnish materials for the picture. The process may be unconscious; it is seldom deliberate; and if the real miser is offended it is usually because some one takes the trouble to discover the parallel. The nature of the creative imagination is so little understood that the effort to find actual originals for characters in fiction is applauded. Few novelists have had a more vivid and original imagination than Dickens. Yet we have been assured that Micawber was meant for his father, Mrs. Nickleby for his mother, Harold Skimpole for Leigh Hunt and Pecksniff for Samuel C. Hall. Dickens himself always denied these accusations; and the truth of the matter probably is that his father was improvident, his mother inconsequential, Hunt a spendthrift, and Hall a smug moralist, so that those who knew them noted a resemblance and made it public property. In such cases it is as easy to discover differences as resemblances.

The novelist who deals with a certain definite phase of life — politics, for example — will almost inevitably be accused of drawing real people. Of course his picture would not be accurate if it did not include characters and events which find a parallel in reality. But this is clearly permissible so long as he steers clear of malicious caricature. Lord Brock was not necessarily designed by Trollope for Palmerston, nor Lord De Terrier for Derby, nor Mr. Daubigny for Disraeli, although the subject makes certain small resemblances inevitable. Justin McCarthy may have had an English statesman in mind when he wrote "The Right Honourable," and Mr.

La Fontaine in that novel was almost certainly suggested by Mr. Labouchere; but there was nothing in either instance to which objection could fairly be taken. It was said that Mr. Cleveland was the original of "The Honorable Peter Stirling." The only basis for this assertion was the fact that Mr. Cleveland's career as a statesman of marked independence of thought and action might readily suggest to the novelist the broad outlines of an imaginary character. Yet in the work of the writer of genuine imagination the resulting likeness is generally unintentional. It is when a writer is deficient in imagination that he seeks to call attention to his work by deliberately portraying real persons under thin disguises. Or it may be that he has a malicious end to serve, as Disraeli had when he insulted the memory of Thackeray in his St. Barbe.

This old issue is revived once more by the savage attacks upon a recent novel dealing with college life. It was written by a college professor and its purpose was to plead for that academic freedom which has sometimes seemed to be in danger of impairment. The cap was fitted to Stanford University, and the author was accused of misrepresenting and vilifying President Jordan and Mrs. Stanford. He acknowledges frankly, in a reply to one of his critics, that "the dramatic possibilities of the Stanford situation were so superior from the novelist's point of view that I chose it, hoping that the limits of my indebtedness to it would be generally recognized." This is cutting dangerously close to the fact, no doubt; yet it is true that the situation treated in the novel is fair material. The only question is whether the picture was too palpable a drawing from life.— *Providence Journal.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

AN ITALIAN GRAMMAR. With exercises. By Mary Vance Young. 278 pp Cloth. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904.

A grammar of a foreign language written by a woman is something of a novelty. The time has come, however, when men can no longer monopolize the business of writing language text-books. The author of this new Italian grammar is professor of the Romance languages at Mount Holyoke College, and in making her book she has done a thorough piece of work. Her grammar is intended primarily for class use and for reference, but it is well adapted for self-instruction. The publishers have issued it in most attractive form, with every typographical device to facilita the learning of Italian. W. H. H.

AS SEEN FROM THE RANKS. By Charles E. Benton. 292 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

Mr. Benton's book is a plain, straight-forward story of his experiences as a soldier in the Civil war, and it has the interest that is always inherent in the relation of stirring events by one who participated in them. The author saw what could be seen by a soldier in the ranks, and his book, therefore, recounts the typical experiences of most of the thousands who took part in the war. It is devoted to incident and simple narration, rather than to a history of battles and campaigns, but in this very characteristic lies its special value, for the life of the private soldier in the days of '61-'65 was so full of personal adventure that it is impossible to have too many books about it. To the casual reader Mr. Benton's book is entertaining, and as the relation of a typical experience it has genuine historical value. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodicals *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THEODOR MOMMSEN. Jesse Benedict Clark. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE: BOOKS UNREAD. Thomas Wentworth Higginson *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

PRESCOTT, THE MAN. Rollo Ogden. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB," AND ITS AUTHOR. Illustrated. Richard Walden Hale. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY.—Conclusion. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

A GROUP OF HAWTHORNE LETTERS. Julian Hawthorne. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for March.

THE HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET. Henry Smith Williams, LL.D. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for March.

POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA. III. - Churton Collins. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON: "THE SPHINX." Charles Malloy. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

A POET OF FREEDOM (JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL). Thomas E. Will, A. M., Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, A NOVELIST WITH DEMOCRATIC IDEALS. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY FAILURE. "It." *Critic* 28 c.) for March.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE. Yone Noguchi. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

MR. BARRIE'S STAGE HEROINES. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

IMMORTALITY AND FAME. Edmund Gosse. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for March.

CRYPTOGRAPHY.—II. Illustrated. George Wilkes. *Cosmopolitan* 13 c.) for March.

COUSIN BUTTERFLY — BEING SOME MEMORIES OF WHISTLER. Annulet Andrews. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

ON THE READING OF POETRY. Henry van Dyke. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for March.

THE UTILITY OF HUMOUR. Zitella Cocke. *New England Magazine* (28 c) for March.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER. II.—The Newspaper and Wall Street. Edwin Lefèvre. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

MARY MAPES DODGE. With portrait. *Bookseller* (13 c.) for March.

WAR REPORTING EXPERIENCES. Benn Pitman. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

JOHN FISKE AS A DICTATOR. Miss M. W. Macy. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

LITERARY HOMICIDE. Thomas Dickinson. *Book-Lover* (28 c.) for March.

MAX ADELER AND HIS HUMOR. Will M. Clemens. *Book-Lover* (28 c.) for March.

VOLTAIRE *Book-Lover* (28 c.) for March.

WHO'S WHO IN THACKERAY. Lewis Melville. *Book-Lover* (28 c.) for March.

IS FICTION DETERIORATING? Jane H. Findlater. *National Review* 75 c) for March.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LECKY. "A College Friend." *National Review* (75 c.) for March.

LIFE AND J. M. BARRIE. Louis Lipsky. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

LITTLE STORIES OF JOURNALISM. V.—Julius Chambers. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERVIEWER.—VII. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

PITFALLS OF BOOK TITLES. Herbert W. Horwill. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

NOAH BROOKS AND CASTINE. Illustrated. Howard Clinton Dickinson. The *Lamp* (28 c.) for March.

HAWTHORNE. Arthur Symons. The *Lamp* (28 c.) for March.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT AND PLAY. Stuart Henry. *Criterion* (13 c.) for March.

THE EARLY LIFE OF JOHN BURROUGHS. Illustrated. James Melvin Lee. *Criterion* (13 c.) for March.

LIVING LITERARY MEN OF MEXICO. John Hubert Cornyn. *Modern Mexico* (13 c.) for March.

THE CRITICAL DOCTRINES OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.—II. Frank C. Lockwood. *Methodist Review* for March.

THE STORY OF "BRADSHAW" (the English railway guide). Illustrated. Newton Deane. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for March

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. IX.—George Horace Lorimer. E. F. Harkins *Literary World* (13 c.) for March.

ON LITERARY OBSERVATION. Reprinted from the *Family Herald* and *Book News* (8 c.) for March.

F. C. G., CARTOONIST (Francis Carruthers Gould). Illustrated. James Douglas. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE OLD GUARD OF NEW ENGLAND. With portraits of Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank Benjamin Sanborn, Charles Eliot Norton, John Townsend Trowbridge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Thornton Munger, and Edward Everett Hale. George Perry Morris. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE HOUSEKEEPER AT LARGE—A VISIT WITH HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. Isabel Gordon Curtis. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for March.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE Nora Archibald Smith. *Good Housekeeeping* (13 c.) for March.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: RONSARD. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

MR WHIBLEY'S "THACKERAY." Andrew Lang. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

VOLTAIRE. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

TALES OF A CARTOONIST. Illustrated. John T. McCutcheon. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for Februrary 6.

NECESSARY CHANGES IN ENGLISH. Brander Matthews. Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for February 4.

HENRY JAMES A NOVELIST OF SOCIAL TRAITS. With portrait. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for February 11.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WHISTLER. Edith Kellogg Dunton. *Dial* (13 c.) for February 16.

THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOR. Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial* (13 c.) for February 16.

LESLIE STEPHEN. *Nation* (13 c.) for February 25.

AUTHORS AND REAL ESTATE. *Nation* (13 c.) for February 25.

THE PENNY PAPER. Mary White Ovington. *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 30.

HOW BOOKS ACHIEVE CIRCULATION. George P. Brett. *Outlook* (13 c) for February 27.

THE IMPERIALISM OF DANTE. Reprinted from the *Church Quarterly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 6.

HERBERT SPENCER: A PORTRAIT. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 13.

FANNY BURNEY. Alice Meynell. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 13.

THOMAS HARDY AS PANORAMIST. Max Beerbohm. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 20.

"THE MEANEST OF GREEK TRAGEDIES"—THE "ELECTRA" OF EURIPIDES. Gilbert Murray. Reprinted from the *Independent Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 20.

CLASSICAL AND MODERN LITERATURE. R. Y. Tyrrell. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for Febuary 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A new book on Tolstoy by Professor Steiner, of Grinnell College, who is an old acquaintance of the apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance, is announced by the Outlook Company.

S. M. Gardenshire, who was at one time a newspaper worker, and who is an expert writer of shorthand, wrote the entire manuscript of his new novel of Rome, "Lux Crucis," in stenography, and declares that he finds it of great value in saving time and labor.

Richard Harding Davis says that he is going to devote the next five years to play writing.

Pierre Loti has been for some time in the harbor of Constantinople as commander of the Vautour. He is devoting his leisure hours to writing a novel, the scene of which is placed in Persia, a country in which he spent several months three years ago.

Frederick Orin Bartlett, of Cambridge, Mass., who, among 9,600 competitors, won the first prize of $500 awarded by the *Ladies' Home Journal* for the best short story, will publish his first novel, "Joan of the Alley," through Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., this spring.

Jules Eckert Goodman has resigned the editorship of *Current Literature*, and is succeeded by Charles B. Spahr, formerly associate editor of the *Outlook*.

Rev. Dr. George C. Horr has resigned the editorship of the *Watchman* (Boston). Rev. Edmund Merriam, assistant editor, will succeed him.

Collier's Weekly will hereafter publish a fiction number in the middle of each month.

The United States Cavalry Association, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, offers prizes of $100 and $25 for the best essays on the subject, "Revolver vs. Saber in the War of the Rebellion." All manuscripts must be submitted by October 1.

The Woman's Trade Union League of Massachusetts offers a prize of $50 for an essay on the subject of "The Advantages of Trade Unionism for Women Workers." Competition for this prize is open to any woman studying in a New England college during the year 1903-04. Essays should contain between 3,000 and 5,000 words and must be submitted before October 1, to Miss Mary E. Haskell, secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, 314 Marlboro street, Boston. The name and address of the writer should be attached in a sealed envelope.

A new monthly magazine called *Civic Pride* will soon be established in New York city for the purpose of promoting the improvement of towns. It will be edited by William E. Clark, and managed by E. F. Ingraham. John P. Fritts has resigned the position of city editor of the *Topeka* (Kan.) *Herald* to become associate editor of the new publication.

The Skelton-Marsh Corporation, Boston, is planning to bring out a five-cent monthly, to be called *Mildred Champagne's Magazine of Love and Sentiment*.

The Advance Publishing Company of Birmingham, Ala., announces a new young people's magazine.

The Philosophic Company, 500 Fifth avenue, New York, has just published the first number of the *Wise Man*. Leander Edmund Whipple is the editor.

The Success League, which is launching a new juvenile monthly in New York, has decided upon the name *Young Americans* for it. It has also bought the subscriptions of *Men of To-morrow*, which has been running for two years, and the year-old *Successward*.

The *Alkahest Magazine*, which has been published in Atlanta, Ga., has been bought by the *Life and Letters Magazine* of Knoxville, Tenn., and will be removed to that city. The two publications will be combined under the management of M. F. Caldwell.

The *Era Magazine* editorial office has been removed to New York. The printing plant will remain at Philadelphia.

The *Book Lover*, formerly a quarterly, is now a monthly, and is published by the Book-Lover Press, New York. It is in no way connected with the *Booklovers Magazine* of Philadelphia.

The *Chautauquan*, formerly published under a lease by the Floral Publishing Company, of Springfield, Ohio, is now being published by the Popular Educational Publishing Company of that city.

Home and Flowers, formerly published by the Floral Publishing Company, of Springfield, Ohio, has been bought by P. J. Lynch, of West Grove, Penn., who will continue its publication.

The *Musician* (Philadelphia) has been bought by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, which will continue the publication.

The Cumulative Index (Cleveland) has been bought by the H. W. Wilson Company of Minneapolis, and is to be merged in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.* Sixty-two English and American magazines will be indexed in the consolidated *Reader's Guide.* The issues will be strictly cumulative, the final issue for each year consisting of an annual index in one alphabet.

The Connecticut Magazine Company, of Hartford, has recently been reorganized and strengthened. The editor of the *Connecticut Magazine* is Francis Trevelyan Miller. It is largely historical in its contents, but literature, genealogy, science, art, industry, and social life have a share of attention.

The company publishing the *American Queen* (New York), has made an assignment to J. Thomas Sturdevant. It was incorporated under West Virginia laws with a capital stock of $200,000, in December, 1898. Daniel J. Kelly was the president and Blanche Kelly treasurer.

Drexel Biddle, of Pniladelphia, has sold his publications to the R. F. Fenno Company, of New York, who will publish them hereafter.

The Madison Book Company, Chicago, has changed its name to the Reilly & Britton Company. Messrs. Reilly and Britton were formerly in charge of the George M. Hill Company.

Henry Holt & Company now have in the printers' hands eleven books of fiction by American authors, and but one by a foreigner. This is interesting in view of the circumstance that the firm made its reputation as publishers of general literature largely through the Leisure Hour Series, in which nearly all the books were by foreign authors.

D. C. Heath & Company announce a series of volumes covering nearly the whole field of English literature from the time of the early Saxon to the beginning of the twentieth century. The series will be called The Belles Lettres Series.

A Universal Library is announced by McClure, Phillips, & Company. The plan is to publish "not only the English and American classics, but all the vital literature of the world, both ancient and modern." Professor George E. Woodberry will be the editor of the series.

The Scribners will begin the publication this month of an important series of biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries, under the general title of Literary Lives. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is editor of the series, and the first two volumes, on Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, are the work of G. W. E. Russell and Dr. William Barry respectively. Early volumes are promised by W. Hale White on John Bunyan, Clement K. Shorter on Charlotte Brontë, Dr. Nicoll on R. M. Hutton, Professor Edward Dowden on Goethe, and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney on William Hazlitt.

Martin Hume, the novelist, writes equally good stories in Spanish and in English, and is a constant contributor to the two monthly Spanish magazines.

A club for the perpetuation of the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson has been formed in San Francisco. It is called "The Stevenson Fellowship," and its object is to commemorate the birthday of Stevenson, collect information regarding his life and writings, and keep the members informed of important Stevensonia published from time to time.

To the Old South Leaflets, published by the directors of the Old South Work, Boston, has been added the farewell address of John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, delivered as they came away from Holland.

Blank verse was first introduced into English poetry by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey in a translation of Virgil's "Aeneid," in 1547.

J. Storer Cobb died at Northampton, Mass., February 17, aged sixty-two.

Henry Austin Clapp died in Boston, February 19, aged sixty-three.

Sir Leslie Stephen died in London, February 22, aged seventy-one.

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RECENT LITERARY BLUNDERS.

A literary periodical recently remarked upon certain well-known mistakes made by Thackeray, Dickens, and others among the Old Masters, adding that these may be forgiven, but that "the least we may expect of the little writers of the day is accuracy."

This accuracy is not always forthcoming. Instances of gross carelessness or ignorance throng into the mind and memory. In "The Christian" Hall Caine quotes the Anglican marriage service to make his hero say: "I, John Storm, take thee, Glory Quale," as no English clergyman ever taught a bridegroom to repeat the sentence. H. S. Merriman in "Dross" calls Gayerson sometimes Philip and sometimes Alfred. L. Dougall's "A Mormon Prophet" changes the month of March on page 363 to April three pages later. Stanley Weyman's novel, "Sophia," introduces apple blossoms and gooseberries at the same time, and in "The Gentleman from Indiana," among other liberties taken with nature, Booth Tarkington serves a dinner of green corn and cherry pie.

In his delightful short story, "The Bar Sinister," Richard Harding Davis begins the story with his dog hero speaking in the present tense of one master, and ends it, in the same monologue, with the dog possessed by quite another person. John Oliver Hobbes calls Rennes, in "Robert Orange," Angelo up to the one hundred and twelfth page, and thereafter always David. In "The Crisis" Mr. Churchill alternates, throughout the last half, between two opinions regarding Brice's landlady: she is a spinster on one page, a widow on another, again a spinster and again a widow — the blunder over and over repeated.

One of the oddest and most inexcusable of mistakes was that made in the title of a novel published two or three years ago; it was named "The House of De Mailly," which, as any one having the least knowledge of French must know, means simply "The House of of Mailly." Oddly enough, this gross error was seemingly never noticed either by author or publisher.

Mrs. Dudeney's "The Story of Susan" shows that Methodism and Presbyterianism are confused in the writer's mind. She frequently refers to Calvinism, the doctrine of predestination, in which the Methodist Susan had been reared. Any allusion to religious beliefs or customs is always fraught with danger. In the June, 1903, number of *McClure's Magazine*, for instance, in one

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story a Roman Catholic priest speaks of "evening mass" (when, as every one should know, mass is never celebrated except in the morning, the supposition being that the partaker is fasting); in another the "rectory" of a Presbyterian church is referred to ("rectories" belong exclusively to "rectors," who are not Presbyterians); and, in a third story, an Englishman says that he "graduated" from Oxford! Imagine an Englishman saying anything of the sort!

In "Lux Crucis," lately published by the Harpers, a lion is killed by one blow on the head, and a panther is chopped in two with one stroke of an axe: remarkable feats, truly!

Robert Chambers, in "Maids of Paradise," page 204, mentions a langouste in "his flaming scarlet coat of mail." As a langouste is a lobster, this must mean one that has been boiled; certainly the live variety is not red.

These examples of common errors might be multiplied by the score; that they are so common denotes surely need for not only more care, but for more information as well, on the part of our authors, our publishers, their Readers, and their proof-readers. Not long ago Houghton, Mifflin, & Company published a book called "An Elusive Lover." The plot turned on the possibility of a man's being accused of his own murder, for which he was actually tried. I wonder if any reviewer remarked that it is first necessary to establish the fact that a man is dead before his supposititious assassin can be accused!

NEW YORK, N. Y. *M. L. Winters.*

NEWSPAPER WORK AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

When Jenny June startled the editor of the *New York Sun* some fifty years ago by asking to be taken on the staff, she opened the door of journalism for women, and they have not been slow to enter. Hundreds have tried, many have failed. Journalism is a man's work, and requires an amount of strength and persistency that women rarely possess. In New York, it is said, a woman stands the strain of work on a daily paper for from three to five years. Then she either gets married, or gives up in despair, or goes under with nervous prostration. In the South she lasts longer, for the work assigned to her is not so heavy as that given to her sister in the North, and southern men are yet loath to have women competitors in the field. Wherever she goes she must work side by side with men, taking equal chances with them, asking no concessions because of her sex, taking without objection whatever assignment may be given to her.

Of the five million women who are earning their living in the United States, less than three hundred are regularly employed newspaper women. These are generally put through the paces. Usually the things a woman writes are for departments of interest to women, for there she does best, but many women have done editorial and reporting work quite as well as men.

When any woman starts into the newspaper life as a profession, she must be prepared to sacrifice many of her pet theories, her personal prejudices, and even her deep-rooted convictions. She must renounce social functions, except as a matter of business, or only for a mild form of recreation; she must be prepared to go out alone to her evening assignments; she must be content to eat at any hour, and to go for stretches of a week at a time with an average of five hours' sleep at night. She must learn to live in shirt-waists and short skirts, and pretend she likes it. If her work begins at eight o'clock in the morning, she must be at her desk at that hour, even though to do it she has to dress by gas-light, and catch a fleeting suburban car, with her jacket in one hand and a half-consumed muffin

in the other. She may be called upon in one day to write up an assorted mixture of card-parties, weddings, funerals, lectures, interviews, woman's rights meetings and religious conventions, adding an editorial, maybe, and a leader for the woman's page, and then to go out in the evening to report a musicale or a club ball, creeping to bed at two or three o'clock in the morning with the sudden recollection that she has not had a bite since breakfast, except possibly an apple nibbled at her desk while she wrote, or a cup of chocolate hastily swallowed at the soda fountain in the nearest drug store. With all this she must be ready, alert, and clear-minded for the next day's work. And she must be willing to keep up the pace for weeks at a time, with an average of ten hours' work a day — rarely less.

It has been alleged that writing for a daily newspaper as a regular staff reporter is not good for woman, that it robs her not only of vitality and nerve strength, but also of most of her womanly graces and refined characteristics. This is in a measure true, though it depends in great part on the woman. Some women who are not strong have not been able to face things bravely, and the sordid and cruel things they meet wear them down, embitter them, and set a callous casing over the heart. Such women in newspaper work may be accounted failures, for though their technical success may be assured, their loss of womanhood's finer instincts and graces is of so much more weight that success is marred by the ashes of the fabled apples.

Necessarily the newspaper woman must see much of the seamy side of life, but she sees, too, its best side. She has her finger on the very pulse of human existence, both high and low, and by this contact she should be broadened, made more tender, sweet, and sympathetic, stronger and braver for her own battle with Fate. Here, as everywhere, the woman must make her profession, not let it make her. Her sweetness and light of character will be in exact proportion to the amount of resistance she brings to bear on the objectionable features of her work, and in proportion to the power she shows for assimilating the love and kindnesses that come her way.

If any young girl should ask my humble opinion about taking up newspaper work, I should say: "If you are taking it up as a fad, or because you think you will enter a fabled land called Bohemia by means of your pen, don't do it. When newspaper work is taken up as a fad, the experiment is bound to be a failure, and there is no such land as 'Bohemia,' so far as art circles are concerned. What is called 'Bohemia' is the ragged edge of unsuccessful life, where are gathered the flotsam and jetsam of society, reckless men and women who prefer license and a certain unsafe degree of unconventionality, and no girl can afford to set aside the conventionalities that polite and refined society respects.

"Take my advice and go back to that man who loves you and to whom you gave that soulful little talk about living for Art and Art's sake, and humbly, penitently, and thoroughly take back every word you said. His love will be a thousand times better for you than the evanescent fame that comes from writing a few successful editorials, or from getting off some particularly clever and cutting thing at the expense of your own sex. His love will be safer for you than the rough way you must tread, to reach the goal of success. The world needs happy-hearted, home-making, home-loving wives and mothers much more than it needs women with careers.

"But if you must earn your own living and have a talent for the work, then go into it courageously, earnestly, and hopefully, and you will find more hands stretched out to help you than ever you dreamed there would be; you will find the men, though busy, generally courteous, kind, considerate, for they are the most generous, broad-minded men to be found in any profession. There is an art in doing the work well, even if it is only filling in two or three columns on a woman's page, with a goodly supply of paste, a stack of clippings, and a pair of scissors, as the most prominent tools for the task. Have an ambition to make even such work the best of its kind. The joy of working and the satisfaction of the task well done will make the small salary seem double its size, and the labor, hard as it may be at times, always worth while."

MEMPHIS, Tenn. *Anna B. A. Brown.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Examples of the careless use of English are often entertaining, as well as instructive to those who are trying to improve their style. For instance, there is that familiar quotation from an old edition of Morse's geography which says: "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street." James, in his novel of "The Forgery," says: "Two officers walked up to the side (of the coach) and examined every passenger, both inside and out!"—and this was years before the X-ray was invented. Now the newspapers tell us that at the shore end of a jetty at a watering place in the Isle of Wight is displayed a notice reading: "Any person attempting to come on this jetty without paying his toll or insulting the collector is liable to a fine of 40s." Obviously the man who writes for the eye of the critical public needs to have all his wits about him.

* * *

In a less severely critical journal than the *New York Evening Post* this sentence, found in its issue of January 31, might not have attracted general attention: "With to-day ends one of the most profitless business months through which the community has very often passed."

* * *

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, who has been reading some popular novels, makes some quotations of weird English that will serve as "terrible examples." In "Marcella," in speaking of the change in Aldous, Mr. Ward makes Marcella say: "He has woke up to a few more ideas." A rather ambiguous question asked by Marcella is: "Will you read this—and Lord Aldous?" Aldous himself, not to be outdone by his eccentric fiancée, gets in some acrobatic English in this involved sentence: "How am I to help disliking him doubly for having had the luck to put that fire out instead of me?"—a question that suggests the sentence of a society reporter: "Mrs. Smith was accompanied by Mr. Brown, in a thin black net gown and white stock and unlined yoke."

* * *

The *Transcript* correspondent goes on to say: "Mrs. Ward says 'the sunlight was streaming from his left hand'—a most peculiar and unusual phenomenon of Nature. And, finally, this phrase is noticed, 'an excited girl's laugh.' Among other trashy books devoured by me years ago was 'The Prince of

Darkness,' by Florence Warden, and similar expressions were frequent in that, as 'a high girl's laugh' and 'a bright man's voice.' It is hardly to be supposed that the girl's height is referred to, or the man's intellectual brilliancy, but we ought not to expect the vivid imagination of the author of 'The House on the Marsh' to hamper itself with grammar. It is very surprising, however, to find the same error in Boyesen's delightful story, 'The Old Adam.' The phrase is this: 'Her picture with a high man's collar on.' For a last terrible example how will this do? 'He fell at her feet and clasped her in his arms.' 'Although no recollection comes of the name of the book, or of the man who was pictured as performing this remarkable acrobatic feat, the statement itself has never been forgotten."

* * *

In the March WRITER reference was made to the urgent need of more rhymes for certain words much used by poets. The list of rhymeless words given was by no means complete. For instance, as the *London Chronicle* points out, bulb has no rhyme. Culm, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst, are other rhymeless words having the sound of "u" as in but. "Few patrician words," says the *Chronicle* writer, "in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood, and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. 'Thus' has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc."

* * *

The *Biddeford Journal* finds fault with "The Gordon Elopement," written by Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber, because the elopers buy tickets for Rumford Falls and "land at last in a big hotel out in the woods of Maine, near Mt. Katahdin." It hardly needs to be explained that Rumford Falls and Mt. Katahdin are not on the same line. The moral is, of course, that the fiction writer should keep his time tables and his atlas always handy.

* * *

In the article headed "Practical Hints to Translators" in the February WRITER reference was made to the difficulties translators must overcome in rendering from one language into another things that for various reasons cannot be translated literally. An illustration is found in the experience of the early missionaries to Northern Siberia, who in translating the Bible had great difficulty in making certain texts understood. For instance, the injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," manifestly would not mean much to people who had never seen either serpents or doves. The missionaries therefore translated it: "Be ye wise as ermines, and simple as seal cubs."

* * *

Most of those who have thought the matter over carefully have come to the conclusion that if "the Great American Novel" is ever written, it will be a fictional cyclopedia of at least five hundred volumes. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I notice that THE WRITER speaks of "Howells's novels." Is this correct? Would not "Howells' novels" be a better form?

L. O. F.

[THE WRITER some time ago, in answer to a similar query, laid down the rule that apostrophized words should be written as they are pronounced. Correct speakers do not say "Howells novels" or "Burns poems," but "Howellses novels" and "Burnses poems.' In point of fact, the old possessive suffix in English was "es," now represented by "'s." The final "s" sound is necessary in speaking, to distinguish "Howells's books," for instance, from "Howell's books." Possessives should be written as they are pronounced, and this rule covers also the phrases in which the "s" is omitted in writing after the apostrophe—

e. g., "For goodness' sake." Because of the succession of "s" sounds the "s" of the possessive in such phrases is not articulated.

THE WRITER is not without good authority in this ruling, as is shown by the following quotations: —

Dr. Angus in his "Hand-Book of the English Tongue" says (p. 270): "Some writers (as Ash, Lowth, and Priestly) have held that for the sake of euphony singular nouns ending in 's' take simply an apostrophe, as the case-ending of the genitive; but their views are wrong. We will say 'for conscience' sake,' etc.; and sometimes the second 's' is dropped in the singular, especially before another 's,' as 'the wrath of Peleus' son,' (Pope); but generally it is retained, as Harris's 'Hermes'; Fox's 'Journal,' and Burns's Poems."

Again, Alexander Bain, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen, writes at p. 84 of his "English Grammar": "The 's' is omitted in the possessive case singular when too many hissing sounds would come together, as 'Socrates' wife,' 'For goodness' sake,' 'For Jesus' sake.' But we say 'St. James's and St. Giles's'; 'Douglas's,' and 'Burns's.' The general rule, 'Add "s" preceded by an apostrophe to the singular noun,' is adhered to as much as possible. When the word consists of more than two syllables, the 's' is dropped, as 'Euripides' dramas.' In poetry it is frequently dropped."

C. P. Mason, at p. 19 of his well-known "Outlines of English Grammar," says: "The old genitive or possessive suffix in English was 'es,' still preserved in 'Wednesday,' i. e., 'Wodenesday.' Its syllabic force is still heard after 's' sibilant, as in 'St. Thomas's.'"

In "Mistakes in Writing English, and How to Avoid Them," Marshall T. Bigelow says (p. 21): "All nouns in the singular number, and all nouns in the plural ending with any other letter than 's,' form the possessive case by the addition of the apostrophe and the letter 's': as, man's, men's, child's, children's, Charles's, Felix's, witness's, duchess's. The only exceptions to this rule are that in poetry the additional 's' may be elided for the sake of the metre; and that a few phrases like 'for righteousness' sake,' 'for conscience' sake,' etc., have become, from long usage, established as idioms. The following examples are consequently erroneous, and require the addition of 's' after the apostrophe: 'Moses' minister,' 'Phinehas' wife,' 'A large company attended the Countess' party,' 'Burns' Poems,' 'Mr. James' novel of "Philip Augustus."'"

Lastly, not to multiply quotations, the late Dean Alford wrote as follows, at p. 26, of "A Plea for the Queen's English": "We form the possessive cases of James and Thomas and Charles, not by the mere apostrophes, but by the apostrophe with the 's.' Thus: 'Thomas is Charles's son; James is Thomas's son; therefore, Charles is James's grandfather.' Again, we say and write 'Bass's ale,' not 'Bass' ale'; '*Chambers's Journal;* not *Chambers' Journal.*'"

The whole question involved is thoroughly discussed in a learned and interesting pamphlet by the late Sergeant Manning, "On the Character and Origin of the Possessive Augment in English and its Cognate Dialects."

A study of poetry will show that even in the case of a long word ending in "s," the apostrophe and another "s" are occasionally used. Thus Lord Byron writes of "Menelaus's Dame." — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

"None Is" and "None Are." — New York papers bar "none are." "None" stands for "no one" and therefore we must say "none is." As a matter of fact "none" does not always stand for "no one." We cannot substitute "no one," for instance, in "I'll have none of it," or "There's none for you."

The Standard Dictionary says "none" is used in a plural sense and the first meaning in Stormonth is "not any." There is plenty of good usage to justify "none are." I quote as follows: —

None are so desolate.
— "Childe Harold," Canto II., St. 24

And roam along with *none* who *bless* us.
— "Childe Harold," Canto II., St. 26.

None think the great unhappy but the great.
— Young, Satire I., Line 238.

Where *none admire*, 'tis useless to excel.
Where *none are* beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.
— Lord Lyttelton, "Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country."

There *were* almost *none* who could be described as second to them.— George E. Woodberry, *Harper's*, October, 1902, Page 681.

> The instances that second marriage move
> *Are* base respects of thrift, but *none* of love.
> — Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 2.

There are always such students at Wellesley, *none* of whom ever *lodge* in college buildings. — Miss Caroline Hazard, *New York Sun*, November 13, 1902.

We think *none* of them *are* tenable.

I do not concur in the view that *none* of the other grounds *are* tenable.— Patterson and Van Brunt, J.J., *New York Times*, September 8, 1902.

None have so sincere a deference for the very nail-parings of royalty; *none feel* so wondering an awe at the exaltation of a crowned head; *none are* so anxious to secure to themselves some shred or fragment that has been consecrated by the royal touch.— Trollope's "Dr. Thorne," Chapter X.

—*A. S. T., in the New York Evening Post.*

"Farther" and "Further." — The usual distinction made between the adverbs "farther" and "further" is that "farther" is rightly used in speaking of actual distance, while "further" as an adverb is used only in speaking of imaginary distance — for example: "My house is farther from the city than yours," "Henry George goes further than John Stuart Mill in this belief." Another distinction between the adverb "farther" and the verb "further" is illustrated in these verses by Rev. George Lansing Taylor, which are printed in his "Asters and Golden-Rod" (Eaton & Mains): —

> Says "*Farther*" to "*Further*," "My peace you disturb,
> For you are an *active and transitive verb*,
> And always you're striving to '*further*' your cause,
> Ignoring *my* rights, and King Grammar's good laws.
>
> "I'm only an *adverb of distance*, 'tis true,
> But still I've my place, and my duty to do;
> And I'll thank you, howe'er at my protest you scoff,
> To mind your own business, and keep *farther off*.
>
> "You've a work of your own, *to push all things along*,
> And you're able to do it, because you are strong;
> And I'll run before you to mark out your way,
> And help you to *further things farther* each day."

"Sit" and "Set." — Caroline H. Dall, with true womanly fervor and sympathy, pitches into the author of one of the new books for children for writing about a hen sitting on eggs. Hens don't sit. They set, even as doth the sun.— *Boston Herald.*

"Won Out." — Nobody ever heard of a contest being "won in," but the use of "won out" has become so common that a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes: "The reference in your issue of Sunday, January 24, to the use of 'later on,' calls attention to one of several such redundancies. A particularly vicious instance, and one of recent introduction, is the use of the word 'out.' The word 'won' seems to have lost its completeness, for we never see it used nowadays without its crutch, so to speak. Everything is 'won out.' It is a wonder games or races, etc., are not 'lost out' also."

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

W. H. Boardman, who has a story of a north-woods incident under the title, "A Kind of Hero," in *McClure's* for March, is the editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, and his serious business is investigation and discussion of railroad engineering problems. He was born on the prairie in northern Illinois fifty-seven years ago, and his degrees as bachelor of arts and civil engineer came from Michigan University. For more than twenty years he has spent his vacations — about two months a year — in the woods of northern New York and Canada, and his previous stories, "Two Bears and George," and "The Ring and the Deer," and his book, "The Lovers of the Woods," are all studies of woods facts, animal life, and the woodsman's life. Mr. Boardman thinks that writers of out-of-door books and stories nowadays are of two kinds — the painstaking, accurate sort, of which John Burroughs is the finest example, and the highly-imaginative and interesting story-tellers, like Rev. William J. Long, who make remarkable deductions from their observations. Mr. Boardman says he is an engineer and a literary engineer, his training and habit of mind restraining his fancy and making him a chronicler rather than a novelist.

Robert Adger Bowen, author of the novelette, "The Interference of Miss Jane," in the *Smart Set* for March, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, but, since leaving Cornell University, has lived for the past ten years in New York city. The natural scenery pictured in his novelette is that of old family plantations among the lovely foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Mr. Bowen's first

stories were published as serials in the *Birmingham* (Ala.) *Sunday Age-Herald*, when their author was scarcely more than a boy; and at this time also he had verses published in the *Youth's Companion* and other papers. Then for years his thoughts were turned in the direction of acquirement rather than production. Later, he wrote several essays for Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature. In 1902, he was a successful competitor in the *Black Cat* prize competition, winning a prize with his story, "The Rivalry of the Grave." More recently Mr. Bowen has won wide recognition by a series of literary essays in *Gunton's Magazine*, having received especial notice in the *Review of Reviews*, the *Critic*, and other prominent publications. He has also contributed verse to the *Bookman* and the *Bachelor of Arts*, and prose articles to the *Book Buyer* (now the *Lamp*), and other journals. He is now at work on a novel of character and manners, which is nearing completion, while another of his stories has been accepted by the *Smart Set*, and an article on a topic of general interest will appear in *Gunton's Magazine* for April. Mr. Bowen is, during his daytime hours, literary adviser for D. Appleton & Company.

Edward Cummings, the author of the war story, "The Coward," in *McClure's* for March, is surgeon to the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, bacteriologist to the Hinton hospital, and a practising physician at Hinton, West Virginia. Dr. Cummings is by birth a Tennesseean, and is an alumnus of the University of Tennessee, and of the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond. Although a busy practitioner, he has had extensive preparation for a literary avocation, and has written for various magazines and engaged in several journalistic enterprises. During recent years, however, almost his sole literary work has been the elaboration of a Civil War novel, which he hopes to have ready for publication this summer.

George Huntington, whose story, "Jack Longstreet," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for February, is a Congregational minister and a professor in Carleton College, N Minn., and his literary work has all been done in the midst of arduous professional duties and in vacation intervals of leisure. Professor Huntington has been editor of the *Sunday School Teacher* and the *Scholar*, both of Chicago, and a regular contributor to the *Advance* and the *Interior*. Most of his juvenile stories have been published in the *Youth's Companion*, and he has had published one volume of short stories, of the instructive nonsense type, entitled "Chubby Ruff." Professor Huntington is also the author of four novels — "Nakoma," a story of pioneer days in Minnesota; "Kings and Cupbearers," a western college story; "Maud Brayton," a sequel to "Kings and Cupbearers"; and "The Rockaway Stage," a story of western parochial life. He has also written considerable verse for the *Interior* and the *Advance*, and his best-known poem is the international hymn, "Two Empires by the Sea," which was widely published, and which is sung in Anglo-American gatherings in many countries.

Alison M. Lederer, whose story, "The Strong and the Weak," was printed in *Lippincott's* for March, is a New Yorker, receiving his degrees of bachelor and master of arts from Columbia University, where he is at present concluding a course in the law. As an undergraduate in the college, he came under the literary influence of former Professor George Edward Woodberry, and as a graduate-student his special work was in dramatic literature with Professor Brander Matthews. Mr. Lederer's especial aim in literature is play-writing, and while at college he was the author of the Columbia Sophomore show, "The Runaway Boy." Last winter he produced at the Empire Theatre Dramatic School a one-act play, entitled "Byegones," written in collaboration. He has written book reviews and verse for the *Bookman* and the *Reader*, and to the *Reader* he contributed a study of the influence of the Italian *novella* upon Elizabethan literature. The *Bookman* will soon publish two of his short stories — "The Query," and "Forget-Me — Forget-Me-Not," and *Lippincott's* will publish "The

Difference," a story on the same lines as "The Strong and the Weak." Mr. Lederer is also fashioning his first novel, which, he says, is a heavy piece of work that will probably be long in preparation.

Lucy Morris, author of the story, "By the Kitchen Door," which appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* for March, is a Wellesley graduate, who has been doing newspaper work in Buffalo and Milwaukee for the past three or four years. She is now connected with the *Milwaukee Journal.*

Anna McClure Sholl, who wrote the story, "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth," in the March number of the *Booklovers Magazine*, has been engaged in literary work for several years. She was with Charles Dudley Warner on the staff of the World's Library, and she has contributed short stories, essays, and verse to leading magazines. She is also the author of one novel, "The Law of Life."

Nannie Byrd Turner, whose poem, "When Love Was Dead," was printed in the *Smart Set* for March, is a great-great-great-great niece of Thomas Jefferson, and the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman now living in King George, Virginia. Miss Turner has been writing for publication about two years, and "When Love Was Dead" is one of many of her poems that the *Smart Set* has published. She has also contributed verses to the *Youth's Companion*, *Munsey's Magazine*, and *Good Housekeeping*, as well as to a number of other periodicals. Miss Turner says that she has never written prose, but that she hopes to take it up later on.

Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, whose story, "Dan Crimmins, Boss," was published in *Pearson's Magazine* for March, says that he has always been in "the literary business." He is connected with the *Grand Rapids Herald*, and has always lived in Grand Rapids, with the exception of a short time spent in New York city, when he was connected with *Collier's Weekly*. Most of his ideas have been drawn from politics and business, and he is now working upon a series for a leading magazine which will deal with that new phase of commercial activity, "the mail order business." Mr. Vandenberg has contributed to *Pearson's*, *Success*, the *World To-Day*, *Sail and Sweep*, *System*, the *Outlook*, and *Collier's Weekly*.

Marion Foster Washburne, whose two articles, "Aunt Margaret's Busy Day," and "Studies in Domestic Relations," appeared in *Harper's Bazar* for March, is the author of a number of similar essays in the same magazine, some of which have just been collected and published in book form by Rand, McNally, & Co., under the title of "Everyday Essays." A second edition of the book was called for in a little more than a month after the first announcement. A novel by Mrs. Washburne, soon to be published, is called "A Little Fountain of Life," and is a cheery romance, dealing with some rather unusual features of life in a new western city. Mrs. Washburne is also the author of a book of Indian Legends, which is used as a supplementary reader in the public schools. She is a contributor to *Good Housekeeping*, *Success*, and the *Pilgrim*, as well as to *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Washburne began her literary career by occasional contributions to magazines, soon engaging in regular newspaper work. For more than a year she had charge of the Mothers' and Children's department in the *Chicago Times-Herald* (now the *Record-Herald*), with the result, for one thing, she says, of having a number of Parents' Clubs in the west bear her name. Later, she had charge of an educational magazine, and still later was one of the associate editors of The Success Library. Mrs. Washburne is an active club-woman and speaker, in spite of the fact that she lives the year 'round on a quiet little Indiana farm, raising chickens, training her children, making butter, and with her husband, who is a practising physician, riding about the country.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Arnold.— J. D. Champlin furnishes to the *New York Times* some particulars about the composition of Sir Edwin Arnold's best-

known poem. "Sir Edwin told me," he says, "that it was written on letter envelopes, the edges of newspapers, and other odd bits of paper, during his daily trips on the railway in and out of London. The several scraps recovered from his pockets at night were then transcribed into an ordinary paper-covered manuscript book. This book, the original copy of 'The Light of Asia,' was presented by Sir Edwin to Andrew Carnegie."— *Boston Transcript.*

"**Josh Billings.**"— Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings") once told his Pittsfield friends how he won fame as a humorist. "The idea of punning an almanac" came to him while he was making a poor living as a lecturer, and it was worked out with much labor. "Continuing my lecturing and picking up a few scanty dollars therefrom," he said, "I employed all my leisure in getting up my first comic 'Allmanix,' and finally, flushed with hope, applied to the Carlton Company of New York to publish it. It did not strike Mr. Carlton as a paying venture, as long as all of the expense of its printing and sale would fall upon his shoulders, and he confessed that he was very loth to undertake it.

"But he agreed to print five hundred copies, which I afterward learned was undertaken by him purely out of friendship and without hope of pecuniary reward.

"Two hundred copies of my first comic 'Allmanix' he gave to me, and the other three hundred which he had published lay about his store without attracting a single customer, until to get rid of them he began throwing them one by one into bundles and boxes which he was shipping to customers all over the country.

"It was the surprise of Mr. Carlton's life as a publisher of books to receive almost immediately an order for one thousand comic 'Allmanix' from one of his largest Philadelphia customers, to whom he had sent but a single copy. Before he could get to press with the edition his orders from different parts of the country amounted to ten thousand copies.

"Following this, orders kept piling in upon orders until the sale of 'Josh Billings' Allmanix' exceeded 170,000 copies, the royalty on which made me comparatively wealthy. Following up the work the next year, my sales exceeded 200,000 copies."— *Boston Globe.*

Fiske.— In an interesting article in the current number of the *National Shorthand Reporter*, Miss M. W. Macy, a Boston stenographer, gives some interesting little reminiscences of John Fiske, the historian, for whom she at one time acted as amanuensis. "The evenness, ease, and smoothness," she says, "with which he composed and dictated the matter was characteristic of the man of resources that he was; he would indite and dictate page after page with such perfect diction as not to need a single revision. It was simply marvelous to note the perfect command of language which he had. When, occasionally, the meaning of some sentence would not seem quite clear to my obtuse mind, I would remark upon it, and he would reply: 'I always think if one person misunderstands a sentence, another might; we will change that'; and with just a thought he would restate the fact in such plain language as could not possibly admit of a wrong interpretation. I recall one day, when about to record some event which had been duly chronicled by different writers, he stepped to the shelf near by and took down one of his own earlier books, saying, as he did so: 'We will see what John Fiske says about that.' On entering the library in the morning he invariably went to his desk and busied himself for a while with diary, accounts, etc., before commencing his daily task, and one morning, as I sat waiting his convenience for my part of his work, he remarked: 'It seems, some mornings, as if life consisted in writing checks.' He was very methodical about his work of whatever kind, but, as will inevitably happen where so much work is done, and one's desk is piled so high with manuscripts of various kinds, some paper or writing would sometimes escape his eye, and one morning after having looked a long time in vain to find a certain missing document, I heard him soliloquize thus: 'My epitaph will be: "Here lies the body of John Fiske, who might have accomplished something in this

world if so much of his time had not been spent in looking for things that were lost."' "

Kipling.— The strange thing about Rudyard Kipling's early decline in poetic vigor and power of invention — which his present trifling with poor parody should seem to portend, though I hope for a rejuvenescence — is that for long he has nourished a haggard fear that "so and no otherwise" would be his fate. Almost has it been to him an obsession that some day, somehow, the power "to see things clear and see them whole" would pass from him; that his work would stand pitiably incomplete, mocking an early impotence. He who runs may read. Look, for example, at the last line of "The Galley Slave" — in which, under the metaphor of a galley, Kipling writes of his life in India. It runs: —

"God be thanked — whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with men!"

Similarly in "L'Envoi" to "Life's Handicap," the figure is that of a structure — "that dread temple of Thy worth" — which the poet builds, fearing that never may the capstone be set.

"One stone the more swings to her place,"

he exults, but prays despairingly unto the "Great Overseer": —

"Take not the vision from my ken
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed."

Significantly, in "The Children of the Zodiac," Kipling makes Cancer to end the singing of Leo, the poet, when Leo has moved the hearts of the children of men. "When the other has taken the earth by the shoulders, I shall take that other by the throat," says the Crab.

In several other of his short tales, the idea of a man's losing his grip on things is either the dominant theme or an under-thought. "The Story of the Gadsbys" is the story of a man who, from facing the day's work boldly, comes pitiably at the end to shirk his work in the world.

But it is only in Kipling's last book of poems that his fear is frankly and unashamedly expressed. I say "his fear," for out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. An idea, so long held, so often expressed, is not accidental, but characteristic. We read in "The Old Men": —

"This is our lot if we live so long and labor unto the end —
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too patient friend:
And because we know we have breath in our mouth and think we have thought in our head,
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are really dead. . . .

"We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert and extrude to our mind,
The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to God and mankind —
(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the army has left behind). . . .

"The Lamp of our Youth shall be utterly out: but we shall subsist on the smell of it,
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our gums and think well of it.
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that is the perfectest Hell of it!"

Bitter words, these. With no calm, level glance of courage does the poet look unto the end. Rather, he shrinks and cowers before it. And when it is considered how often he has compared his work to palace or temple, the poem, "The Palace," likewise seems strangely meaningful —

"They said — 'The end is forbidden.' They said — 'Thy use is fulfilled.'"

Is the poet's "use fulfilled"? Is the end "forbidden"? It would, perhaps, be interesting to compare the attitude toward life of those poets who, like Browning, have "endured to the end," giving us (as did he) almost their best work last, and that of those who, like Poe and many others, found themselves at the last servilely imitating the master-works of their youth.— "*H. A. L.*" *in the San Francisco Argonaut.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Fiction Must Be True to Life. — It is the opinion of those who take the American story most seriously that it should, at least, be truthful. Well-timed was the recent protest of a Western woman against the misuse of "local color" by a New York novelist. "The author insults Western farmers," she says, "when he makes a Western Senator don a dirty, greasy suit in which to receive his constituents. The Western farmer may not be stylish, but when

he dresses up he is clean, and his wife and daughters do not wear black alpacas made with a basque." It is easy enough to caricature a Kansas Senator — it might have been possible once to find one who actually paraded his slovenliness — but no novel that aims to state even a small part of the truth about trans-Mississippi life can afford to leave such an impression on a reader. A page from the unpretentious "Log of a Cowboy" is worth a dozen clever travesties done by the car-window observers. "The Virginian," idealized as he is, represents Wyoming, since his creator saw beneath the crudity and fantastic trappings of the cowboy to the heart of him. Because a single professor in a frontier college once made a practice of receiving callers while sitting barefooted, is it worth while, even for the sake of picturesqueness, to give the impression that the case is typical? — *New York Evening Post.*

Commendable Plagiarism.— The novelists who aspire toward absolute originality of plot might think once in a while of the sources from which certain masters drew their inspiration and of the calmness with which those great workers picked up whatever would serve them at their trade. Charles Reade depended on the newspapers as the living record of life as it is. One day in the week he devoted to his scrapbooks. Passing events seemed to him of vital importance, and the result of his collating appeared in novels whose "purpose" told.

In "Never Too Late to Mend" he exposed the cruelties practised in the prisons before the reform was successful; in "Hard Cash" he attacked the abuses of private lunatic asylums; in "Put Yourself In His Place" he opened on trade unions. He was a modern crusader. One day he found in a newspaper certain strictures on this manner of work. His rage was instant and violent.

"Plagiarist!" he roared, crushing the paper. "Of course I am a plagiarist. Shakespeare was a plagiarist. Molière was a plagiarist. We all plagiarize — all except those idiots who are too asinine to profit by the works of their superiors. Surely every blockhead out of a lunatic asylum (except those idiots) must know that since Homer's time all authors have parodied his incidents and paraphrased his sentiments. Molière took his own where he found it. 'The thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief,' who stole right and left from everybody. But, then, he 'found things lead and left them gold.' That's the sort of thief I am." — *Youth's Companion.*

Just as there is nothing more contemptible than to steal the words and ideas of another and give them out practically unchanged as one's own, so there is nothing more innocent than many of what are cited as "cases of plagiarism." For instance Crabbe wrote: —

> In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
> Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

There is nothing wrong in the last line, even if it is a familiar proverb. It is the completion of the idea of the first line, and there is also the new element of wisdom coming in to restrict the idea and complete the development of the subject. The whole is not as good as the proverb, but it is different.

Again Crabbe wrote: —

> Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.

And Tennyson wrote: —

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

And Clough wrote: —

> 'Tis better to have fought and lost
> Than never to have fought at all.

We do not know which wrote his line first — probably Crabbe — but it makes no great difference. If Tennyson were the last of the three and had read both the others, he is still the one to whom the credit belongs, for it was he who expressed the idea (a natural and inevitable one) in the form which lingers in the mind of every reader.

Granted that a writer shows individuality and power, he is not likely to be even an unconscious imitator; he may do it through recalling a line, or phrase, or thought which has been long in his mind and which he takes for his own, but even this is not likely to happen. It is the small fry who are open to suspicion in case of resemblances and such like.

Here is a story from the *Manchester Guardian* which ought to be a classic for those

who are too much vexed over possible conveyances by other people: —

People who are fond of collecting coincidences of thought may be interested in a story which the late Professor Tait was fond of telling about the witty Lord Neaves. When Alexander Smith, the "spasmodic" poet, made his hit, a number of people raised this cry of plagiarism. Lord Neaves made a characteristic contribution to the discussion. No one, he said, had pointed out the most glaring instance of all. Smith had somewhere used the phrase —

"With a sigh and a curse together."

It was perfectly obvious that this was a direct theft from Sir Walter Scott, who had told us how

"The doe lay down with a sigh and died beside its dam."

This is really the best kind of criticism on the eternal hunt for plagiarism.

That last sentence is worth keeping in mind, for its implication disposes of most of the cases which make so much tumult.—*Hartford Times.*

The Vice of Taking Notes.— What I put in my note-book, observed a French philosopher, I erase from my memory, and the experience is not uncommon — though the rule is not general, and there are persons who find the mere act of writing out a fact or a fancy from a book a help in fixing it in the memory. The *Saturday Review*, in a vivacious article that is not unworthy of its better days, calls attention to what it calls "the vice of taking notes": —

We know hardly anything more irritating than to find a person you are trying to make understand a simple proposition, instead of attending to you, diving into his pockets to find a note-book. When it is finally extricated, he has forgotten all you said — rather never heard it — and you have to repeat the whole story. He struggles to put it down and loses the sense doing so. No ordinary being can repress contempt for his fellow-man when he sees this process going on. . . . The fact is that by this habit of taking notes we cease to be intelligent beings. We abdicate from our understandings; instead of taking in what is said and making our own minds act upon it so that it becomes an intelligent idea, we trust to a mechanical trick to reproduce the words said. If we are for one moment without the note-machine, we are lost; we are helpless babies. Every day one's ears are offended by hearing men going about raving at the loss of their note-book, exactly as the man does when he has lost his key. Naturally, for his written notes are as much and as literally the key to his intelligence as his other keys to his drawers. His understanding is fast locked. He has reduced himself to the pitiable condition of an idiot that has no memory, or of one who has lost it by disease. The process, of course, is found in all stages; some men are just beginning to impair their memories and intelligence; others have weakened it permanently; others have almost destroyed it. Surely a habit which leads to these results is as truly a vice as cigarette smoking or dram drinking. Men become the slaves of their note-books, as of tobacco and drink. And, as we especially lament cigarette smoking in babies and drinking in young men, so we resent the suggestion of the note-taking vice to boys and girls at school. Every schoolmaster and schoolmistress that trains children to trust to paper, instead of memory, for facts and ideas, ought to be publicly prosecuted as a corrupter of youth. There is plenty of corruption besides the corruption of morals. Writing is a mere mechanical trick and has no legitimate use but for the transmission of thoughts to those you cannot get at easily by word of mouth. For a man to use it as an instrument for conveying his own thoughts to himself, or those of another which he has heard from the thinker's lips, is to debase his natural parts. Every boy and girl should be trained to spurn the help of notes, pen, and paper, as a device merely allowable at times to relieve excessive strain on the mind, a crutch for those naturally deficient, or a stick allowable in steep or slippery places. They would despise a school-fellow who, sound in body, became so dependent on his stick that he could never walk without leaning on it, instead of treating it as a plaything, a thing, if taken at all, to swing or carry lightly for nine-tenths of the walk. And as the arch-horror, there should be put before their eyes the common case of a man who confesses he cannot string together a sentence, cannot think, unless he has a pen in his hand and paper before him; a melancholy degenerate, a whole man, sound in limb and wind, who has made himself unable to walk without a crutch."

One of the first things which a newspaper reporter has to learn is to get on without a note-book — a piece of apparatus which has an extraordinarily disconcerting effect upon its victim. Many a promising interview has been spoiled by the indiscreet appearance of this journalistic implement. But the art of taking notes has to be mastered, too, and the *Saturday Review's* opinion in regard to the use of note-books in school and college will not hold. To learn how to make a clear, smooth, condensed, and accurate

report of a lecture is discipline of the very best sort, and there need be no fear that it will injure the memory. As for those who find writing a help in arranging and classifying their thoughts, they have excellent precedent. A very eminent French writer declared that the pen was the instrument with which he explored his mind, and there is a philosophical basis for his view. What is written becomes objective, and the mind can criticise it in a way which is impossible with anything to which definite shape has not yet been given. Unnecessary strain is removed, and the mind is free to attend to one thing at a time. But perhaps the chief reason why most literary men prefer to do their thinking pen in hand is that the best thoughts and the best phrases seldom come twice. The pen serves to eliminate the danger of waste.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Detective Story.—It is not, perhaps, remarkable how great a vogue the story of crime has. It fulfils nearly all the aspirations of human nature and winds up by the triumph of the good. What could be more moral or more satisfying?

The detective story has its separate art. It must practically be invented backward. That is to say, the author must start from the conclusion and work out his clews, his false scents, and his wild-goose chases till he gets to the beginning. Then he is in a position to open his first chapter and have a fair run till he reaches earth.—*H. B. Marriott-Watson, in the London Daily Mail.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

HINDS AND NOBLE'S HEBREW GRAMMAR. By Alexander Meyrowitz, A. M., Ph.D. 88 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Hinds & Noble. 1897.

Dr. Meyrowitz's work is intended to meet the demand for an elementary Hebrew grammar that shall give as many of the most important facts and principles of the language as can be included within a limited space. Its treatment of facts and principles is intentionally brief, and yet nothing of fundamental importance appears to have been omitted. The book was written by Dr. Meyrowitz after an experience of more than thirty years in teaching Hebrew, in an effort to find the middle way between the bulky grammars written rather for the scholar than the student and the small grammars that are too meagre to satisfy the beginner. A mastery of this grammar will enable one to read with considerable ease most of the Hebrew of the Old Testament. While it is designed primarily for class use, the student using it without a teacher can make satisfactory progress, with such small help as an occasional suggestion from some minister would give. A knowledge of Hebrew is essential to a complete appreciation of the Old Testament, and, as the publishers of this book suggest, the average man, within ten years, wastes more time in fruitless reading and indifferent talk than would be used in acquiring a good working knowledge of Hebrew and Greek. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

NOTES ON THE SCARLET LETTER. Theodore T. Munger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

AN ODD SORT OF POPULAR BOOK. (Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy.") Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

NEW CONDITIONS IN READING. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

AN AMERICAN PRIMER. Walt Whitman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

LANDMARKS OF POE IN RICHMOND. Illustrated. Charles Marshall Graves. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HERBERT SPENCER. Grant Allen. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

LITERATURE: POPULAR CRITICISM. Herbert W. Horwill. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON. III.—The Sphinx. Charles Malloy. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

AMERICAN LITERARY INFLUENCE ABROAD. Charles A. L. Reed. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for April.

WITH W. B. YEATS IN THE WOODS OF COOLE. Cornelius Weygandt. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

OLD BALLADS. Illustrations from Old Prints. *Strand* (13 c.) for April.

THE CAMERA ON THE FIRING LINE. Illustrated. Thomas F. Millard. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE." Illustrated. W. B. Northrop. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for April.

EDITORS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION. With portraits of Caspar Whitney, *Outing;* Charles Dwyer, *Delineator;* Perriton Maxwell, *Metropolitan;* Arthur B. Maurice, *Bookman;* Richard Duffy and Gilman Hall, *Ainslee's;* Marvin Dana, *Smart Set;* John Cosgrave, *Everybody's;* Orison Swett Marvin and Robert Mackay, *Success;* Robert Collier, *Collier's Weekly;* Arthur T. Vance, *Woman's Home Companion;* Edward J. Wheeler, *Literary Digest;* Robert S.

Yard, *Lamp*; Arthur Hornblow, *Theatre*; and Ellery Sedgwick, *Leslie's Monthly*. Zona Gale. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN. John White Chadwick. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

LITERARY CLUB WOMEN. Illustrated. Helen Winslow. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

BARRIE'S PLAYS. *Reader* (28 c.) for April.

THE COLLEGE NOVELIST. Reginald Wright Kauffman. *Reader* (28 c.) for April.

AS TO UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM. Samuel A. Hamilton. *Book News* (8 c) for April.

THE SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. Edwin Watts Chubb. *Open Court* (13 c.) for April.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE WEALTH OF NATIONS." (Adam-Smith.) *Book-Lover* (28 c.) for April.

SOME MINOR ANTIQUARIAN AND LITERARY HOAXES. Francis H. Lee. *Book-Lover* (28 c) for April.

SOME NEWSPAPER "DON'TS" AND PREGNANT THOUGHTS. H. N. Wheeler. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for April.

AUGUSTIN DALY, DRAMATIC DICTATOR. Some Reminiscences. Deshler Welch. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. X.— Henry Harland. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for April.

"TO" AND THE INFINITIVE. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD READ. Agnes Repplier. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for April.

HERBERT SPENCER: A PORTRAIT. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for April.

CLASSICAL AND MODERN LITERATURE. R. Y. Tyrrell. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for April.

LIVING LITERARY MEN OF MEXICO. II.—LUIS GONZALEZ OBREGON. John Hubert Cornyn. *Modern Mexico* (13 c.) for April.

ACQUIRING GOOD ENGLISH. Mary Richards Gray. *Wayside Tales* (13 c.) for March.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. John N. Crawford. *Wayside Tales* (13 c) for March.

WALTER PATER IN PERSPECTIVE. Mary Eleanor Barrows. *Dial* (13 c.) for March 1.

THE THEATRE AND THE DRAMA. Charles Leonard Moore. *Dial* (13 c.) for March 16.

NEWSPAPER PROGRESS IN TEN YEARS—1894-1904. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for March 5.

DUTIES OF THE WAR REPORTER. Solomon Neill Sheridan. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for March 19.

THE MODERN ABUSE OF WORDS. James L. Ford. Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for March 3.

A STUDY OF THE AFFECTION, "WRITERS' CRAMP." Gustaf Norstrom, M. D. *New York Medical Journal* (13 c.) for March 12.

ASTHENOPIA AND HEADACHE FROM EYE-STRAIN. James R. Nelson, M. D. *Medical Record* (13 c.) for March 19.

AMERICA'S GREAT GERMAN DAILIES. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for March 31.

CANON AINGER. "Gamma." Reprinted from the *Athenæum* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 12.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE. Reprinted from the *Church Quarterly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 12.

GEORGE GISSING. Arthur Waugh. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 19.

THE MODERN GERMAN NOVEL. S. C. de Soissons. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 19.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN. Frederick Greenwood. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 19.

LENDING LIBRARIES AND CHEAP BOOKS. Sophie Kropotkin. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 26.

EUGENE SUE. Francis Gribble. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* for March 26.

IS POETRY UNPOPULAR? Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mark Twain is writing his autobiography.

Henry James is planning a visit to the United States—his first appearance in his native land for many years.

Mr. Alden writes from London to the *New York Times* that the estate of $200,000 left by Henry Seton-Merriman was derived from his books alone.

The estate of the late Herbert Spencer has been valued at a little more than $90,000.

The late Sir Leslie Stephen had finished his monograph on Hobbes, which will soon be published in the English Men of Letters Series.

The third volume in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series, published by McClure, Phillips, & Company, is a life of Charles Dudley Warner, written by Mrs. James T. Fields.

The autobiography of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace will be published in the United States by Dodd, Mead, & Co.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman has joined the editorial staff of the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, a weekly devoted chiefly to the cause of woman's suffrage.

Charles de Kay will be the editor of the *American Connoisseur*, a new magazine to be published in New York, devoted to printing, sculpture, architecture, music, and the drama.

Once a Week is a new Boston family paper, published by the Merton Sawyer Co., at 5 Park square. The company takes its name from Thomas Merton, a newspaper man and known in Pittsburg, Chicago, and Boston, and Walter L. Sawyer, formerly of the *Youth's Companion*.

The American Library Association is contemplating the publication of a critical and literary journal which will be of service to librarians the country over. The aim of the journal will be to furnish reviews written by literary specialists and so authoritative that librarians may rely implicitly upon them.

The *Arena*, published originally in Boston but lately in New York, has been bought by Albert Brandt, the New Jersey publisher, and the home office will hereafter be at Trenton. B. O. Flower, who was the founder of the *Arena* and for seven years its sole editor, is again to take entire editorial management.

The *California Ladies' Magazine* is now called the *Western Ladies' Magazine*. It is published in San Francisco. Perhaps in time the publishers will see the wisdom of calling it the *Western Woman's Magazine*.

Gunton's Magazine has removed to Washington, where it will be published in the Colorado building.

Madame, formerly published in Springfield, Ohio, is now published in Indianapolis.

The *American Author*, the monthly bulletin of the Society of American Authors, has discontinued publication "for lack of financial backing."

The plant of the *National Magazine* (Boston) was destroyed by fire in February, together with the whole edition for March, which had just been printed. The publisher, Joe Mitchell Chapple, however was equal to the emergency. He showed his enterprise by hiring the assistance of eight different printing offices in Boston, and having managed to save most of the copy for the March number, he had it reset and printed in these offices. In this way he was able to get the magazine to its subscribers without delay, actually issuing the entire edition on the morning of the first day of March. Now the magazine has a new outfit occupying a three-story building — one of the best magazine plants in the country.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, has assigned, but the business will be continued by the assignees until some arrangement can be made.

The Boston publishing firm, Small, Maynard, & Co., which assigned some months ago, has paid its creditors in full. The business will be continued as a Massachusetts corporation under the management of Laurens Maynard, the surviving member of the original partnership.

During Mr. Howells's absence in Europe, Mrs. Howells opens his correspondence. She finds a great number of letters from young writers, asking advice. Not being able to give it, and having no idea of stacking up these letters to exhaust her husband on his return, she sends back the letters with a printed slip, telling the writer that Mr. Howells is abroad and cannot, therefore, give the advice asked for. It is said that Mr. Howells is generous in his dealings with ambitious literary aspirants, and that they take advantage of his good nature.

Somebody who wondered whether men or women write more short stories has been counting in *Harper's Magazine* for 1903 and finds fifty-four short stories by men and fifty-six by women.

Matthew Arnold, in the last year of his life, said to G. W. E. Russell — as recorded by him in his new biography of Arnold: "People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is. Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

A second article on "The American Newspaper" by Edwin Lefevre, dealing with the relations of the newspaper to Wall street, is one of the leading features of the *Bookman* for April. The same number has articles on "Journalism in Japan," by Yone Noguchi, and "Starting a Magazine," by Victor Smith.

Pearson's Magazine for April contains the first of the Tom Nast memoirs, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray died at Guilford, Conn., March 3, aged sixty-four.

Sir Edwin Arnold died in London, March 24, aged seventy-two.

Richard Voorhees Risley died in New York March 30, aged twenty-nine.

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WHAT'S IN A PUBLISHER'S NAME?

If Shakspere had lived at the present time he would have found the question, "What's in a name?" superfluous — at least so far as publishers are concerned. There is, I won't say everything, but much, in the name of the publisher.

As a case in point, a while ago a little book of mine, "The Color of His Soul," was issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. Brought out by so influential a firm, it appeared in a blaze of glory. Only one critic, defying the general trend of admiration, declared that the outside was fetching, but that he could n't say much for the inside.

The book had been out only two weeks when a young Socialist, asserting that he was the villain of the plot, threatened to sue my publishers unless they withdrew it.

They promptly withdrew it.

A few months ago the book again appeared, this time under the protection of R. F. Fenno, a firm well known and perhaps as old, but not so well-to-do, as that of Funk & Wagnalls.

I had kept the notices of the story's first appearance. Some had rejoiced me exceedingly; one in particular — that in the *Outlook*. I had treasured that. Once I had slept with it under my pillow. It read like this: —

"Some rather clever talk about that land which lies between Altruria and Bohemia. We meet interesting people of New York, both of the Fifth Avenue and the East Side kinds, in the College Settlement and elsewhere. The little book has wit and good sense."

Not lengthy, that criticism, but how pointed, how kindly! And from so conservative a magazine!

I framed it and hung it directly above my desk.

Now, behold the effect of the change of publishers. Read this, from the *Outlook*, upon the appearance of the Fenno edition of my novelette: —

"The Color of His Soul." By Zoe Anderson Norris. . . . A crude piece of realism, that shows the ugliness of life in New York City."

It is hardly necessary to say here that tears followed.

Another shining example is afforded by the *Boston Transcript*. That the *Boston Transcript* should notice me at all was a compliment in itself, but that it should devote a column to my most unworthy little book filled my cup to overflowing. If I could only have known the critic! If I could only have taken him by the hand and thanked him personally! Fancy a stranger to me saying such things of my book and me as this: —

"Zoe Anderson Norris is to be commended by every moral force in the country for her strong presentation of an evil type

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of humanity which has never before been thoroughly studied and publicly exposed."

A perfect stranger to me! Though one of my friends insinuated that it was possibly because of the fact that he *was* a stranger that he said such charming things, I found myself looking long and earnestly into my mirror, wondering if, unbeknownst to myself, I had really blossomed into an humanitarian, and why. But read what the *Transcript* had to say about the Fenno edition: —

"This book is said to be something novel and useful. We doubt it."

Again, let me quote the *Herald*, a paper for which, while I was abroad, I had the honor and pleasure of doing some work. Of the Funk & Wagnalls edition, it said: —

"This book, by Zoe Anderson Norris, a well-known journalistic free-lance, has vivacity, originality, and picturesqueness."

Some space besides, more than I had ever dared hope for, was allotted to a schedule of the plot, interlarded with still more compliments. But the Fenno edition evoked the following: —

"The pigments are laid on too crudely to convince the imagination. Some of the slum scenes have a photographic verisimilitude, others are spoiled by retouching with conventional sentimentality."

Likewise the *Detroit Free Press* was profuse with compliments of the Funk & Wagnalls edition. It was exquisite in style; delightfully original; unique in the manner of its presentation, as unusual in the tenor of its contents; in other words, new! Could a book of these times of so many — too many — books have a greater compliment?

Gentle reader, observe the *Detroit Free Press* notice of my recent edition, brought out by a publisher as old, but one not quite so rich: —

"R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, send out a new and attractively clad edition of Zoe Anderson Norris's 'The Color of His Soul.' We suppose it is called for, or it would not be issued, but we don't see why!"

Only the first adverse critic — he was of a Philadelphia paper, I think — stuck to his guns. The book, according to him, had appeared with an outside nearly as beautiful as the former one, but he could still say little for the inside. The sentiment naturally failed to please me; but I could not refrain from admiring the persistency with which he maintained the stand he took.

Zoe Anderson Norris.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RUSSIAN HUMOR.

Sergius Michaelevitch Krachvinsky (born 1852), known to most of the world by his pen-name, "Stepniak," — "Son of the Steppe," — was one of the leaders of the Russian Revolutionary party and is credited with the assassination of General Mesentzeff, head of the St. Petersburg police. Stepniak's books, a number of which have been translated into English, are much sought after by students of Nihilism and Russian reform in general. This brilliant lover of liberty was arrested according to the good old Russian method, grew weary of the surveillance kept over him later on, settled in Geneva, then removed to London, near which he was run over by a train in 1895. Certainly if Stepniak, who was pretty well acquainted with the grim side of Russia, could heartily endorse Gogol's motto, "Laughter through tears," then we who are bred in life-giving independence should be ready to acknowledge that Russian humor must be vigorous and characteristic whenever it may appear. Almost the last printed words of Krachvinsky were these, which I have taken from his introduction to Mrs. Voynich's "The Humour of Russia": —

"Of all races the stern, sad English are by far the richest in the beautiful gift of genuine humor. The melancholy Slavonians come, I think, next to the English. Melancholy does

not exclude humor. On the contrary, the richest pearls of humor are gathered at the bottom of the sea of sadness."

Russian humor is little known outside of Russia. Mrs. Voynich should be thanked for her admirable translations, which Stepniak recommends in the highest terms. That it is no easy task to put mirth into a translation may be discovered by a reading of Mark Twain's celebrated tale of "The Jumping Frog," which was done into French, and then turned back into English once more. Stepniak assures us that much of the gripping power of Russian humor lies in the use of the marvelous light and play of that Russian tongue which sounds to us so clicking and sternutative. A rapid glance through Mrs. Voynich's book will convince any one that the humor of the Russians, if broad, is thoroughly amusing, from the American point of view.

It is only proper to speak first of Nicolai Vasilievitch Gogol (1809-1852), "the oldest of the great prose writers." "Dead Souls" (or "Serfs") is his masterpiece. Wrote Stepniak: "Gogol . . . is not only the greatest, but the most comprehensible of Russian humorists. With him the comical effect results neither from the peculiar manner of description nor from the contrasts presented, but from his unique gift of bringing to the surface the comical traits of men's characters. His is the deepest and most artistic form of humor, which on this account becomes sometimes international. Gogol's heroes — some of them at least — are as comprehensible to the English as Charles Dickens's Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby are comprehensible to the Russians." "Marriage" (translated by Mrs. Voynich) is "one of Gogol's truest and finest works," notwithstanding he himself thought little of it. In Russia a professional matchmaker is often employed by the merchant families. Gogol has made an inimitable selection of ludicrous situations and has developed his characters most vividly. Indeed the hero and his friend are considered to be among Gogol's best creations. Agafia Tikhonovna is offered to the most promising bidder by her Aunt Arina. One Fekla Ivanovna, an old go-between, is employed. Podkolyossin, a bashful bachelor serving as an aulic counselor, is urged by Fekla to present himself to Agafia, but he decides that he prefers to remain wedded to the consolations of single blessedness. However, his strong-minded friend Kochkaryov jeers him into proposing to Agafia after all — but with Kochkaryov as go-between. Three suitors, besides Fekla and Kochkaryov, arrive at Agafia's house at the same time. "All bow" when the startled Agafia and her Aunt Arina enter the room.

Arina — Be so kind as to take a seat. (Turns to Zhevakin and looks at him.) And may I ask —

Zhev.— I . . . you know . . . I saw an advertisement about something . . . I thought I might as well look in . . . It's such fine weather to-day, and the grass is growing so nicely along the road. . .

Arina — And your name, if you please?

Zhev.— Retired naval lieutenant Baltazar Baltazarovich Zhevakin, Number 2. There was another Zhevakin in the service, but he retired before I did; he got a wound in the knee, and the ball went through it in such an odd way — it did n't touch the knee itself, but it injured a vein, and drew it all up, so that, if you were standing near him, it always seemed as if he were going to kick you.

Arina — Be so kind as to sit down. (To Anouchkin.) May I ask the reason —

Anouch.— As a neighbor . . . as I live so very near . . . you see —

Arina — Perhaps you live in widow Touloubova's house opposite?

Anouch.— No — n — no; I live at Peski just now, but I have the intention of moving to this quarter of the town sooner or later.

Arina — Be so kind as to sit down. (To Kochkaryov.) Allow me to ask —

Koch.— Why, surely you recognize me? (Turns to Agafia.) And you, Madam?

Agafia — I — I — don't remember ever seeing you.

When the suitors insist that Agafia should choose one of them on the spot, she runs out of the room in a fright, followed by Fekla and her aunt. The gentlemen soon leave in disgust — with the exception of Podkolyossin and Kochkaryov. The latter strengthens his friend in his faintheartedness and holds a private conversation with the perturbed Agafia in which he praises his man to the skies and advises the girl to dismiss Fekla's crew with the utmost brusqueness. Agafia is just about won over when the bell rings. Exit Kochkaryov, to fetch Podkolyossin. Enter Yaichnitza with a proposal on his lips. At the critical moment — the bell rings again. Enter Zhevakin. The bell once more. Anouch-

kin enters. The gentlemen glare at each other.

Agafia — . . . (Gathering up her courage.) Get along with you . . . (Aside, clasping her hands.) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what *have* I said!

Yaich.—"*Get . . . along*" with you?! . . . What does "get along with you" mean? . . . Permit me to ask, what do you mean by this? (Places arms akimbo, and advances toward her threateningly.)

Agafia—(Stares at him; then screams.) Oh! oh! he's going to beat me! (*Exit* running. Yaichnitza stands open-mouthed; Arina Panteleymovna, hearing the noise, runs in, looks at him, and screams.)

Arina — Oh! he's going to beat us! (*Exit* running.)

Yaich.— What's it all about? What can have happened? (Door-bell rings; voice heard without.)

Koch. (without)— Go in; go in! What are you stopping for?

Pod. (without)— You go first; I'll come in a minute; I'll just fasten my strap; it's come undone.

Koch. (without)— I know you'll sneak away again.

Pod. (without)— No, I won't; I won't, indeed!

The outraged suitors reproach Fekla for decoying them by her oily words. Podkolyossin is again seized with shyness; he is determined to put off the marriage for a month. Kochkaryov will not hear of such a thing. He has ordered the wedding supper, and says: "It will be time to go to church and be married in an hour." Podkolyossin goes out in the face of Kochkaryov's anger. Podkolyossin's last obstinate words are: "I shan't." Agafia, too, is apprehensive at the thought: "Farewell, my maiden life.' But Kochkaryov again screws up his friend's courage.

Pod.— I have come, madam, to explain a certain matter — only I should wish to know beforehand whether you will not think it strange —

Agafia (dropping her eyes) — What is it?

Pod.— No, madam; tell me first, will you think it strange —?

Agafia — I can't. What is it?

Pod.— But confess; I am sure what I am going to say will seem strange to you.

Agafia — How is that possible? It is a pleasure to hear anything from you.

Pod.— But you have never heard this thing from me. (Agafia drops her eyes lower. Kochkaryov enters softly, and stands behind Podkolyossin.) It is about — but perhaps I had better tell you some other time.

Agafia — What is it?

Pod.— It is — it's true, I wanted to explain to you now; but I still feel a little doubtful.

Koch. (folding his arms, aside) — Oh! Gracious heavens! What a man! He's an old woman's flannel shoe, not a man. He's a parody of a man, a burlesque of a man!

Agafia — Why should you feel doubtful?

Pod.— A sort of doubt keeps coming over me.

Koch. (aloud) — Oh! how stupid! Oh! how stupid! This is what it's about, madam: he asks your hand, and wants to tell you that he can't live, can't exist without you; he wants to know — do you consent to make him happy?

Pod. (half frightened, excitedly nudging him) — I say! don't!

Koch — Can you decide, madam, to render this mortal happy?

Agafia — I do not presume to think that I can give happiness — however, I consent.

Koch.— Of course, of course; ought to have been settled long ago! Give me your hands!

Pod.— In a minute. (Tries to whisper in his ear. Kochkaryov shakes his fist and frowns at him. Podkolyossin gives his hand.)

Koch — (joining their hands.) — Well, may God bless you! I consent, and I approve your union. Marriage is a kind of thing — It's not like just taking a sledge and going for a drive; it's of quite a different character; it's an obligation — I have n't time now, but I'll tell you afterward what sort of obligation it is. Well, Ivan Kouzmich, kiss your bride; it is your right to do that now; it is your duty to do it. (Agafia drops her eyes.) Never mind, madam, it is quite right and proper; let him kiss you!

Pod.— No, madam, you must permit me now. (Kisses her, and takes her hand.) What a lovely little hand! Why have you such a lovely little hand? Allow me, madam. I wish that the wedding should be at once — at once, without any delay!

Agafia and Kochkaryov go out, the one to dress, the other to oversee the supper. Podkolyossin's fears overwhelm him once more. He "clambers on to the window sill and crosses himself"; then he "jumps down into the street." There is a terrible reckoning for poor Kochkaryov when Agafia, her Aunt Arina, and Fekla enter the room and find Podkolyossin gone. The play ends in a stupendous triumph for Fekla. "*Exit* Arina, furious, taking the bride with her. Kochkaryov stands as petrified."

Fekla — Well. So this is the gentleman that knows how to manage things! This is the way you get on without a matchmaker! It's all very well to laugh at my suitors. They may be draggle-tailed, and anything else you like, but, whatever they are, they don't jump out of the window. I don't have that sort, anyhow!

Koch.— That's all nonsense; it can't be! I'll run after him and bring him back. (*Exit.*)

Fekla — Yes, bring him back, I daresay. Much *you* know about marriages. If he'd run out by the door, it would have been another thing, but when the bridegroom pops out of the window, all I can say is — I wish you joy!

Curtain.

"A Madman's Diary" is an apt illustration of Gogol's theory of "Laughter seen through tears." The account* of the clerk who loses his mind for love of a girl of high station is pathetic in the extreme, yet there is great art

*Translated by Mrs. Voynich.

in the humorously insane fancies of the poor fellow. The last entry is a worthy climax: —

No; I can endure no more. Good God! what things they do to me! They pour cold water on to my head! They neither see, nor hear, nor understand me. What have I done to them? Why do they torment me so? Alas! what would they have of me? What can I give them, I that have nothing? It is too much; I cannot bear all this misery. My head burns, and everything whirls before me. Save me! take me! Give me steeds swifter than the hurricane. Come, come, my sledge-driver! Ring, my sledge-bells! Bound, my noble steeds, and bear me from this world! On, on, that I may see no more, no more! See! the heavens whirl before me; a star gleams in the distance; the forest rushes past, with the moon and the dark trees; the blue mist is unrolled beneath my feet; and through the mist I hear the vibration of a string. On one side of me is the sea, on the other side is Italy . . . Ah, and there are Russian cottages! Is that my house in the blue distance? Is that my mother that sits beside the window? Oh, mother, save thy wretched son! Weep one tear over his fallen head! See how he is wronged and tormented! Clasp thy sad orphan to thy breast! He is driven and hunted down! There is no place for him on earth! Mother, have pity on thy weary child! . . . But *do* you know that the Dey of Algiers has a wart just under his nose?

Fedor Dostoyevsky (1818-1881), author of the painful "Crime and Punishment," is another man who knew whereof he wrote. Soon after publishing "Poor Folk" he was arrested for conspiracy in Communist plots and condemned to twelve years' labor in Siberian mines. He was, however, set free in seven years. His curious piece of satire, "The Crocodile," first translated into English by Mrs. Voynich, is full of humor even to the casual American who knows little or nothing of Russian politics. The sub title reads: "An Extraordinary Event; or, A Passage in the Passage [the St. Petersburg Arcade]. The true narrative of how a gentleman of a certain age and a certain appearance was swallowed alive and whole by the crocodile of the Passage, and of what were the consequences. '*Ohé Lambert! Où est Lambert? As-tu vu Lambert?*'"

"Cut it! Cut it! Cut it open!" screamed Elyona Ivanovna (wife of the victim), hanging on to the German's coat. (The German was the owner of the reptile.)

"He did tease ze crocodile; vy your man tease ze crocodile?" yelled the German, wriggling away; "you vill pay me if Karlchen wird birsten; dass war mein Sohn, dass war mein einziger Sohn!"

"Cut it!" shrieked Elyona Ivanovna.

"How! You will dat my crocodile shall be die? No, your man shall be die first, and denn my crocodile. Mein Vater show von crocodile, mein Grossvater show von crocodile, mein Sohn shall show von crocodile, and I shall show von crocodile. I am ganz Europa famous, and you are not ganz Europa famous, and do be me Straf pay shall!"

"Ja, ja!" agreed the woman, savagely; "ve you not let out; Straf ven Karlchen vill berst."

"For that matter," I put in calmly, in the hope of getting Elyona Ivanovna home without further ado, "there's no use in cutting it open, for in all probability our dear Ivan Matvyeich is now soaring in the empyrean. . . ."

"My dear," remarked at this moment the voice of Ivan Matvyeich, with startling suddenness, "my advice, my dear, is to act through the bureau of police, for the German will not comprehend truth without the assistance of the police."

These words, uttered with firmness and gravity, and expressing astonishing presence of mind, at first so much amazed us that we could not believe our ears. Of course, however, we instantly ran to the crocodile's tank and listened to the speech of the unfortunate captive with a mixture of reverence and distrust. His voice sounded muffled, thin, and even squeaky, as if coming from a long distance.

. . . . . .

I told him (the captive in the crocodile) how I had left Elyona Ivanovna; but he did not even hear me out.

"I build great hopes upon her," he said "From next week she must begin to throw open her drawing-room every evening I feel sure that the keeper will sometimes bring me, together with the crocodile, into my wife's brilliant salon. I will stand, in my tank, in the splendid reception-room and shower around me witty sayings, which I will think out beforehand, in the mornings. I will confide my projects to statesmen, with poets I will speak of verse, with the ladies I will be amusing and fascinating (though strictly moral), and I shall have the advantage of being quite innocuous for their husbands. To the rest of society I will serve as an example of submission to fate and to the will of Providence."

. . . . . .

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed in utter stupefaction. "Can the crocodile really be quite empty?"

"Quite," severely and dogmatically affirmed Ivan Matvyeich. "In all probability it is so constructed in accordance with the laws of Nature herself. The crocodile has only jaws, furnished with sharp teeth, and, in addition to the jaws, a rather long tail; and in reality that is all. In the middle, between these two extremities, is an empty space, enclosed in something which resembles India rubber, and which, in all probability, is India rubber."

. . . . . .

"My dear friend, don't you think you had better take a — a cooling medicine?" I involuntarily exclaimed. "He's delirious, delirious," I repeated to myself in horror.

"Fiddlesticks!" he replied contemptuously; "moreover, in my present position that would be not altogether convenient. For that matter, I knew you would begin to talk about cooling medicines"

"Ivan Matvyeich," said I; "it is hard to believe all the wonders you speak of. And do you mean to tell me that you really, really intend never to dine any more?"

"What silly things you think about, you frivolous rattlepate! I tell you of great ideas and you. . . . Know then, that I am sufficiently nourished with the great ideas that illumine the night which surrounds me. For the rest, the good-natured keeper of the monster has talked the matter over with his kind-hearted mother, and they have decided together that every morning they will introduce into the jaws of the crocodile a curved metallic tube, something like a shepherd's pipe,

through which I am to suck coffee or broth with white bread soaked in it. The tube has already been ordered from a neighboring shop, but I consider that this is superfluous luxury. I hope to live, at the least, a thousand years, if it be true that crocodiles live so long (by the by, you had better look that up to-morrow in some book on natural history and let me know, for I may have made a mistake and confused the crocodile with some other fossil). One consideration alone somewhat disturbs me As I am dressed in cloth and have boots on my feet, the crocodile is, evidently, unable to digest me ; moreover, I am alive and resist the digesting of myself with all my force of will. . . . But I fear one thing : in the course of a thousand years the cloth of my coat (which, unfortunately, is of Russian manufacture) may decay, and I, remaining without clothes, may then, notwithstanding all my indignation, begin to be digested ; and, although by day I shall not permit — shall not under any circumstances allow this, — by night, in sleep, when man is deprived of his free will, I may be overtaken by the most humiliating doom of a mere potato, pancake, or slice of veal. The thought of this drives me to frenzy. If only on this ground, the Revenue law must be changed, in order to encourage the importation of English cloth, which is stronger, and therefore will resist nature longer in cases of persons tumbling into crocodiles. I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating this idea to some statesman, and also to the political critics of our St. Petersburg daily papers. They can cry it up. I hope that this will not be the only idea they will take from me. I foresee that every morning a whole assembly of them, armed with editorial twenty-five-kopeck* pieces, will crowd around me, to catch my thoughts upon the telegrams of the day before. In short, the future appears to me in quite a rose-colored light."

"The Steam Chicken", by Glyeb Uspensky, a minor humorist, offers a clever argument by a poultryman to the effect that an incubated, or "steam," chicken has no soul, while on the contrary, the normally hatched chicken surely possesses one.

". . . Now, how's a man to know after that what's God and what's Mumbo Jumbo? . . . It's just the same with the machine-fish and the steam-chicken - they've got a temperature, but they have n't got a conscience! There you see ; it was the same with the publican ; it was his conscience that ached ; and if he went and broke his back, it was n't his back that felt bad because his wife ran away — it was his soul."

"You put the cart before the horse again, my man. Why does n't the steam-hen lay ?"

"She doesn't lay because she's a machine invention, a creature of temperature, not a creature of God. A steam-hen has nothing but temperature ; but a real hen has a conscience. That's why she lays. She lays because she's capable of mental reflections and considerations. There aren't any mental reflections in temperatures, but there are in souls! . . ." †

A. N. Ostrovsky, who died a dozen years ago, wrote thirty-seven dramas and comedies which are in constant demand on the Russian stage. Mrs. Voynich has translated "Incompatibility of Temper," the story of the marriage of a spoiled boy, and "A Domestic Picture," a disagreeable glimpse into the lives of a vulgar merchant family. This is a "satire exposing the commercial dishonesty, the result of ignorance, which prevailed in the bulk of our middle class" — wrote Stepniak — "two generations ago, and the shocking immorality nestling secretly in those families where despotism has destroyed all natural ties of affection and uprooted all sense of honor."

Krachvinsky names "Shchedrin" (Saltykov) as "the greatest Russian satirist. . . . For about fifty years he was the moral leader of liberal Russia." A Slavic Thomas Nast in phrases, he also wrote books of the type of Dostoyevsky's. When he wished to attack the Tsar or his right-hand nobles he used as a shield what he called "the Slave's language," that is, allegory. Stepniak declares that the best humor of this Russian Kipling is quite untranslatable ; and that his allegories express "the feeling of loyalty under a regime which consists of brutal violence erected into a system." "The Eagle as Maecenas" is a Swiftean attack on the Tsar and his court. The King of Birds gathers a flock about him, then destroys nearly every member of it.

An unsigned article in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. 19, page 153, places Krilov (born 1768) at the head of the Russian fabulists. This original and popular satirist was a fat, unscholarly appearing person, fond of his sofa and his friends. He always gave the impression of being indolent, but proved his mental agility by learning to read Greek in a surprisingly short time when he was between forty and fifty. A polyglot edition of Krilov by Count Orloff was printed in Paris. The original is compared with mediocre French and Italian translations. The English versions in *Fraser's* are rough, but serve their purpose. Here are two specimens : —

APELLES AND THE ASS.

How vanity the man misleads
Incautious, who its whisperings heeds.
Ofttimes it causes him to pride
Himself on what all else deride,
And make him fancy that he fame
Acquires by that which rather brings him shame.
Apelles, says our story, met

*A kopeck equals two-thirds of a cent.

†Translation by Mrs. Voynich.

A donkey whom he asked to sit
As model to him. Donkey wagging
His tail, assented; and then ran off bragging
To all his friends: "Apelles was so pressing.,
That to refuse him would have been distressing,
Rather a bore, though, *entre nous*,
But then, so urged, what can one do?
In fact, he would take no denial,
So I must give the chap a trial.
We should, you know, to folks be civil,
E'en though we wish them at the devil.
Now, guess why he importunes me thus?—
'Tis 'cause he wants to draw
A fine, poetic Pegasus,
And vows a better model he ne'er saw."
"No," cried the painter,
Who just then pass'd by,
"There, donkey, you're quite out,—
Some folks would say, you lie.
'Tis Midas' judgment I'm about;
Therefore, my picture more complete to make,
I wish from yours his worship's ears to take;
For though I have examined many an ass,
Your ears for length all others far surpass!"

CANINE FRIENDSHIP.

Stretched in the sunshine, basking lay
Two dogs, one Trusty, t'other Tray.
To watch and guard the house by night
Their office was; but then by day
To bark they were far too polite;
So they a *tête-à-tête* began,
And their discourse a long while ran
On canine duties and employments,
On canine pastimes and enjoyments.
On canine friendship they dilated
Next, and its value highly rated.
"What more delightful," Trusty said,
"Than mutual sympathy and aid.
They who together toil and rest
Taste of life the greater zest.
Without a friend's participation,
There's little joy in any station.
Were now, for instance, you and I
Always to dwell in amity,
How happily our time would fly!"
"Truly, I think so," answered Tray;
"It is a shame — it quite a farce is,
That living here beneath one roof,
Where we both get food enough,
Scarcely one day in seven passes
Without some wrangling or affray.
Time was, dogs were for friendship noted,
As instances proverbial quoted;
But now quite the reverse we find —
As little love they bear their kind
As men themselves, so altered now's the case."
"Let us, then," his companion cried,
"Become a model to our race.
Here take my paw, and ill betide
Him who shall break the compact first:
Be he of dogs the most accurs'd."
Just then, as if to put them to the test,
The cook a bone to them did fling;
And straight our canine Pylades
And Orestes made a spring
The prize to seize;
And snarled and growled at such a rate
That cook thought best
The troth-pledged friends to separate.
Of friendship, with like love replete,
Examples not a few we meet,—
Nay, without libelling them too much,
May call most worldly friendships such.
Whom best of friends you would suppose,
Fling but a bone, and they are foes.

Vladimir Dahl published in 1862 thirty thousand Russian proverbs, from which the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 139, page 493, made an interesting selection. ". . . There is many a *poslovitsa** which speaks acutely or agreeably even in an alien tongue." The following sayings are of a humorous character: —

Poverty is not a sin, but twice as bad.

Seven nurses cost the child an eye.

He blushed like a crab.

A quiet angel has flown by (an expression used when a causeless silence falls upon a company).

The Evil One has hidden it with his tail (employed when an object seen a minute ago suddenly disappears).

A sweetheart for a rouble† (a rouble is the price of a country coffin).

Every devil is Ivan Ivanovich (an allusion to the Russian fondness for the name Ivan — "John").

One Ivan, good! Two Ivans, possible! Three Ivans, impossible! (as the German said of Ivan Ivanovich Ivanof).

I can't bear this crowding (a Khokhol, or Little Russian, is supposed to say, as he upsets a kettle which he finds suspended over a camp-fire in the open plain.) These accursed Muscovites! there's no driving room left! (cries another, as he runs into a verst-post — answering to our milestone — in the midst of the boundless waste.)

Long are a woman's locks, but short are a woman's wits.

Let a woman into paradise, she'll be for bringing her cow with her.

As the *moujik* (peasant) is always bearded, he says: A beard is honorable, but even a cat has moustaches; (To which a Zapavnick, or Western, may reply): Moustaches for honor, but even a goat has a beard.

An old crow croaks not for nothing.

Love your wife like your soul and beat her like your *shuba* (overcoat, or furs).

A dear one's blows hurt not long.

Why so blithe? I'm going to be married. Why hangs your head? I've got married.

God help the bachelor! The housewife helps a husband.

It's a bore to go alone, even to get drowned.

A good wife and rich cabbage-soup; other good things seek not.

Drink at table, not behind a pillar.

He is not a drunkard who drinks, but he who after-drinks.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. *Vincent Van Marter Beede.*

*Proverb.

†The silver rouble is equal to forty-nine, a gold rouble to seventy-seven cents.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

146 Franklin street, Room 14,

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VOL. XVII. MAY, 1904. NO. 5.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

So many complaints are made by writers of unjust treatment at the hands of editors that it is a pleasure to record an experience of the opposite kind. One of the readers of THE WRITER writes: "Before *Country Life in America* had been launched, its editor, Professor Bailey, bought for it four of my short poems. Later, the publishers wrote me that they had decided to discontinue the use of verse in this magazine and were therefore returning my manuscript; but inasmuch as the poems had been accepted, they would pay me ten dollars for them and give me permission to sell them elsewhere. It is gratifying to know that at least one publishing house observes the standard of business integrity which is taken as a matter of course in other callings."

* * *

Readers of the "Writers of the Day" paragraphs in this number of THE WRITER will note the odd coincidence that two of the writers of whom sketches are given were led to do their first fiction work for magazines by bets that they could write a successful story if they would.

* * *

How easy it is for the critic to lay himself open to criticism is illustrated by a slip made by Mrs. Keish in her article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* which was quoted in the February WRITER. In her advice to authors she says: "Always try to be accurate," and then quotes from the Bible, and unfortunately is inaccurate herself. The quotation is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—not "with *all* thy might," as Mrs. Keish has it.

* * *

The reader of THE WRITER who calls attention to this slip goes on to say: "I try to do a few things in literature myself, and so I realize how easy it is to go wrong, but I don't know that this makes me more considerate of the faults of others. It humiliates me, but immediately I turn around and try to find those who have done likewise. Sometimes, though, laymen do things to embitter me, and then I throw the blame of my meanness of spirit upon them. Once I wrote a book, and in it I had a man with one arm, yet I had this man come on the stage "with a pistol in each hand." You see, his onehandedness was an afterthought, and I had gone through the manuscript and amputated the extra hand, as I thought, but unfortunately I had overlooked it in this one place. The cashier of a bank in

Montana wrote to me, and in his ignorance wanted to know whether men in those days were like lobsters, and, "sprouted fresh limbs in the place of lost ones."

* * *

This is particularly interesting, since it shows how inconsistencies in books may sometimes be accounted for: the author changes the description of a character, as an afterthought, and, failing to make the change in all the necessary places, presents her to the reader, for instance, with blue eyes in one place and with brown eyes in another.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, the author of "The Little Fat Fiddler," in *McClure's* for April, was born in Dunkirk, N. Y., in 1871. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1891, and, with his father and grandfather, enjoyed the distinction of being one of three living generations of graduates from an American college. After graduation, Mr. Adams began newspaper work on the New York Sun, where for eight years he did all sorts of general and special work, earning the reputation and receiving the assignments of a "star" reporter. In 1900, he became managing editor of the S. S. McClure newspaper syndicate. Later he was employed by the McClure, Phillips Company, and last fall he accepted a position on the editorial staff of *McClure's Magazine*. During the years of his journalistic work, Mr. Adams made frequent contributions to the magazines, his first, describing "The Department Store," appearing in *Scribner's* series on "The Conduct of Great Businesses." Fiction and descriptive stories by Mr. Adams have appeared in *Leslie's*, *Ainslee's*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Collier's Weekly*, and the *Criterion*, besides special feature stories for the Sunday newspapers. An article on "Training the Great Cats" was his first contribution to *McClure's*. Of his fiction, a short story, "Such as Walk in Darkness," and a two-part serial, "The Flying Death," both appearing in *McClure's*, the latter also in England, have attracted the most favorable comment. Mr. Adams's style is vivid, terse, and graphic, and his imaginative, as well as his descriptive, work is distinctly high-class. He thinks and writes clearly. His striking article in the March *McClure's* on the Caleb Powers case in Kentucky shows the trained newspaper writer with the dramatic instinct of the true story teller. Mr. Adams has considerable literary work in course of preparation, which will appear in *McClure's* as rapidly as completed. He is much interested in scientific subjects, and as researches in this field are a forte of *McClure's*, he has some work outlined in this direction. An interesting item proving the quality of Mr. Adams's work is the fact that he submitted a number of his stories to *McClure's* under assumed names, in order to ensure them a thoroughly impartial hearing. They have been accepted without exception, and a search has been at once made for the supposedly unknown contributor. This was the case with "The Little Fat Fiddler," a story suggested by incidents of the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago.

Henry Burnham Boone, who wrote the short story, "Her Home," in the *Century* for April, is an American, and a graduate of Williams College and the University of Virginia. His home is the old Lewis plantation of "West Cairns," near Charlottesville, Virginia, but he is now living in Florence, Italy. In collaboration with Kenneth Brown, Mr. Boone wrote the initial volume of the Series of American Novels published by Harper & Brothers. It was called "Eastover Court House," and had a large sale. In 1903, Mr. Boone and Mr. Brown collaborated on a second novel, "The Redfield Succession," which was also published by Harper & Brothers. It was this book which Mr. Howells declared to be "the grain of wheat in the heap of chaff of the year's literature." Last fall D. Appleton & Co. published a book written entirely by Mr. Boone, and he is now at work upon another novel. His first three books dealt with life and conditions in the south, but the new book has little to do with locality or the atmosphere of any community. The action of it is laid in

California, Virginia, and Italy. "Her First Hour" is the first short story that Mr. Boone has ever written.

Jeannette Cooper, whose story, "A Candid Violet," was printed in the March number of *McClure's Magazine*, was born in Burlington, Wisconsin. On her father's side she is descended from James Fenimore Cooper, and on her mother's side from Ethan Allan. Her father was a college man, and she was brought up in the atmosphere of books, and has always written poems, plays, and stories. Her first story was submitted for publication as a result of a wager with her sister that if submitted to ten publishers, all would refuse it. The list of publishers was made, and "How Lady Gowan Was Entertained" was sent to *Munsey's*, the first on the list. It was promptly returned, and was then sent to *McClure's*, where it was accepted with encouraging words. Some of Miss Cooper's poems have been published in *Harper's Bazar*, and she will shortly have another story in *McClure's*.

Harold R. Durant, whose story, "The Unknown," appeared in *McClure's* for April, is a lawyer, and lives in Waterbury, Conn. "The Unknown" was written as the result of a wager made with a friend who writes short stories and who had sold a prize-fight story to *Ainslee's*. Mr. Durant bet that he could write a "fight story" and sell it to *McClure's*. "The Unknown" was written and submitted, and was satisfactory to the publishers. Since then other stories, dealing with sporting events, have been accepted by *McClure's*, and will appear later. Mr. Durant is a Yale man and has been prominent in amateur baseball and football, and holds an amateur boxing championship. He has lately resigned the position of district attorney to take up literary work.

Lulu Linton, whose humorous short story, "The Reincarnation of Sarah Marg'et," appeared in the March number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is an Indianian, and her home is in the little town of Franklin, twenty miles south of the state capital. It is only of recent years that her name has appeared in magazines and periodicals, but that she has always possessed some literary ability, or, at least, a desire to write, is shown by a story which she has in her possession, written in a queer, childish scrawl, and bearing at the top of the first page a date and the endorsement: "This story written by Lulu, age eight years and seven months." Mrs. Linton writes of life only as she has known it, and she keeps over her desk the motto: "An honest tale speeds best being plainly told." Her strongest work has been in the short-story line, and she prefers short-story writing to any other, but her household articles and her verse find ready acceptance. An illustrated poem, entitled "A Knight of the Twentieth Century," appeared in the *Ladies' World* for February, and a poem, "Watch the Corners," called forth favorable comment when it appeared in the *Youth's Companion*. The *Youth's Companion* has also recently accepted a short story, entitled "A Special Course in Thanksgiving." The Standard Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, has recently issued a collection of her short stories, under the title "More than Coronets," and a collection of stories for girls is being prepared for early publication in book form.

Charles A. Prince, author of "The Oracle of Saint-Cure," in the April *Century*, is a Boston man and a graduate of Harvard. As a boy he wrote verses, and when in college he was an editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. His "Elocution Song" and "The Blue and the Gray" are among the best-known and most frequently quoted of his undergraduate efforts. About ten years ago a long illness obliged Mr. Prince to give up active work in the law, and he lived for a long time in a quiet part of Touraine, and it was while living in this place that he got the material for "The Oracle of Saint-Cure." During his stay in France he has devoted himself to the serious study of the French stage, which is at its apex in Paris, and he has done some excellent work under the inspiration of Francisque Sarcey, the famous dramatic critic. Mr. Prince has at present nearly finished a comedy for the

American or English stage, which is said by a critic, whose opinion was asked, to be "full of dramatic situations, clever dialogue, and careful characterizations." Mr. Prince is the husband of Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, who is the author of many pleasing novels and short stories.

George Seibel, who had a story, "Tonio's General," in *Lippincott's* for April, and who is the author of the article, "Where Are the Books of Yester Year?" in the *Critic* for May, is the literary editor of the *Pittsburg Gazette.* Mr. Seibel was born in Pittsburg about thirty years ago, and was educated in the common schools of that city. He is a scholarly man, and has made himself master of French, German, and the classics. Shakspere and Cervantes are his favorite authors, and his library embraces a valuable Shaksperian collection. He has written a few stories and poems that have found their way into the magazines, but he has devoted himself mainly to the drama. One of his plays, "Omar Khayyam," has been accepted by Richard Mansfield, although it has not yet been produced, and he has just put the finishing touches to an historical drama for another well-known star.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Carlyle — The letters in "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," which are arranged chronologically, begin in 1836, when he was finishing his "History of the French Revolution." Consequently we get here a far more comprehensive and graphic study of the ways of genius at the psychological moment of producing its masterpiece than any mere biographer, not being a genius himself, could convey, and that justifies Alexander Carlyle in speaking of these letters as an epistolary autobiography.

"Heigho! It seems as if I were enchanted with this sad book; peace in the world for me there will be none till I have it done. And then very generally it seems the miserablest mooncalf of a book, full of 'Ziererei,' affectation, do what I will; tumbling head foremost through all manner of established rules. And no money to be had for it; simply the blessedness of being done with it. It comes athwart me like the breath of heaven that I shall verily be done with it in some few months more now. Then let it go; to be trodden down into the gutters if the poor people like; to be lifted aloft on poles, if they like; the indifference I feel about all mortal things is really considerable."

Any author even not a genius will recognize this supreme joy of the approaching accomplishment of a large work; but it is to be hoped that this is not what his biographers call Carlyle's "sorrows." Nobody asks an author to write a book if he doesn't want to; it is, in fact, a very delightful amusement, especially when it earns money, and still more when it involves hard research and is done for the love of the thing.

"I purpose to write far faster at it, being really in a rage with it, in a scorn and contemptuous indignation with it. There is strength in me to do it. And after that I will surely have a rest, if there be rest in the world."

"A hundred pages more and this cursed book is flung out from me. I mean to write with the force of fire till that consummation; above all, with the speed of fire. The despicability of a thing that has so long held me, and held us both" (he is writing to his wife) "down to the grindstone, is a thing I could almost swear at, and kick out of doors; at least most swiftly equip for walking out of doors. Speranza, thou sparkin' goodie; hope, my little lassie — it will all be better than thou thinkest! It all stands pretty fair in my head; nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know, in large masses of colors; that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance — which it is."

That is a magnificent and perfect critical description of the style the world has crazed over these many years, and it is valuable to get it from himself, and moreover, in forecast rather than retrospect. We see now that he knew what he was doing — had his color scheme mapped out in his brain — chose a deliberate, artistic medium — suited to him-

self and to his subject equally — and then let himself go. It was not all a wonder and a wild desire, this distorted style of the French revolution; it was Turnerism applied to "Wind, Steam, and Rain" in a pen picture of a huge, obscure, lurid human dream.

Toward the end of the work Carlyle made the great discovery which forms the base of all achievement — namely, that the thing is, to achieve:

"I have a great lesson to learn — that of 'einmal fertig werden' — getting done once for all. Much poring doth confuse, and reduce all to caudle." (There is something genuine for a Carlyle quotation book!) "Get it done, and let there be an end! The bricklayer does not insist on all being smooth as marble, but only on having a certain degree of smoothness and straightness, and so he gets a wall done.

"The joy I anticipate in finishing this book is considerable. Go thou unhappy book, thou hast nearly rung the life out of me! go, in God's name, or the devil's!"

"It is a wild, savage book, itself a sort of French Revolution. What I do know of it is that it has come hot out of my own soul; born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow; that no man, for a long while, has stood speaking so completely alone under the eternal azure, in the character of man only; finally, that it has come near choking my life out of me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Greene.— The dramatization this year of "Cape Cod Folks" by two play-writers, simultaneously, and wholly unknown to each other, shows how strong a hold the book still has upon the popular mind. The well thumbed and many duplicated copies of the novel in all the public and circulating libraries tell the same story, and a fresh interest is awakened to know more about the talented writer, who has so long eluded the interviewer and concealed herself behind her delightful books.

Sarah P. McLean Greene was born in the pleasant town of Simsbury, Connecticut. Her father, Dudley Vestor McLean, was of Scotch ancestry, and her grandfather, Rev. Allan McLean, was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Simsbury for many years. Her mother, Mary Payne, a woman of remarkable gifts and broad culture, is one of the Mayflower descendants.

Fond of books and equally fond of all outdoor sports, the bright young girl found in her own home a happy, helpful environment, and when in her early teens she was sent to Mt. Holyoke, she soon began to show her power of wielding the pen. One of her compositions — a poem of great sweetness and strength — was sent away by her teacher for publication, and that well-known song, "De Massa ob de Sheepfol'," was also written about this time.

After her two years at Mt. Holyoke, she was persuaded to take for a few months a classmate's place as teacher down on Cape Cod.

It was a novel experience, and at odd moments she jotted down her impressions of that "narrer neck o' land," and the quaint sayings of the people about her. All this was done, however, with no thought of publication, and the names (so strikingly appropriate!) were freely used in the hasty memoranda.

Her vivid imagination soon wove a bright, humorous story about this nucleus of facts, but it was not till many months afterward that it was sent by a literary friend to a well-known Boston publisher. He sat up all night reading it, and was so delighted with its sparkling originality that he put it immediately into print, not even allowing Miss McLean to change the names! It passed through many editions, and the brilliant writer's name was on everybody's lips.

But when it reached the remote village on Cape Cod, the simple-hearted sailor folk were greatly troubled. They were quick to recognize their own graphic portraits, but could not separate fact from fancy. In the famous lawsuit that followed, the publishers gladly shouldered all the blame, and new names appeared in the next edition, but the warm-hearted, sensitive writer herself was deeply grieved that there should have been any misunderstanding.

Her second book, "Towhead," was pub-

lished soon after "Cape Cod Folks," and in her third volume, "Some Other Folk," are compiled a number of humorous and pathetic stories — among them, "Sam Sperry's Pension," that is a little masterpiece in itself. "Leon Pontifex," and "Last Chance Junction" appeared later.

In 1887, Miss McLean was married to Franklin Lynde Greene, a Westerner, who was educated at Annapolis. All her married life was spent in the West. Her twin boys lived but a short time, and in 1890 Mr. Greene died.

With a sad heart Mrs. Greene returned East, spending some time in Nova Scotia, and on the coast of Maine, and then taking a leisurely European trip. Unconsciously, she was gathering material for her later books; it was not till some time afterward that "Vesty of the Basins" appeared. This entertaining book, which a well-known Englishman calls "the great American novel," is also being dramatized.

"Stuart and Bamboo," "Moral Imbeciles," and "Floodtide" were published later and found a rapid sale. In 1892, "Winslow Plain" appeared, depicting life in an inland town in New England some fifty years ago. Aside from the charm of the story, this latest book of Mrs. Greene's contains some beautiful heart-reaching poems that ought to be set to music. A new volume from her pen is soon to be published.— *Boston Times.*

Hawthorne.— Hawthorne's first novel, "Fanshawe," published in 1828 at his own expense, was a total failure financially, and the result embittered him so that he gathered up and burned every copy he could find. It has been republished since his death — an act of no kindness to the memory of Hawthorne, since the story has little or no value except as a literary curiosity. Even later, when his stories began to appear in Goodrich's annual, the *Token*, in the *American Monthly Magazine*, and the few other periodicals of the day, the returns were so uncertain and so meagre that had Hawthorne depended upon them as a means of livelihood the "wolf" would have entered his door on many occasions. The monthly magazine named paid only one dollar a page for contributions, and was usually a long way in arrears to its contributors at that. The rate in the *Token* was the same, but the pages were smaller, so that for eight stories which Goodrich published in his annual for 1837, comprising one-third of the volume, Hawthorne was paid the munificent sum of one hundred and eight dollars. How incomes, literary and otherwise, were esteemed in those primitive times may be inferred from a passage in a letter written to Hawthorne in 1836 by Mr. Bridge, a classmate of the author's at Bowdoin, who was afterward a publisher of books and a helpful and sympathetic friend when Hawthorne needed help and sympathy most. This passage, which was designed to be consolatory, reads: "Suppose you get but $300 per annum for your writings. You can, with economy, live upon that, though it would be a tight squeeze. You have no family dependent upon you, and why should you borrow trouble?"— *La Salle A. Maynard in Leslie's Weekly.*

Tennyson.— Tennyson is often quoted as having said to Edmund Gosse: "It matters very little what we say; it is how we say it, though the fools don't know it." Mr. Gosse now writes to the *London Times* to give the poet's exact words, spoken in the garden of Aldworth on the afternoon of August 5, 1888: "The dunces fancy it is the thought that makes poetry live; it is n't, it's the expression, the form; but we must n't tell them so — they would n't know what we meant."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

An Interview with Mr. Howells.— W. D. Howells, the veteran American novelist, is now in London.

A quite cheerful and dapper gentleman, with short grey hair and small grey moustache, that somehow seem peculiarly characteristic of the American of the upper classes; perfectly groomed and dressed, American down to the marvellous crease in his trousers; American most of all, perhaps, in his quiet and genial courtesy. Such was my impression of Mr. Howells, writes a *Daily Chronicle*

representative, who called upon him soon after his arrival.

"What *can* you want me to talk about?" he said. "One gets a little tired of being interviewed on our side, where, as you know, interviewers are apt to be more than a little tiresome. But if you think I have anything to say that you will care to hear, I'll do my best. It is n't much good to ask me about England, for I have never lived here for any length of time — I have only just passed through at various times, staying for a week or two. The last occasion was in '97, and now I have only just arrived."

"Tell me, then, if you will," I said, "about literary things on your own side of the water. Are they going well or ill?"

After a moment's pause Mr. Howells gave a diplomatic reply.

"Both well and ill. There are some very bad signs, but in spite of them I see great reason for gratification. The most obvious thing in the literary world with us is certainly the immense amount of trashy fiction that is being manufactured. It is a development of the Sunday newspaper fiction, or you might say that it is the glorification of the dime novel. You take the ordinary dime novel and sell it for a dollar and a half, and there you have the bulk of the fiction that is read in America to-day. The worst of it is that there should be so ready and large a sale for this sort of trash. On the other hand, there are some very healthy signs.

"Of course, I need not talk to you," continued Mr. Howells, "about our biggest men; you will be more interested in the younger people. It is, by the way, a good thing that the success of the bad novels does not seem to interfere in the least with that of the good ones; but then we have an enormous public to draw on, and even the best of our writers are sure of an audience. Do you know Chicago?"

I shook my head vehemently.

"Well, then, it won't astonish you as much as it should to know that Chicago is becoming the centre of a very active school of novelists. There is Miss Edith Wyatt, of whom I think very highly. She has written at least two fine stories, 'True Love' and 'Everyone His Own Way,' which are admirable in their realism and humor. She has a fine sense of style, too, though she knows literature too well to be literary. Then, of course, you know all about Edith Wharton; I fancy she has a very large public here, has n't she? And poor Frank Norris, whom you also read here, though I don't think any one has done full justice to the mystical side of his nature. It was a great talent, but I fancied, before he died, that I detected the failing hand. Then there is Brand Whitlock, who has written what I take to be the best novel of American political life that has ever been done — 'The Thirteenth District.'

"Another man — not a Chicagoan — who is going to do something remarkable is W. A. White, who comes from Emporia, in Kansas. He wrote a very striking novel, called 'The Man on Horse-back.' Oh! I should n't forgive myself if I forgot to tell you about George Wasson, of Maine, who did a perfectly delightful book of stories called 'Captain Simeon's Store.' And there is a very interesting Russian Jew, named Abraham Cahan, who began as a school-master in Russia, but since he came to New York has been doing some fine work, principally studies of the life of his own people. I daresay you have never heard of some of these, but I assure you that you will be well repaid if you can get all these books I have mentioned. There are one or two people who do not seem to be very productive just now — I'm sure I don't know why. Cable, as far as I remember, has written nothing for some time, neither has Uncle Remus."

"What about Charles Egbert Craddock?" I said. "I have seen nothing of hers for a long time, and as far as I could gather, she never seemed to have as large an audience as she deserved."

"You are quite right; she is an extraordinarily clever woman, and has done some splendid work. I suppose she was not as successful as she ought to have been because she was too intensely local. That corner of the mountains of East Tennessee is not well known in the States, and her pictures of it, wonderfully

faithful, could not, I suppose, appeal to a very wide public."

"Now, tell me about the Great American Novel. Do you see any signs of it being on the way?" I asked.

Mr. Howells laughed very heartily. "So you have heard of the nonsense they talk about that? You may be sure that there is no such thing — and there never will be. Great American novels, if you like — I hope there will be plenty, and I should like to hope that I may write one of them myself some day; but no American Novel is possible. You see, we are as a people so absolutely decentralized — quite as much so as the Italians. In Italy, as you know, you have the Roman, the Florentine, the Neapolitan, but you can never find a composite Italian type. So in the States our people can never fuse into anything that could be called a composite American type. The New Yorker, the Chicagoan, the Californian, and the rest will always remain distinct types; so it is obviously impossible that we should ever have anything in the way of literature that could be called a national novel."— *S. T., in the London Daily Chronicle.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Flour Paste. — Avoid gum and starch pastes for use in making scrap-books. A boiled flour paste, scented with some oil, like clove, or wintergreen, or even camphor, will keep the clippings clear and secure for a lifetime. Such paste will not stain if it runs over, as others do. Flour paste, boiled and strained, with a teaspoonful of fine salt to a cupful, is also good. In one scrap-book begun more than forty years ago, in which such paste is used, the first clippings are as fresh to-day as ever, and there is no odor of stale paste.

HARTFORD, Conn. E. M. L.

Paste That Will Keep.— Dissolve a teaspoon of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in flour enough to give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps. Stir in as much powdered resin as will lie on a dime, and throw in about six cloves to give it a scent. Pour the flour mixture into a teacup of boiling water, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistency of molasses. Pour it into an earthen or china dish. Let cool, and stir in a small teaspoon each of oil of clove and of sassafras. Put a cover on it and set in a cool place. When you need it for use you can take a bit and soften it with warm water.

ARLINGTON, Mass. E. F. B.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Charles Eliot Norton. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON. THE SPHINX.— IV. Charles Malloy. *Arena* (28 c.) for May.

NEWSPAPER SATIRE DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Frederic Austin Ogg. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

WALT WHITMAN AS I KNEW HIM. Colonel James Matlack Scovel. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

HUXLEY. Sir Michael Foster, K. C. B., M. P. *National Review* (75 c.) for May.

HOW WORDS GROW. James C. Fernald. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for May.

BOOKS AS FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS. Priscilla Wakefield. *Delineator* (18 c.) for May.

THE GREAT DETECTIVES OF FICTION. William Wallace Whitlock. *Criterion* (13 c.) for May.

BRITISH POETS OF TO-DAY. With portraits of Sir Edwin Arnold, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Richard Garnett, and Theodore Watts Dunton. Eugene Parsons. *World To-day* (28 c.) for May.

HOW TO BIND BOOKS. Emily Preston. *House Beautiful* (23 c.) for May.

LIVING LITERARY MEN OF MEXICO. III.— IRENEO PAZ. With portrait. John Hubert Cornyn. *Modern Mexico* (13 c.) for May.

WHERE ARE THE BOOKS OF YESTER YEAR? George Seibel. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

MODERN JAPANESE WOMEN WRITERS. Illustrated. Yone Noguchi. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

LINCOLN STEFFENS. With portrait. Richard Duffy, *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. No. XI.—George Cary Eggleston. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for May.

THE LITERARY IDEAL. *Book News* (8 c.) for May.

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING BUT ONE PUBLISHER. Clara Louise Burnham. *Bookseller* (Chicago) (13 c.) for May.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Mary Cholmondeley. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for April.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM. Mrs. S. H. Sturtevant. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for May.

LENDING LIBRARIES AND CHEAP BOOKS. Sophi Kropotkin. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

THE MODERN GERMAN NOVEL. S. C. de Soissons. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

GEORGE GISSING. Arthur Waugh. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN. Frederick Greenwood. Reprinted from the *Pilot* (London) in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

EUGÈNE SUE. Francis Gribble. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LECKY. "A College Friend." Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 2.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POPULAR POET. William A. Sibbald. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 9.

IS FICTION DETERIORATING? Jane H. Findlater. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 16.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. Ford Madox Hueffer. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 16.

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL. L. McManus. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 16.

THE GROWING DISTASTE FOR THE HIGHER KINDS OF POETRY. Alfred Austin. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 23.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: CARLYLE AND THE PRESENT TENSE. Vernon Lee. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 23.

ALFRED AINGER. A. W. Ward. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 30.

THE REVIEWER. H. W. Boynton. *Dial* (13 c.) for April 1.

OUR FIRST NEWSPAPERS. James Pooton. *Journalist* (13 c.) for April 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John Kendrick Bangs was married April 27, at Yonkers, to Miss Mary Brayton Gray, an intimate friend of his first wife.

Collier's Weekly is to have a humorous page, called "Life's Little Pleasantries."

Stewart E. White was married April 28, at Newport, R. I., to Miss Elizabeth Calvert Grant. They will live in Santa Barbara, Calif.

The "Personal Reminiscences of Herbert Spencer," by Grant Allen, published in the *Forum* for April-June, were written in 1894, with the understanding that they should not be published during Mr. Spencer's lifetime. Mr. Allen himself died in 1899.

Mayfield's Little Folks, published at Omaha, Neb., is a new monthly for children.

The Advance Publishing Company, Birmingham, Ala., will begin in May the publication of a new monthly periodical for young people.

P. V. Collins, publisher of the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, of Minneapolis, has bought the *Home Magazine*, formerly published by Mrs. John A. Logan at Washington.

The *Waverley Magazine* has been bought by a syndicate headed by Geo. F. Washburn. The office of publication will be hereafter at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, Boston.

The *Household Ledger* (New York) has suspended publication. The last number published was that for February.

The publishers of *Vanity Fair* (New York) have been petitioned into bankruptcy.

Guy Wetmore Carryl died in New York April 1, aged thirty-one.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz died at Belmont, Mass., April 1, aged eighty-three.

Ernest E. Russell, formerly editor of *Public Opinion*, died at El Paso, Texas, April 1, aged forty-four.

Frances Power Cobbe died at Hengwrt, North Wales, April 5, aged eighty-one.

Arthur Macy died at Dalton, Mass., April 10, aged sixty-two.

Julian Sturgis died in London, April 13, aged fifty-five.

Dr. Samuel Smiles died in London, April 16, aged ninety-one.

Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott ("Grace Greenwood") died at New Rochelle, N. Y., April 20, aged eighty years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1905. No. 6.

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TWO YEARS AS A FREE LANCE.

My free lance days, for a time at least, are over; next week I sail for another hemisphere on a commission that promises both fortune and reputation. Of the former there is no doubt, for have I not the publisher's agreement in black and white before me? The latter, of course, is always comparative, a consideration that utterly fails to dampen my buoyant spirits.

Two years ago — it seems at least a dozen — I landed in New York with ten elastic dollars in my pocket. I had been "dabbling" for some time before that, but now I had burnt all my bridges and advanced into the heart of the enemy's country. How carefully I planned my opening campaign; how sparingly I dined; how assiduously I canvassed my immediate neighborhood to locate the publishers within walking distance. Unfortunately I received a check for fifteen dollars the second day for an article which had preceded me by several months and for which I had almost lost hope. I say "unfortunately," for I immediately began a false calculation which, as I remember, was somewhat as follows: —

"This fifteen-dollar article took just one day's time. There are thirty days in the month." (Sundays for the moment were ignored.) "Thirty times fifteen are four hundred and fifty. Say four hundred dollars; my fortune is made!"

Whereupon I began to scan the theatrical announcements.

The errors in my encouraging calculation are apparent. The fifteen-dollar article, as I afterward reflected, took several days of thought before I attempted to write it. There are not thirty days in the month, that is thirty working days — for me there are scarcely twenty. Nor can dollars be multiplied by a writer's working time — not, at least, until he makes a name for himself, and then he's no longer a writer — he's an author.

The following day I did not even attempt a fifteen-dollar article. The rise in my fortunes plus an exciting play and a late supper had proved too much for me. Whereupon I foolishly calculated: Nothing multiplied by thirty equals nothing. Also wide of the mark!

During the next few weeks I dropped more foolish notions than it seemed possible for one brain to contain. Even yet I marvel, as I look back at the useless cargo of fancies and dreams I was forced to discharge. Let me enumerate a few: —

1. The idea that an editor will depart from a fixed policy merely to avail himself of a

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well-written article. Only the name of a Tolstoy or an Ibsen could bring such a miracle to pass.

2. The theory that the more manuscripts one sends out, the greater is the likelihood of acceptances. This savors of old-fashioned musketry practice. Sharp-shooting, I find, makes a hundred per cent better showing, besides saving much ammunition (postage).

3. The assumption that your (or my) manuscript is prominently in the editor's mind during its stay in his sanctum. It may be for five minutes — even for half an hour, if it be very good,— but generally, and I speak from personal observation, it bears the same ratio to the litter upon his desk that an apple bears to an orchard. Occasionally a farmer finds such a perfect fruit that he labels it and sends it to the fair. Sometimes an editor, likewise, gets a story worth boasting of. I am content to have mine accepted.

4. The idea that one can do acceptable work for a periodical that he does not read and study. He may, just as one may hit a target without seeing it. I have given up trying the former, and if I ever feel particularly reckless shall substitute the latter pastime. Somehow it does n't seem so hopeless.

5. The belief that a publication cannot do without one's contributions. I got that notion into my head on several occasions. In no case did the editor share it with me!

To do myself justice I may add that not all my preconceived ideas were worthless. Three rules, indeed, proved so valuable that I give them herewith, with apologies, of course, to professional writers who may read this article: —

1. Work on the line of least resistance. For a year, in my case, this proved to be juvenile work, which I found to be fairly remunerative. Later I have devoted myself to descriptive articles, generally with illustrations. These have all sold. Short stories and humorous paragraphs have not been winners with me, although I had thought of making them my specialty.

2. Read the best authors, and study books on English. I had been preparing for literary work for many years, but when I realized my shortcomings I impulsively mapped out a course of study that included one hundred and fifty standard works, and twenty-five rhetorics and text-books on English (which I bought at one time!) all to be read and digested in eighteen months. Neither list is half completed yet, and I doubt if the latter ever will be, for I am beginning to suspect that too much rhetoric is as bad as none at all. Nevertheless, the course, on the whole, has been of great benefit to me — I speak only of its relation to my work — and has led to the destruction of much rubbish, and the rewriting and final disposal of much else that would otherwise have been unsalable.

3. Submit work to a competent literary man and pay to have it criticised and overhauled. Also, whenever possible, get the editor to drop a hint as to why an article is unavailable. This reminds me of the well-known story of the man whose nose had been seized by a vicious bull pup. His son, the owner of the dog, not at all alarmed over the situation, kept calling: "Grin and bear it, father — it'll be the makings of the pup!" If the editor can only endure the ordeal, it'll be the makings of the new generation of writers.

Having shown, or endeavored to show, that I appreciate the trials of the editor, and having confessed to the absurdity of my early conceptions regarding his work and his methods, I feel it but right to add that in my humble opinion he could do better in the matter of payment for manuscripts. Where the publishers provide for payment on acceptance, it seems hard to the struggling writer to have to wait for weeks or even for months on the editor's convenience. I have more than once actually gone without food when more than two hundred dollars was due me, most of it by supposedly "pay on acceptance" publications, and wealthy ones at that. Why did I not ask for my checks? I did finally, but I did it in great bitterness of spirit, for every employee who had a hand in the matter — that particular transaction required three of them — treated me in a most patronizing manner and led me to believe that a great and most exceptional favor had been extended to me. Another contribution to the same magazine, which the editor took five months to consider before

accepting, was not paid for for nine months. Yet that editor and his associates get their salaries at the week's end.

Then there is the editor who promises to pay on publication and does not. His magazine is probably not on a sound financial basis, so we must not be severe on him. Rather let the censure rest on the editor who *does n't publish* — at least not for years. For this he is possibly not to blame, although he is apt to specify an early date at which the article is to appear, thereby keeping the contributor on the qui vive to see his work, till hope at last dies in his breast. His promise as to payment, however, becomes a farce and might as well read: "We will pay you when we pay you." Verily that may mean never.

In contrast to this, I may mention the editor who paid me twice for the same contribution. Did I refund the second check? I don't remember. Then there is the genial editor who pays me in advance for an article, the editor who always sends a check and a compliment together, and the editor who takes my work regularly (a lady — God bless her!) and sends me a check every month.

Have I made ends meet since I became a free lance? Not quite; but in fairness I must add that I never did before. Would I advise other literary aspirants to come to New York and try their luck? Not I! All I can say is that when I sail next week there will be a free lance vacancy. It will not much matter if it is never filled — if it is, I fervently hope that my successor may have his timepiece and trinkets safe in his possession at the end of two years — I, at least, can boast of that.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GETTING INTO PRINT.

Getting into print is not at all a difficult matter, provided one has the two requisite qualifications and goes to work in the right way.

There are really only two qualifications requisite. The first is to be able to say something interesting, and the second to be able to say it in an interesting way. Given these two faculties, any one who goes to work in the right way will find no difficulty whatever in getting into print. Without them, no one has any chance whatever of success.

Now what is going to work in the right way? Simply applying common sense to the disposal of literary wares, and offering the manuscript, whatever it may be, in the proper market. Anything else would be ridiculous, would n't it? And yet right here is where most writers, until they have learned wisdom by experience, make a serious mistake. Having written a poem, or a short story, the ambitious author's first idea is to submit it to the *Century*. In due time he gets it back. Next he offers it to *Harper's*, to *Scribner's*, to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, to other prominent publications — with a similar result. Then he either gets discouraged and throws the manuscript into the waste-basket, or does what he should have done at first, looks about for a publication to which his manuscript is especially fitted, and which is not so crowded with contributions that his offering cannot find a place.

There's the secret of placing manuscripts, when the author has n't made a literary name. Here's the rule in a nut-shell: *Aim at the target you can hit.* It may be one of the lower-grade monthlies; it may be your own local weekly newspaper. In either case you will get into print promptly, and it may be profitably, and, having made a beginning at the bottom of your ladder, whatever it may be, you can go on, helped by growing reputation and experience, to work your way upward to the top.

BOSTON, Mass. *Arthur Fosdick.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Because of the inability of the editor of THE WRITER, on account of ill health and the pressure of other duties, to give attention to the magazine during the past year, no numbers have been issued since the one dated May, 1904. The present number is paged continuously from that, and the fourteen numbers for 1904 and 1905 will together make a single volume. All subscriptions unexpired May 1, 1904, will be dated ahead ten months.

* * *

Just 1,007 new novels and volumes of stories were published in the United States during 1904, according to figures compiled by the *Publishers' Weekly*. And it is doubtless true that at least 2,014 more were sent back to disappointed authors by unappreciative publishers.

* * *

Some excellent advice was given recently by an experienced American publisher to an author who said that she had to write as many books as she could, to keep alive, and was producing them at an astonishingly rapid rate, generally selling them outright for small sums. He wrote to her that he believed if she would put in enough time on one book to do herself justice, the book would pay her more than all the hasty books she could write in the same period. The suggestion is one that every prolific writer will do well to ponder. Cyrus Townsend Brady, for instance, has written twelve novels in three years. Who can doubt that his fame would live longer if he had written three novels in twelve years instead?

* * *

Let's all be humorists, and write books, instead of paragraphs for newspapers! John Kendrick Bangs told a Boston reporter recently that to write "The Houseboat on the Styx," took only about a month and a half of work, not nearly as hard, he said, as he finds the writing of the editorial page of *Puck*, and that the book has brought him in "about $35,000 or $40,000," while at the present time "the sales yield a continuous income." Happy Mr. Bangs — especially if the reporter did n't misunderstand, and add an extra cipher to the figures.

* * *

In these days when literature is dominated by commercialism it is refreshing to read how Browning refused to make a business of his art. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton tells the story. "I went once," she says, "to persuade him to accept an offer of several thousand dol-

lars for a single poem, which was proffered him by an American periodical. 'No,' said he, 'I would accept this offer if I would accept any offer of the kind, but I am resolved against it. I have had blank checks sent me by some of our most important magazines, asking me to send a poem and fill the check in as I wished, but I have always said no.'"

* * *

It is an old saying of proofreaders that the most dangerous man in the composing room is the really intelligent compositor — the man who actually is bright and well-informed, and who consequently corrects something that seems to him wrong when it really is n't, and so defeats the author's purpose. An illustration is afforded by Edward Everett Hale's experience with the proofreader who read "The Man Without a Country" when it was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Readers may remember that the story begins with the quotation of an imaginary announcement in a New York paper of the death of Philip Nolan "on board the United States corvette Levant, latitude 2 degrees 11 minutes south, longitude 131 degrees west" Following the rule that fiction and fact must be kept separate in story-writing, although the fiction may be made to have the appearance of fact, Dr. Hale took pains to have the latitude and longitude fixing the position of his ship indicate a spot high in the Andes. Was the proofreader content with this? Oh, no! His eagle eye at once discerned the "error," and, doubtless with a pitying smile for the ignorance or carelessness of the author, he carefully corrected the figures to make them indicate a spot in the Pacific ocean where the Levant might have been lost. And Dr. Hale did n't discover the "improvement" for more than twenty years!

* * *

In another way Dr. Hale's intentions with this story were defeated. As "The Man Without a Country" was a story with a purpose, published at a time when feeling was running high, it was desirable that it should appear to be based on fact, and it was thought that it would be more effective if it were published anonymously. The story was printed, therefore, without the signature of the author. Unfortunately, however, in the same number of the *Atlantic* was printed the index for the year, and the man who made up the index knew who wrote the story, and had not been told not to impart his knowledge. Consequently, readers of the magazine, looking at the printed index, easily discovered that the anonymous story of "The Man Without a County" was written by Edward Everett Hale.

W. H. H.

QUERIES

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is it necessary to put a comma before "and" in such a series of words as "He is rich, handsome, and well-bred"? Some of the books say that the comma after "rich" represents an "and" not expressed, so that as "and" is used after "handsome," no comma is required. L. M.

[A comma should be put after each adjective in a series like that quoted, whether the "and" is expressed or not. The comma does not represent "and" unexpressed, but is a necessary mark to separate the adjectives. Take, for instance, the phrase, "The officers of the club shall be President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer." Omit the comma, and you have only three officials, instead of four. — W. H. H.]

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

Most short stories belong in varying degree to one of five classes. The story is either a tale, a fable, a study, a dramatic sketch, or a complete drama. If narrative predominates, it is a tale chiefly, though all the other elements of moral, character study, and so forth may be present; if description predominates, you call your story a study. The character of the subject in hand must determine these points. In discussing the typical short story, however, we will take the balanced whole as illustrated by Maupassant's stories, and from

this type each writer can make such modifications as his own subject demands.

The course of procedure in setting about the writing a short story may be as follows: —

1. First, one must have a striking idea, situation, or trait of character, and only one. Few people can sit down and evolve a situation out of their heads. They must hit on it accidentally in some way, and it must be very simple, or it will not be completely developed in a short story. The length of the story should be the same as the bigness of the idea, no bigger and no smaller, and to make a story longer or shorter than just as long as the idea is to spoil the story.

2. Having an idea, our author sits down to write his story, and he is very likely to fix his attention on some general idea in space. But that is fatal. He must have something definite to look at. Observe Maupassant in "The Necklace." He begins: "She was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks." Now, this story is only 1,800 words long, but Maupassant uses up about 300 at once in describing this woman. He tells how she dressed, what sort of things she had in the house, what she wished she had, what sort of a man her husband was, what they had for dinner, her dreams and hopes. You feel well acquainted with her, as if she were your next-door neighbor. And all the rest of the story is about this woman, what happened to her, how she was delighted and disappointed. Her husband is hardly mentioned after the first. It is a story about this woman who has interested you, and everything is left out but her experience.

3. Having a right start it is not difficult to go straight ahead to the end successfully, in a simple and natural manner. But still it is often puzzling to know what to select and what to reject of the many things that may present themselves to the mind. The invariable rule should be: Put in nothing that has not a bearing on the catastrophe of the story, and omit nothing that has. It is a great temptation, if one has a fine moral sentence, an apt phrase, or a terse anecdote or observation, to put it in just where it occurs to the mind. But the artistic story-writer will sacrifice absolutely everything of that sort to the immediate interest of the story. That is, to him, everything. But apparently trivial details that are in the thread of the story must be put in. In "The Necklace" Maupassant tells how the wife tore open the letter of invitation, how sne looked when she read it, what she said, and what her husband answered; then how she went to get the necklace, what her friend said, and what she said. But you will notice that he sticks closely to the woman of whom he is telling the story. Everything about her is of interest; nothing else is.

4. The secret of giving strength to a story is in clever use of contrasts. A story that has been true to the preceding injunctions will be a correct story, but it will probably be weak unless it has strong contrasts in it, and to make strong contrasts one must match one description against another in each detail. In "The Necklace" notice the skillful contrast in the latter part of the story of what Madame Loisel actually did, with what in the first part of the story she wanted to do. She wanted luxuries, servants, a fine house; but they dismissed the servant they had, rented a garret under the roof, etc. Each fact in the last part is matched with a corresponding dream in the first part. Then at the very end of the story her friend, who is rich, and still remains young, with smooth, white hands, is brought face to face with Madame Loisel, who has grown coarse and rough. This constant and skillful use of contrast and cross-contrast makes the real strength of Maupassant.

5. But everything should tend to the bringing out of a single idea or particular thought of some kind, without which the story is valueless. The reader expects some pertinent conclusion, and if he does not find it, he says the story is a failure, and when he has got the essential idea he does not care to read further. He may read on to the end, out of curiosity to see if anything more does happen. But if there is anything more he is disappointed. In the story of "The Necklace" Maupassant does not hint at his real idea until the very end, and when he has said the supposed necklace is paste, he stops short. The

reader says to himself irresistibly, "Oh, the irony of fate!" and he is ten times more pleased than if Maupassant had said it himself, though no one could doubt he was thinking it all the time he was writing the story.—*Sherwin Cody, in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Philip Loring Allen, whose story, "The Making of a Medicine Man," appeared in *Leslie's Magazine* for March, says that he always finds the most convenient way to describe his antecedents is by saying that he is the son of Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar, his father, the late Professor William F. Allen, having been one of its authors. Mr. Allen was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1899, and went to New York the next fall, going on the *Evening Post* as reporter. He has been with the *Post* ever since, in one capacity or another. For the last two years he has been on the editorial staff, and he also serves when congress is in session in the Washington bureau of the *New York Evening Post* and the *Boston Transcript*. Mr. Allen has had short stories in *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and occasional bits of light verse in various places, including *Harper's*, the *Century*, *Leslie's*, and *Puck*. In *Leslie's* for June he had a half-humorous article, "The Eternal Gullible." In the *Black Cat* competition two years ago, with a collaborator, Walter T. Arndt, Mr. Allen shared in one of the $150 prizes, and he has had another story in the *Black Cat* since.

Allan P. Ames, whose story, "McArdle's Retirement," was printed in the *Criterion* for March, is a young newspaper man connected with the staff of the *Albany Argus*. During the past two years he has contributed short stories, with an occasional special article, to a number of magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Lippincott's*, *Ainslee's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Munsey's*, the *Metropolitan*, *Golf*, the *National Magazine*, the *World's Work*, the *Red Book*, and the *Delineator*. He writes mainly short fiction, which is usually distinguished by a humorous turn, but as yet his name has not become identified with any one particular vein of story-writing. Mr. Ames is a recent graduate of Hamilton college, and his home has always been in Albany, N. Y.

B. M. Bower, whose story, "When the Storm Doctor Blundered," was published in *Ainslee's* for March, was born and educated in Minnesota, but has spent much time in Montana, and now lives in the state of Washington. About three years ago Mr. Bower took up writing with the determination, as he says, to "get somewhere" in the profession, and his first story was "The Ghost in the Red Shirt," which *Lippincott's Magazine* published last July. After that he wrote Salvation Army stories and sold them to the *Authors' Magazine*—which died soon afterward. A year ago he turned to the life around him, and wrote "Chip, of the Flying U," which was accepted as a novelette by the *Popular Magazine*. Since then *Ainslee's* has been printing a series of stories with the same characters that figure in "Chip, of the Flying U," and the success of these stories of Montana ranch life has led Mr. Bower to keep almost exclusively to Western coloring, although he is writing a Salvation Army novelette, "Where Treads the Multitude."

Vincent Harper, whose article, "The Second Nocturn of St. Patrick," appeared in *Lippincott's* for March, and whose story, "A Crossed Scent," in *Ainslee's* for March, is one of a series which that magazine is publishing, is a New Yorker by birth, but says he has been a globe trotter for some years now, and was led to "go in" for fiction by a remark of an English critic whom he met at the antipodes. *Ainslee's* accepted his first manuscript a year or more ago, characterizing it as "a promising bit of character analysis." Since then he has had articles in *McClure's*, *Lippincott's*, the *Booklovers Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, the *Overland Monthly*, *Town Topics*, and the *Pacific Monthly*. "Of course," says Mr. Harper, "my *best* work is regularly returned. 'availability' in the current view taken of that elusive quality being thought to exclude anything too widely different from the

recent 'successes' of the Great Have Beens who hold the centre of the 'literary' stage."

John McAuley Palmer, whose story, "The Man in the Pigeonhole," appeared in *McClure's* for March, is a captain in the United States army, at present on duty as an instructor at West Point. He is a native of Illinois, and a grandson of the late General John M. Palmer of that state. Captain Palmer is a student of economic questions and particularly of railways and other public utilities. In the *North American Review* for December, 1902, he published an article, "Railroad Building a Mode of Warfare," in which he considered the effect of communications in pacifying and developing conquered territory. This article attracted considerable notice, and led to a discussion in the United States Senate as to the advisability of constructing public railways in the Philippines. In *McClure's* for August, 1903, Captain Palmer had a story, entitled "Colonel Lumpkin's Campaign," in which some of the methods of modern street railway finance were explained by Colonel Timothy Lumpkin, a reformed captain of industry, and in June, 1904, the same magazine published his financial satire, "The Inoculation of Mr. Skads." This latter article is one of a series of articles on economic questions in terms of popular satire, which Captain Palmer intends to bring out in book form.

Edith Rickert, who wrote "At Winchester," in the February *Book News*, is the author of two novels, "Out of the Cypress Swamp," published in 1902, and "The Reaper," published last year. She has contributed to various periodicals, English and American. In the *Atlantic* for November, she had a story, "The Fertile Hand," which she says was related to her by a Celt who claims to possess the miraculous power described in the story. Miss Rickert is an American by birth and education, but a wanderer by nature. Of late years she has lived chiefly in London, but she now has also a home in an ancient farmhouse not far from Tunbridge Wells. The low red building, with its peaked tile roof, stained amber and green and purple with lichen, stands in a delightful garden and has an orchard of nine apple trees and a blackberry hedge. Within, also, it is of the old world, with its great beams, capacious chimney corner, diamond-paned windows, and black oak furniture. Miss Rickert spends some part of each year in what she calls "voyages of discovery," that is, journeys without destination or plan other than to assimilate new modes of life and language. In the Shetland Isles—the scene of her recent novel, "The Reaper,"—she fell in with many adventures by land and by sea. Of these the most trying was the necessity laid upon her in a certain lonely village of redeeming the reputation of her country, which had suffered sadly in the hands of the only other American ever seen there, a man who married a Shetland woman and ill-treated her; the drollest was her success as an impromptu dentist, in the operation of filling a tooth with carbolic acid, cotton, and gutta percha, the nearest surgeon being some sixty miles away. Miss Rickert's latest "discovery" is a forgotten town in Zeeland, into which she was so thoroughly adopted that she thinks of buying a house there, and where she has been asked to stand godmother to a promising Dutch baby.

Katharine Metcalf Roof, whose sketch of Madame Tauscher-Gadski was printed in the *Booklovers Magazine* for March, lives in New York, and for the past two years has been writing articles on musical subjects for the *Criterion*. The *Booklovers Magazine* for last September published an artist story written by her, the October *Atlantic* had one of her stories, "The Passing of Spring," and the October *Ainslee's* had a short sketch, "The Eternal Masculine." Besides these contributions, she has had musical articles in the *Etude* and the *Musician*, and some stories, one musical in atmosphere, in the *Reader Magazine*.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Glasgow.—"My stories have all been written as a result of the simple impulse to tell them, and they all seemed to grow, just natu-

rally, and quite as a matter of course, out of nothing at all. For instance, I got my idea for 'The Deliverance' about four years ago while I was walking down there in that box-bordered walk under the big magnolia tree. I had never even conceived of the name of Christopher Blake, much less his personality and ultimate destiny. But on that day I had been reading Thomas Hardy here in this very spot, and had closed the book — it was 'Far from the Madding Crowd' — and walked down to see how my dahlia hedge was coming on.

"When I reached the magnolia tree I saw, like a flash, the figure of Christopher Blake coming to give himself up for the murder of old Bill Fletcher. The vividness of the impression never left me, though it was a full year before I began to piece together in my mind the course of events that had led up to such a situation."

"The book was really four years in the writing, then?"

"Well, yes, if I must admit it. I spent two years' solid, continuous work in the actual writing of my last book, and the two preceding years I had it constantly in mind, laying my scenes and drawing my characters.

"How do I write my books? Well, to begin with, I work always in the morning. When I am in good working mood I sit at my desk from about nine till one every day. I write my books in what I might call three processes. The first process is a rough draft of the complete book, which I always work at rapidly and furiously, so as to catch the spirit of the scenes and situations that come crowding upon me so rapidly that if I did not put them immediately upon paper they would escape me.

"The first draft of 'The Deliverance' I wrote in less than six months, chapter for chapter as it stands to-day. The narrative was very crude, of course, and it was three or four times too voluminous.

"The second draft of the book occupies a much longer time and hard work begins in earnest. While I am on the first draft I work with feverish excitement, and find the keenest pleasure and delight in watching the progress of the story. I am too excited and too much interested to feel weary or to stop to criticise. By the time I am ready for the second writing the first enthusiasm is quite worn away. The period of inspiration is past, and I must depend upon art and skill entirely. Everything now is done with conscious effort, scenes are minimized, characters are elaborated, whole chapters are eliminated entirely.

"The third writing is pretty much of the same order as the second, only there is no recasting, no throwing out of chapters or modifications of characters or situations. It consists chiefly in trying to give precision to the diction and unity and proportion to the sentences, paragraphs, and chapters. For instance, I rewrote the opening chapter of 'The Battle Ground' just fourteen times, the first chapter of 'The Voice of the People' I rewrote twelve times, and the introduction to 'The Deliverance' four times." — *Interview, in the New York Herald.*

Saxe Holm.— It has often been said that the best-kept literary secret was the authorship of the books appearing with the name of "Saxe Holm" on the title page. In his autobiography Moncure D. Conway now prints for the first time a letter from Mrs. Helen Hunt distinctly avowing her authorship and saying frankly: "I intend to deny it till I die; then I wish it to be known."

Holmes — J. Pierpont Morgan has added another old and valuable manuscript to his collection, purchasing for $4,000 from Tristam Coffin the original of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The manuscript is in good condition and is counted among the most valuable in American literature. When it was offered to him Mr. Morgan at once expressed a desire to have it, and told Mr. Coffin that if he could establish its authenticity he could set his own price on it. The manuscript was taken to an authority, who recognized it and stamped it as the original.

Mr. Osgood, a former publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was first published, retained the manuscript for many years. It was sold when his estate was settled, and fell into

the hands of Mr. Coffin. Several of the pages were then missing, and at Mr. Coffin's request Dr. Holmes, who was then alive, rewrote them and to-day they cannot be distinguished from the rest.

The manuscript contains about three hundred closely-written quarto pages and includes the poems, "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Parson Turell's Legacy," and "The Living Temple." Among works by American writers "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is always placed with the foremost, and, with "Ben Hur," it is one of the few great American works the manuscript of which has been preserved.— *New York Herald.*

James.— An interesting revelation of the processes of the Henry James method is given by a writer in the *Reader* who knows something of the author's life in his English home at Rye. According to this authority, the intricate literary constructions of this master of the complex are developed after the germ theory. Directly Mr. James gets hold of an idea that pleases him he dictates it in the form of a short story, walking back and forth as he creates. The 10,000 or more words thus put together are read and pondered and become the nucleus of a still longer story in which new characters are introduced, new scenes elaborated, and the famous Henry James sentence begins to be tangled into its cryptic form. The original story has now been evolved into a novelette of some 20,000 words, and it is not until the author has seen the result of this on paper that he begins to give the matter the characteristic James touches which make the story unintelligible save to those initiated in the mysteries of his very involved style. This work is carried on with the greatest precision and close concentration of effort until the magic tea hour, when all work is suspended and the author joins his guests in his simply furnished but luxurious drawing room and becomes an ideal host. This elaborate process of composition is most interesting to contemplate, but what would not a busy man give to get hold of that first rough draft that really tells the story, and find out what it is all about without so much guesswork — so much puzzling over sentences that never could be made to parse.— *New York Sun.*

Sainte-Beuve. — Sainte-Beuve was invariably both accurate and comprehensive; detail was so great a part of his work and method that each least allusion is apt, each passing decision as penetrating and subtle as it is impartial. From the appearance, in 1827, of his first book, to his death in 1869, Sainte-Beuve worked steadily at the task he loved. As literary Paris was yet talking of each Monday's essay, fresh that morning, its author would begin upon the one to follow it. On a Monday each was usually written, and then for three days would come revision after revision, with a paragraph dropped in one place and a sentence added in another, a word changed here and a phrase recast there, till, when the poor printer man received his copy on Friday morning, it was seldom of the sort that could be called "clean." Even then, revision had not ended. The proof was read twice at least, and every reading meant more changes. The result, however, was marked by an accuracy of statement, a finish in expression, an appositeness in each least reference or quotation, which warranted any amount of labor. Paris came to regard those feuilletons as matters of importance; the world of letters of to-day points to them as models of French prose — clear, precise, and wholly charming. — *Warwick James Price, in the Criterion.*

Weyman. — Stanley Weyman, it is said, became a professional novelist at the mature age of thirty-five, after nervousness had made his career at the bar a failure. In an idle hour, with a cigar at his club, he turned over the pages of Professor Baird's history of the Huguenots, and it suddenly occurred to him that there was a good novel in the subject. There was. It came from his pen as "The House of the Wolf," and it brought him a thousand dollars and made him a novelist. — *New York Tribune.*

Wallace.— General Lew Wallace was a laborious writer, and his copy came hard. He is said to have had a habit of writing the rough draft of his ideas on a slate, so that erasures could be made easily, then transfer-

ring the writing with a soft pencil to paper, and finally, when all was to his satisfaction, copying in ink with the precision of a clerk. Frequently he wrote but a few lines a day, and sometimes he scratched them out within the next twenty-four hours. There were laborious and painstaking writers before General Wallace, however, and some of them were great writers, too. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that a man who was unwilling to spend a whole afternoon looking for the right word for the expression of an idea was unfit for the work of literature.— *Boston Herald.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Collaboration.— Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the author of "Kate of Kate Hall," has recently recounted the writing of that story in collaboration with her husband. "My husband and I wrote it together," she said, "during the first years of our married life, each writing as nearly as possible exactly half of the book. But I defy anybody to point out where he ends and I begin, or vice versa. When once it was typed we could not ourselves always tell which of us was the author of particular passages. It was only when the blue pencil came into requisition and it was proposed to cut out certain portions that the veritable author was discovered by his or her (as the case might be) reluctance to sacrifice that particular passage. A modern instance of the judgment of Solomon!"— *Boston Transcript.*

Literary Women's Signatures.— It is interesting to notice how many modern women writers use their husbands' names as the signatures of their literary productions. Nobody ever thinks of "Mrs. Robert Browning" as a poet, but one never hears Mrs. Humphry Ward called Mary Augusta Ward. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mrs. John D. Hammond, Mrs. Alfred Ely, who formerly wrote under the name of "Helena Rutherfurd," and several others are writing over their husbands' signatures. On the other hand, Mrs. Edward Wharton uses the combination of Edith Wharton, and Mrs. George C. Riggs uses the old signature familiar and beloved to children and grown-ups — Kate Douglas Wiggin.— *New York Sun.*

Educated Dialect.— They're almost educating dialect out of literature, up north. Listen to this refrain from a northern exchange: —

"Cedars standin' in de cold,
Trim dat Christmas tree,
Maple drops a bunch of gold,
Trim dat Christmas tree.
Stars a-shinin' in de night
Make de snowflakes glisten bright,
Gwine to hab it lookin' right,
Trim dat Christmas tree."

In the above we have maples that "drop" "a bunch of gold," and snowflakes "glistening!" And a darkey to say it, too!— *Atlanta Constitution.*

Mixed Metaphors.— British oratory seems to have no distaste for mixed figures of speech. Various "bulls" of this sort have often been laid at the doors of members of parliament. Here are some modern instances of Parliamentary lapses of this sort: —

"Sir, we are told that by this legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations."

"Among the many jarring notes heard in this house on military affairs, this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis."

"The interests of the employers and employed are the same nine times out of ten — I will say, even ninety-nine times out of ten."

"Our tongues are tied, our hands are fettered, and we are really beating the air to no purpose."

"I will now repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted."

"The West Indies will now have a future which they never had in the past."

"A thorny subject which has long been a bone of contention among us."

"A slumbering volcano which at any moment a spark might set aflame."

"The honorable member would denude us of every rag of principle which we have been proclaiming from the house-tops."

"Ah! The honorable member opposite

shakes his head at that. But he can't shake mine!"

Barristers are usually credited with possessing accuracy of speech, but some expressions recently reported indicate that they are capable of a blundering use of words. A member of the bar, in his opening speech for the defence, said: —

"Gentlemen of the jury, the case for the crown is a mere skeleton, for, as I shall show you, it has neither flesh, blood, nor bones in it."

A well-known member of Parliament informed the house that an "oral agreement is not worth the paper it is written on."

But a Leeds solicitor outdid his competitors when he said, fervidly: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and take three bullocks out of my client's pockets with impunity."—*London Tit-bits.*

Authors Are Long-lived.— The publication of Dr. Weir Mitchell's new novel, so closely following the author's seventy-fifth birthday, attracts attention to the fact that our American authors have been and are to-day a long-lived class. Dr. Holmes attained the age of eighty-five. Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe died at eighty-four; Bryant at eighty-three; Emerson at seventy-eight; Irving at seventy-six; Longfellow at seventy five. Of authors still living and with one or two exceptions actively at work Julia Ward Howe will be eighty six in May; Edward Everett Hale is eighty-three; Moncure Conway is seventy-two; Mark Twain is sixty-eight, and William D. Howells will be sixty-eight this March. Holmes and Whittier both did some of their best work after seventy-five, Dr. Osler to the contrary notwithstanding.— *New York Sun.*

A Publisher's Delightful Innovation.— On the top floor of an apartment house not a thousand miles from Grammercy Park, New York, there is a group of bachelors who make their living in the byways rather than the highways of literature. The other night one of the lodgers went from room to room with two slips of paper in his hand, one being a check for fifty dollars from a publishing house in Boston, the other a brief note informing the recipient that the check was by way of an "honorarium." He wanted to know what "honorarium" meant. Nobody could tell him.

It seems he had sent a 30,000-word story to the publishing house in question, and since no one could tell him what the message meant he concluded that the fifty dollars was first payment on account. But to his surprise two days later he received the manuscript back from the Boston house, with a letter saying that, while they were unable to use it, they had sent him an "honorarium" to repay him for the time they had kept it, and for the pleasure they had in reading it!

Every man on the floor of that apartment house promptly sent all the manuscript he had on hand to Boston.— *New York Press.*

The Virtue of Exaggeration.— Few things that happen in this world are so interesting as they might be, and it is only now and again that writers of the smaller leading articles are able to say that truth is stranger than fiction. Thus it is that when in a book an asterisk arrests attention, and another at the foot of the page marks the words "A true incident!" you are taking few chances in promising yourself that it will also be a dull incident. Within certain limits, the writer of the invented romance has a free hand. He pulls the strings in his marionette show, he can bring the characters on and take them off just as he likes, and this accounts for the circumstance (puzzling to some readers) that in novels the right person so often arrives at the precisely right moment. In real life this does not always happen, because the streets are up, or the train selected proves to be one that runs on Good Friday only. The mere selection of incidents necessary in writing is in itself a species of exaggeration; written dialogue is rightly expected to be much better than spoken dialogue. If conversation in books modelled itself exactly on conversation as it really occurs, one-half of the printed pages would be made up of sentences such as:

"Wonder when we are going to have some really fine weather."

"Some sort of tabloids, I believe, but she

won't tell anybody what they are. As for being thinner than she was, that's all nonsense."

"It's better than it was, but it's still about me. I believe the only thing you can do for a cold is to let it run its course."

"I would n't mind the wet, if only one did n't get splashed so."

Life is more spacious than a book of three hundred pages, and allows a padding that is denied to the novelist. . . . There are eyes which decline to wear glasses that increase the size of the object looked at; others gaze at everything through convex spectacles. Also, there are folk of dull comprehension. To impress these the useful trick of aggravation has to be acquired, else they would remain dull throughout their lives, becoming duller with the years. The dramatist, for instance, knowing that they will be at the theatre when his play is produced (even a first-night audience is not so clever as it looks), has to arrange that nothing shall miss them, and he accordingly multiplies everything. The successful dramatist is the one who knows his ten times, as schoolboys say. Desiring to intimate that the people in his play are in the leisured set, and anxious to get this fact into the heads in question, he gives to all the persons of the drama a title, excepting only the postman and the lady's maid. He desires to say that the deserving young couple have a competence left to them by an opportune aunt, and, with the spectre of dull comprehensions before him, he has to make the sum £12,000 a year. He is so fearful that the imperfect man in the play may not be looked upon as imperfect, that he makes him capable of committing any crime, from cigarette smoking to the keeping of an illicit still. He calls this "knocking the small boy at the back of the gallery," but this is a euphemism — what he means is the dull head in the front row of stalls.

To the deaf mind it is necessary to shout, and the drawback of being in the company of the deaf mind frequently is that one gets into the habit of shouting at everybody. Wherefore, one should beware, and keep one's powers under control, abating a certain percentage the moment incredulity peeps out of the eye of the listener. "I've been to the opening of Parliament," said the young woman, "hundreds and hundreds of times. Well" — hedging — "twice, at any rate!" — *W. Pett Ridge, in the Queen.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE BUSINESS WOMAN IN FICTION. "The Point of View" *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With portrait. Richard Le Gallienne. *Delineator* (18 c.) for April.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN. James Sully. *Atlantic* (38 c) for March.

THE CLOSE OF THE VICTORIAN EPOCH. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

SCOTT'S POETRY AGAIN. Goldwin Smith. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS (THE LELAND PAPERS). Elizabeth Robins Pennell *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

SIDNEY LANIER. Milton Harlow Northrup. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

HOW A BIG NEWSPAPER IS CONDUCTED. I.— The Editorial Department. Augustus Lerrok. *Pearson's* (13 c.) for March.

GERHART HAUPTMANN: SOCIAL IDEALIST. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON. HERMIONE.— III. Charles Malloy. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. A few unpublished letters. W. Carew Hazlitt. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for March.

THE CREATIONS OF GENIUS. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for March.

HOW THE RUSSIAN CENSOR WORKS. Illustrated from facsimiles. Frederick Dolman. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S NOVELS. Lewis Melville. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. William Archer. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

OF STYLE. C. F. Keary. Reprinted from the *Independent Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

MAETERLINCK AS A REFORMER OF THE DRAMA. S. C. de Soissons. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

RELIGION IN THE NOVEL. Hall Caine. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

HENRY WATTERSON: THE LAST OF THE PERSONAL JOURNALISTS. Joseph M. Rogers. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

HENRY JAMES AS A LECTURER. Wilmer Cave France. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

LITERATURIS — A MODERN DISEASE. Albert Schinz. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

THE PERIODICALS READ IN A COUNTRY COMMUNITY. *World's Work* (28 c.) for March.

CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING. Grace Strong. *Men and Women* (13 c.) for March.

BIOGRAPHY. William Roscoe Thayer. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

CONFESSIONS OF A YELLOW JOURNALIST. *Public Opinion* (13 c. each) for February 25 (The Birth of the Modern Newspaper); March 4 (Manufacturing the News); March 11 (The Ruin of Reputations).

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. William Archer. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 4.

ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED DONNETT. W. Hall Griffin. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 18.

THE CHILD BARRIE. Max Beerbohm. Reprinted from the *Saturday Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 25.

THE POETIC QUALITY IN LIBERALISM. G. K. Chesterton. Reprinted from the *Independent Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 11.

THE RECENT SUCCESS OF WOMAN WRITERS. Robert Bridges. *Collier's* (13 c.) for February 25.

REMINGTON — THE MAN AND HIS WORK. With portrait. Charles Belmont Davis. *Collier's* (13 c.) for March 18.

FREDERIC REMINGTON — SCULPTOR. Illustrated. James Barnes. *Collier's* (13 c.) for March 18.

INTERVIEWED AND INTERVIEWER. CERTAIN CELEBRITIES AS THE REPORTER SEES THEM. Gertrude Lynch. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for March 18.

A PRINCE OF INTERVIEWERS (Boswell). Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial* (13 c.) for March 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Henry James is still in America, and he has decided not to return to England until August.

John Burroughs is making a vacation visit to Bermuda.

Miss Mary Johnston has been spending the winter in the far South, and is now at Nassau.

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has been spending the winter in southern France, where he went last autumn after he finished editing the new centenary edition of his father's works. He will probably take a journey through Greece before his return to Cambridge.

Harris Dickson, whose new novel, "The Ravenels," will soon be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has just been made a judge of the municipal court, recently created in Vicksburg.

Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has resigned the pastorate of the Sefton-park Presbyterian church in Liverpool, on account of ill-health.

E J. Dillon, an English journalist, has written a detailed life of Maxim Gorky, which McClure, Phillips, & Co., will publish.

William Aspenwall Bradley's biography of William Cullen Bryant, published by the Macmillans, besides dealing with the poet and man of letters, touches upon Bryant's varied activities in the world of affairs, and also shows the man and the well-loved citizen.

Each volume of the new Biographical Edition of Stevenson's works, announced by the Scribners, will have a preface by Mrs. Stevenson, giving an interesting and intimate account of the circumstances under which the book was written, with digressions and anecdotes that make these papers a new light on Stevenson's life.

The Lippincotts are to publish a French Men of Letters Series, of which the first volume, "Montaigne," by Professor Edward Dowden, is to be issued immediately.

Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, Denmark, April 2, 1805, and the Danish people are preparing to celebrate his centenary with much pomp and ceremony. A tablet already marks the home of his childhood.

Persons having material — especially unpublished manuscripts or letters — likely to be of service in the preparation of a biography of the late Edward Rowland Sill, are requested to communicate with W. B. Parker, 30 Stoughton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The editor of the *New York Times Book Review* is compiling a list of the literary societies, associations, and clubs in the United States, and desires the name and address of the secretary of every such association, with the name of the society thus represented.

The International Peace Bureau, of Berne, Switzerland, announces a prize of 1,000 francs for the best written article on "The Origin, Theory, and Extent of the Peace Idea." The article may be written in German, French, or English, and must be delivered to the bureau before January 1, 1906.

Prizes of $100, $75, and $50 are offered by Hon. John M. Barrett to students of American universities for essays on the subject, "The Relations of the United States with the Latin-American Republics." The essays must be in the hands of the committee of judges, consisting of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, President John H. Finley of the College of the City of New York, and Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*, by May 1, 1905

A prize of $100 is offered by I. N. Fleischner, chairman of the press and publicity committee of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, for the best ballad written on the subject of the "Trail." The subject may be treated either in its historical aspect, as relating to the old Lewis and Clark trail, which the hardy explorers followed on their trip to the Pacific, or the "Trail" of 1905 — the Midway of the Portland exposition. The contest will close May 1.

Rabbi J. Leonard Levy, president of the Pittsburg Peace Society, offers a prize of $1,000 for the best novel on "Universal Peace."

The Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoological Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women again offers a prize of $1,000 for the best thesis written by a woman, on a scientific subject, embodying new observations and new conclusions based on an independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science. The theses offered in competition must be in the hands of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, before December 31, 1906. Each thesis must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inclosing the author's name and address, and superscribed with a title corresponding to the one borne by the manuscript.

The McClure Syndicate is going to publish a weekly magazine, to be called the *American Home*.

The *Review of Reviews* announces its purpose to issue May 1 the first edition of the *Country Calendar*, a monthly magazine very much on the order of *Country Life in America*.

Ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, has determined to establish a Southern magazine to be published at Nashville, and to that end he will shortly move his residence to that city. The new magazine will make its appearance some time in the spring, and will have sufficient financial backing to test fairly the possibility of a purely representative Southern publication.

Gunter's Magazine is a new monthly publication issued by the Home Publishing Company, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

The *Pandex of the Press* is a new magazine, published by the Calkins Newspaper Syndicate, of San Francisco, and edited by Arthur I. Street. The plan of the publication is to do for the daily newspapers what the *Review of Reviews* does for the monthly periodicals.

To-morrow is the title of a new magazine published at 1926 Indiana avenue, Chicago. It is edited by Oscar L. Triggs, and treats of social, industrial, and intellectual progress.

Miss Katherine E. Conway has succeeded James Jeffrey Roche as editor of the *Boston Pilot*. Mr. Roche has taken up his duties as United States Consul at Genoa. The *Pilot* has been bought by Patrick M. Donahoe, a son of its founder.

The *Week's Progress*, formerly the *Great Round World*, has definitely assumed the title of the *Search Light*.

The *London Academy*, which in 1901 absorbed *Literature*, has been bought by Sir George Newnes, publisher of the *Strand Magazine*, *Tidbits*, and other periodicals.

The London *Literary World*, which has been published as a weekly for thirty-five years, is now published as a monthly illustrated review of general literature.

Murray S. Schloss and Mrs. Warren Springer have bought *Wayside Tales* of Chicago. Miss Gertrude Murdock will continue to edit the magazine.

The disappearance of the *Literary World*, which has been swallowed by the *Critic*, and of the *Lamp*, which has become a book circular, now called the *Book Buyer*, are serious literary losses.

Puck has been sold to Samuel J. Murray, of Cincinnati, who has been a stockholder for some time and who is now the sole owner. The change will make no difference in the paper's management. It will continue to be printed and published in New York.

Frank Foxcroft, who has been editing the *Living Age* since 1896, has bought the property, and the Living Age Company has been incorporated under Massachusetts laws to publish the magazine, with editorial and business office at No. 6 Beacon street, Boston.

The *Collector and Art Critic*, "a journal devoted to the arts and crafts, bibliography, etc.," after four years' suspension, has been started again, under the editorship of David C. Preyer, 489 Fifth avenue, New York. It will be issued semi-monthly.

William Abbatt, the publisher who has undertaken to re-establish the *Magazine of American History*, has already secured a long list of well-known writers on American history as contributors. Among them are former Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, Reuben Gold Thwaites, Warren Upham, Dr. S. A. Green, W. G. Stanard, and William L. Stone.

The *New England Magazine* wishes to correct the apparent misapprehension that only stories of New England rural life are desired for its pages. It wants good stories of every variety — and the scene may be laid in China, Africa, or the antipodes.

W. D. Moffat, lately business manager of *Scribner's Magazine*, and Robert S. Yard, formerly editor of the *Lamp*, have formed a new publishing firm in New York, under the name of Moffat, Yard & Company. They have also acquired an interest in *Town and Country*.

The *Publisher's Weekly* (New York) for March 11 prints in full the new amendment to the copyright law relating to translations.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Company have just issued a fifth edition of Oscar Fay Adams's "Dictionary of American Authors." It is revised to 1905 and contains the names of nearly 10,000 persons recognized as contributors to American literature — 1,320 more than the fourth edition.

The Macmillan Company announces the publication of "How to Write: a Handbook Based on the English Bible," by Charles Sears Baldwin, assistant professor of rhetoric at Yale University.

The Macmillan Company issues a little pamphlet called "Notes for the Guidance of Authors," which is intended primarily for writers publishing, or intending to publish with them, but which will be useful for other novitiates as well. It contains good advice about the preparation of manuscripts, correcting of proof, etc.; and the preface gives a brief history of the firm.

Andrew Lang says that the worst of knowing history is that it spoils you for historical novels, as when you are aware, for example, that the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" could not be affianced to Beatrix, because the duke was a married man at the moment.

An item in an English autograph letter sale is an epistle from Browning referring to a man who wishes to publish a volume of verse. The poet's comment is: "It sounds strange and almost sad to me that I should be imagined of authority in this kind, I who for years could not get a line printed except at my own expense, and I began half a century ago or more."

The *Burr-McIntosh Monthly* (New York), the most attractive picture magazine published, offers each month seven prizes for the best out-door photographs made by amateurs. If photographs not prize-winners are used by the editor they will be paid for at regular rates.

Five concerns affiliated with the Tabard Inn Library and allied to the general system known as the Booklovers Library, with headquarters in Philadelphia, are insolvent, and have been put into the hands of receivers. They include the Tabard Inn Press, the Philadelphia Bookstore Company and the Tabard Inn shops and studios.

William Cowper Prime, LL. D., died in New York February 13, aged seventy-nine.

General Lew Wallace died at Crawfordsville, Ind., February 15, aged seventy-eight.

Guy Newell Boothby died in London February 27, aged thirty-seven.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF READERS.

Most of us have listened to the fervid eloquence of the Fourth of July orator, the political haranguer, even the itinerant sidewalk "barker" of patent medicine, when some chance word or phrase electrified our attention and changed us from amused spectators to careful listeners, hungry for something more of the same sort. And in our roamings through woods and fields, along the shore, our jostlings with a hurrying crowd, it is more often an apparently slight thing in itself, an odd note or suggestion in nature or humanity instead of a whole page, that draws us irresistibly from our indifference into eager investigation.

In this age of much printing the reader need not seek for matter and then feel obliged to devour whatever is found. It comes to him in bewildering profusion, and his careless eye has only to glance over it for surface indications of his particular kind of gold. There are rich mines of it hidden within the proffered pages, often with scarcely any surface indications at all, and these he is very likely to pass over for something that appeals instantly to his gaze.

And it is natural and right that it should be so; we all do it. The stage-coach days have shortened to the hours of the railroad and automobile, the three-volume novel to a short story, the chapter to a page, the page to a paragraph, and the paragraph to a sentence. And the writer who knows his business epitomizes his novel into perhaps a single word upon the cover, and then plunges the reader into the midst of action by the summary grasp of the first line.

Many and many a story have I read with absorbed interest from a chance and indifferent glance at a title or single line, which I would have passed but for that suggestive title or line which captured me almost without volition on my part. I once heard a writer say that with the title a novel was half written, and that half of the other half was an irresistible first paragraph and a regretful leave-taking at the last. And certainly if the first paragraph can be so charged with interest as to catch an indifferent reader and carry him hungrily through the book, and then leave him with a longing for more of the story or for another book of the same sort, that author has no cause to fear his or her future.

But there are good books, many of them, often better than those whose attractive titles force us into becoming purchasers, whose exteriors are barren and uninviting. If their authors are of established reputation, with names that

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are a guarantee of quality, well and good, we will take them on faith for what has gone before; but if the writers are new, we must through very repletion decline. If they are strong enough, they may win through in spite of the handicap title; if not, it is likely to close against them even the partial success they might have won. On every bookstore counter we can pick up dozens of books whose titles are hastening them on to success, and dozens of others whose titles — or lack of them — are causing the books to be moved farther and farther back upon the shelves and under more and more accumulation of dust.

A man, even while winning success professionally or in business, can hasten acceptance into the best society by careful attention to outside appearance. A book or story comes as an absolute stranger except for the name of the writer, unknown as his book perhaps. Can it expect much of a welcome without an attractive exterior? *Frank H. Sweet.*

WAYNESBORO, Va.

THE MINOR TRIALS OF A LITERARY LIFE.

Passing over that greatest of all trials, the rejection of manuscript by an unfeeling and undiscriminating editor, there are still any number of lesser annoyances that taken in the aggregate do almost impel the writer to forswear his vocation. Strangely enough these come in greatest abundance to that one who has achieved what is called success, and, what is perhaps the heaviest blow of all, they frequently come from the hands of friends and admirers.

You who would anticipate an unhappy knowledge will find that those miscreants, the compositor and the proofreader, can do more than any others toward lessening your enjoyment of life and your respect for your own work. If you write of a "pallid lily," as any one may do, it will probably appear as a "potted lily." This misprint has an added sting because of a certain reasonableness about it. A "blooming rose" may appear as a "blooming nose," and worse than these may happen.

Thus will you often see the wings of your fancy clipped, your wisdom turned to foolishness by the cruel ingenuity of the types; until you are ready to wish that some retributive fate would send the guilty one to that hill of his "which he spells with an 'e.'"

The squibs and quips of the so-called funny man so often directed against the writer — *usually the writer* of verse — will be found something of a cross. You know that no editor ever asks a would-be contributor his rates for poetry by the yard or the pound, or calls for the office boy to throw him or her out of the office window. We all know that editors are courteous, gracious, and long-suffering beings, and that they do sometimes smile on the spring poet. Even though you have a fine sense of wit and humor and a wise lack of sensitiveness you will find it difficult to see anything very funny in such as this: —

From an Author's Note-book.

Sold one poem and had five returned. Made almost enough to pay the butcher. Sold a short story and came within an ace of making enough to pay ten dollars on the grocery bill. Wrote an obituary on an ancient citizen and had Maria's shoes mended with the proceeds. Must try and write enough to-night to buy a gallon of kerosene oil.

Or this: —

"Why do I live!" the poet cried,
And the editor made reply:
"You sent your poem through the mail,
And that's the reason why."

Or again this: —

It is said that a poet recently contracted a severe case of blood-poisoning by handling an old one-hundred-dollar bill, but the mere fact that a poet and a hundred-dollar bill are mixed up in the affair brands the statement as a malicious falsehood.

I strongly advise you to learn to laugh at these. You may, in time, come to think them funny.

Social life will have its pitfalls for you. In almost any social gathering some unwise friend in making introductions will say: "Miss

L———, but of course you are familiar with her name, through her writings." Then will the introduced man or woman make an effort to look intelligent and succeed in looking foolish and unhappy, and you, feeling much more so, will wish that your well-meaning friend had been less desirous of doing you honor and will pity the man or woman who feels compelled to stammer out: "Ah, yes, certainly," when the victim has never heard of you before but dares not say so. Under the impression that the divine afflatus is always with you, mistaken friends will on occasions, fit and otherwise, ask for just a few verses, or a tiny poem suited to the moment. Obituary verse may even be requested of you. Readings and recitations will be solicited. You love to write, but hate reading or reciting; but you have only the choice between being considered stupid or ungracious.

A greater trial than this is the misapprehension in some minds as to the import and purpose of some verse or story. It was my hapless fate to write one day a poem in which occurred these words: "But I was blind in those dear days." It was my more hapless fate to hear from the lips of a woman of supposed intelligence this question: "Miss Blank, did you ever lose your eyesight?" Again, having in a bit of society verse — supposedly humorous — used the name, "Mrs. Major Thwing," I received one day not long afterward a request for the address of the Mrs. Thwing mentioned in my poem. Even the worm will turn, and a prompt answer was sent to the enquirer saying that the lady mentioned in the poem owed her existence to the exigencies of verse-making and that in compiling his history of the Thwing family in America (which was given as the reason for the question), the genealogist was not to trust to the poets; they were the world's authorized liars.

Scarcely less pleasant is it to have a newly-made acquaintance say: "Yes, indeed, I remember reading your article on 'advertising oddities'; I really never laughed so much in my life; I always think of that when I see your name."

You will feel a strong impulse to strike the speaker; you will also feel an utter humiliation of spirit, as well as a strong sense of injustice. Of all the beautiful, tender sentiment, of all the high, noble, and uplifting thoughts in essay, story, and poem to which you have given expression this little nonsensical bit is the one thing this person best remembers. To her you are just the author of "Advertising Oddities." Since then I've never dared be "as funny as I can."

More exasperating than this and rousing rebellious emotions of another kind is that undiscriminating person who always speaks thus: "I did so admire that little poem of yours in the last issue of *Sea and Shore.* I do just love your little poems, anyway."

You know that your poems are not epics, but they are not little. She who speaks thus has measured them by the space they filled on the page of the paper or magazine. Little, indeed! when they were born of lofty aspiration, vivid imaginings, fervid passion; when you waited hours, perhaps, for the word that should be a fit setting for your thought. Or when maybe with a swift impulse of the divine madness you wrote almost as one who knew it not until the poem, perfect in its beauty, self-created, made you wonderingly glad!

If you write an especially good story wherein the descriptions are graphic, the people seem real people, and the plot is not impossible, you need not be surprised to receive from one to half-a-dozen letters accusing you of a wanton disregard of the sacredness of friendship and possibly threatening a libel suit.

Again, and this may seem a very small trial indeed, there is the ignorance on the part of the average person as to metrical composition in its various forms and titles. People's confusion as to these matters seems unforgivable, and you will feel like remanding them to the schoolroom when they call your sonnet a ballade and vice versa. I wrote a ballade the other day, and I read it to my dearest friend. She said: "That is good, very good, but it ought to be longer. There ought to be more of it." With forced calmness, and overlooking the implied compliment, I explained to her the limitations of the ballade.

Another harrowing experience is that of being introduced as the Indiana or the Ohio authoress. In the first place, you object to the word authoress or poetess; more than that, you feel injured at being credited to any one state or section. You will wish to believe that you belong to the world, or at least to your own fair land.

Then there is your name. It, too, will be subject to the carelessness of the printer and the editor. If there is anything in the least degree peculiar about it, you will be made to suffer for that peculiarity. I have myself had much difficulty in persuading these overwise ones that I know how to spell my own name.

The disrespect in which friends and acquaintances hold your domestic capabilities and acquirements is something that rankles. Though you excel in making pies and dote on washing dishes, and though your darning-basket has a good record, still will friends and strangers smile their incredulity in your face. Your most notable experiences with bread-board and stew-pan are as nothing in their eyes. You will frequently find the unenlightened individual incapable of understanding that writing as a profession is anything more than a pleasant diversion, and you will observe a lifting of eyebrows when you refer to the duties of your desk as "work."

After your feet are fairly set toward the shining heights, the multitudinous young poet or story-writer will write to you asking how you managed it; he will ask at what hour you do your best work, whether you use a stub pen or a fountain pen, and if you approve of a vegetarian diet. And worse than this will these ambitious persons do; they will send you their stories and their poems, asking for your honest opinion and your criticism, promising to accept the same in the spirit of meekness. If you are kind-hearted and very unwise, forthwith you do what is asked of you, and reap the consequences in a storm of reproaches and hints of a jealous desire to nip genius in the bud. If you maintain silence, not so does the aspiring enquirer.

There is another thing, and that is postage stamps — not those with which the precious manuscript is sent upon its way, but those other ones that are enclosed for its possible return, and yet are sent in the hope that they will not be used. In case the editor accepts your offering with gratitude, as he doubtless does, will he return those stamps to you in his letter of acceptance? Nay, my dear enquirer, you will never see them again. On the contrary, in the proportion that you are successful will you sigh for a private stamp factory.

These are among the minor trials of the literary life. Circumstances and conditions will reveal others. But they are only the little gnats and mosquitoes, the little burrs along the journey concerning which you are exhorted to put a cheerful courage on and go singing on your way.

CHICAGO, Ill. *Carlotta Perry.*

DON'T RUSH INTO PRINT.

Having "something to say" does not point the way to the literary field — it is too elementary. If it is of value, millions of men think it but are unable to put it in a way that will help others. "Style" is the necessity — and the term needs to be defined. It is not the mere technique of writing — although that is needed. A man may be able to "appreciate" the most subtle defects in Addison and himself improve occasional sentences and still not have a style. Style is the result of such study *plus a personal philosophy* — the settling by thorough thought of one's attitude toward the world. When one has settled first his opinions of immortality, his sentiments toward women, his estimate of contradictory fellow men, he is beginning to have a personal philosophy. Whenever his head has its own final answer to whatever his heart can ask him, his nature is becoming sufficiently settled to

hope for a "style" that is worth while. Even though a man is going to write humor or the lightest verse of any real merit, he needs first such development. It must be had by less reading and more thought. In the great writers, even when they choose a trifling theme, there is the undertone, saying that they could have written "deeply" had they chose. It is their personal philosophy, not obtruding upon others, but guiding their own doings. It is this that gives the third substance to technique, which is like the flower of old wine, and which the professors cannot analyze. But it can be attained by self-honesty.

In my drawer are some letters written to me by a great orator — a man who in the technique of word and sentence for his special art must be ranked among the greatest the country has known. With regard to some of my old experimental manuscript he says it has "the touch of nature"; another manuscript has parts that are "sublime." In my acquaintance with him I found that he placed a low estimate on certain standard authors and he had an especially poor opinion of Addison. This contradiction of the world's estimate, from one who was such a master of expression, struck me as being worthy of study. When I came to an appreciation of Addison's merit, and the reasons therefor, I saw something deeper. In the orator's work I could see wherein he was great and wherein he had allowed himself to cater to the bias of his audience. Style is a matter of general rather than particular insight.

As to that which was "sublime" in my work I have outgrown it, so that I would not care to see it in print, which instance of self-study I offer as a comment on the old advice not to "rush into print."

Charles D. Stewart.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PREPARATION FOR WRITING.

Many writers fail to appreciate the necessity of proper preparation for writing, not only by means of education and experience, but by deep consideration of the topic before sitting down to write. Such writers might take a useful lesson from the late Bartley Campbell, whose habit was practically to complete his plays before writing down a word.

"I write a play in my head," he said. "That is, I work out the plot, select the characters to develop it, arrange the acts, the scenes and situations, and construct the greater part of the dialogue before I put pen to paper. I was four months thinking out 'Fairfax' before I wrote a word of it. Then, of course, it was comparatively quick work to reduce the play to manuscript."

Painstaking as Mr. Campbell was, however, in his preparatory mental work, his labor by no means stopped there. "When I have a piece written out," he said, "there is still infinite labor in condensing, so as to make each sentence, each word, tell. I always think of the effect of each expression upon an audience and weigh it carefully. I take my characters from real life, and I try to make them speak and act as persons in real life would, under similar circumstances.

"When I find difficulty in completing the sentence to suit me, I stop work and wait until the idea comes to me clearly; I never hurry by and leave it for correction at some later time. Yet, with all this care and preparation, every dramatic author will tell you that there is almost always a necessity for excisions and alterations after a play is produced. I never wrote but one piece that I did not change more or less after seeing it performed; that was 'The Virginian.'"

Transcendent genius, of course, is bound by no laws, but as a rule no good writing is done without much preliminary thought and patient, thoughtful, faithful, careful work.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Edward L. Curtis.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

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P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVII. MAY, 1905. NO. 7.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The publication in the April WRITER of a sketch of B. M. Bower, author of "Chip, of the Flying U." and other stories published in *Ainslee's Magazine* and *Lippincott's*, has led to the publication in the *Daily Republican*, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, of a news item under the heading: "And This in Boston! — Ludicrous Error in a Literary Periodical, Relating to the Work of Miss Laura D. Mills of This City, Who Writes Under the Pen Name of B. M. Bower." The article begins: —

> In classic Boston, once the home of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and now distinguished for baked beans, blue stockings, Faneuil Hall, "literary culchah," the *Atlantic Monthly* and brown bread, there is published a magazine of literary misinformation known as the *Writer*. From its amusing pages this gem is clipped."

The paragraph from the April WRITER is then quoted, and the article goes on to say: —

> B. M. Bower is the pen name of Miss Laura D. Mills, born and educated in this city, little more than twenty years old. Her first story was "Chip, of the Flying U." and since then she has written many readable stories which have been published in various magazines. Miss Mills is still a resident of this city, living with her grandmother, and the *Writer* ought to send a representative to Cedar Rapids and find out what an estimable young woman and charming writer she really is.

* * *

In reply THE WRITER has to say that the editor of *Lippincott's* forwarded a letter addressed to the author of "The Ghost in the Red Shirt," published in his magazine last July, to B. M. Bower of Puyallup, Washington, from whom the information for the paragraph in the April WRITER was received direct. The editor of *Ainslee's Magazine*, notified of the claim made in behalf of Miss Mills, writes that there is no possible question that B. M. Bower of Puyallup is the author of "Chip, of the Flying U.," "When the Storm Doctor Blundered," and other stories that have appeared in *Ainslee's* and the *Popular Magazine* — both of which magazines are issued by the same publishing house. He says: "The statement in THE WRITER is entirely correct. We have never heard of Miss Laura D. Mills of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and never received any manuscripts from her. We have had many manuscripts and letters from B. M. Bower of Puyallup. You cannot state too strongly that Miss Mills is entitled to no credit at all for the authorship of the stories referred to."

A letter from the editor of THE WRITER to Miss Mills asking her for a list of her "many readable stories which have been published in various magazines" has not been answered. The letter from the editor of *Ainslee's* makes it obvious, however, that if Miss Mills has

made the claims set forth in the Cedar Rapids paper, she is a literary impostor, trying to get the credit for another person's work.

* * *

An important ruling by the post-office department will stop the schemes of publishers who offer prizes for the best essay, or short story, or other literary production; the best name for a new magazine; or the best suggestion regarding the improvement of any publication, requiring as a condition in each case that either a subscription for the publication, or a coupon cut from it shall be sent with whatever may be offered for the prize. This, of course, will not interfere in any way with the offering of prizes for manuscripts or for suggestions, provided there is no condition of a money payment or other consideration of any kind, so that all persons who desire to enter the competition may do so freely. The department says: "Offers of prizes for the best name for a publication or corporation, when coupled with the requirement that every name suggested be accompanied by a stated sum in payment of subscription, or for a share or shares in the corporation, are held to be lotteries. The evident purpose of such a plan is not to obtain a suitable name, but subscriptions for the publication or for shares of stock. If it were desired in good faith to obtain a suitable name through the medium of a competition for prizes, no payment of money or other valuable consideration would be required for the privilege of competing." The same reasoning applies to prize offers for manuscripts when each competitor is required to send a subscription fee together with the manuscript he offers. In such cases, as a rule, the competitors contribute the money which is paid to the prize winners, and more which goes to the publisher, and the disappointed ones get in return only a magazine, which may or may not be worth to them the subscription price. On the whole the new ruling of the post-office department will be a good thing for writers. It will not interfere with legitimate prize offers made by publishers who for the sake of the advertisement or to get better reading matter offer prizes, without conditions, for the best manuscripts submitted in competition. It will interfere only with publishers who make prize offers chiefly to increase their subscription lists, counting on the receipt of thousands of manuscripts — each with a subscription fee — from people who have no qualification for literary work except ambition, and figuring that they will thus have enough to pay the offered prizes and a good profit for themselves. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Postmasters have been requested to report all cases where stamps may be illegally removed from letters to the postoffice inspectors. — *Boston Globe.*	Postmasters have been requested to report to the post-office inspectors all cases where stamps may be illegally removed from letters.
The Missouri Pacific is repainting their depot at Salina. — *Topeka State Journal.*	The Missouri Pacific is repainting its depot at Salina.
A man may love the strongest, but women love the longest.— *Dorothy Dix, in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*	Man's love may be the stronger, but woman loves the longer.
After long weeks of pain and years of stress, the soul of William Austin went out from its earthly habitation to-day from the hazy scapes of earth to clearer sweeps of space: his soul, unfleshed and freed, passed into the light beyond.—*Empire (Kansas) Gazette.*	After a long illness William Austin died to-day.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Colonel Higginson says in the March *Atlantic*: "De Vere's published recollections, although somewhat too diffuse, ... is yet full," etc. Is this use of "is" with "recollections" correct? R. P. S.

[Colonel Higginson is speaking of a book, the "Recollections" of Aubrey De Vere. Technically, therefore, the use of the singular predicate is justified, although it would be better if "Recollections," the subject, were "quoted and capped," as printers say. It would have been better still if the sentence had been recast so as to avoid the apparent use of a singular verb with a plural subject. It is often easier to go around a difficulty than it is to climb over it.

Some purists declare that a singular verb should always be used with a collective noun,

defending their position by quoting triumphantly from the Bible: "The wages of sin is death." If they did not overlook the fact that the English of the Bible is not always perfect they would hardly try to force on a suffering public such discordant phrases as "His wages is fifteen dollars a week," "His whereabouts is unknown," or "Great pains is taken." Is it right, then, to say: "His wages are fifteen dollars a week," "His whereabouts are unknown," "Great pains are taken?" Technically, no. The better way is to slip gently around the obstacle, and say, for instance: "His pay is fifteen dollars a week," "It is not known where he is," "They take great pains." Then nobody's feelings are hurt [is hurt?] and there is no room at all for argument.—W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Jessie Ackerman, author of the interesting article about the Ainus in the *Pilgrim* for April, is an American woman now living in London, where she is the foreign representative of the Indianapolis woman's magazine, *Madame*. Miss Ackerman has made five tours around the world, her journeys covering a period of fifteen years, during which time she has traveled 350,000 miles, slept in 2,700 beds, and visited fifty-two countries. Her purpose in making these journeys was to study the great problems of humanity and all phases of human life, and in many of the countries she lived with the natives, wearing their costumes, and trying to be one of them as far as possible. The results of these experiences have been published in the *Woman's Home Companion*, for which paper she went to Iceland to write up the people. The *Housekeeper*, the *Christian Herald*, and the *Southern Workman* have also printed accounts of her journeyings into far countries. As she was interested in every phase of life, she made a thorough study of rural people, and the result of these studies was published in *Farm and Fireside*, as well as in many religious papers and periodicals. The *Sunday Strand* and the *Wide World Magazine*, of London, are now publishing articles by her. To visit the Ainus Miss Ackerman departed far from the line of travel. She was a guest of the king of the tribe, and had every opportunity to study those interesting people. Her Iceland experiences were set forth in a book entitled "Eight Hundred Miles on Horseback in Iceland."

"S. Carleton," author of the story, "The Woman of the Crows," in the *Metropolitan* for April, is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton Jones, secretary to the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. She lives in Halifax and has come to the front as a writer of short stories of the woods and nature. It has been her custom to spend considerable time each year in the woods and on the lakes and rivers of the wildest part of Nova Scotia. For eighteen years, under another name, she has been writing serials for English papers. In the winter of 1901 she wrote two short stories, "purely to please myself," she says, and of these one, "The Lame Priest," was bought by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the other by *Harper's Magazine*. The setting of "The Lame Priest," and the Indian in it are from life. Since then Mrs. Jones has had other stories in the American magazines, including "The Sword of the Axe," in the *Atlantic*, and "The Out Trail," in *Ainslee's* last July. Last summer Henry Holt & Company published her book, "The Micmac," the romance of a Nova Scotia swamp.

Richard Washburn Child, whose story, "Speedaway," appeared in *McClure's* for April, is a young man of twenty-three, who graduated from Harvard in the class of 1903, and who is now studying in the Harvard law school. While at college he was president of the *Harvard Advocate*, and an editor of the *Harvard Lampoon*. He began writing for the magazines about a year ago, and "Speedaway" is the first published of six stories which *McClure's Magazine* has accepted. Mr. Child has also had stories accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Youth's Companion*, and *St. Nicholas*. His record so far is two stories accepted to every one rejected. He says that he writes stories

to please himself as well as the editor, and that so far the editor has apparently been better pleased than he.

Ellen Douglas Deland, whose pantomime, "Timothy Trott and His Pretty Matilda," is printed in *Youth* for April, is a well-known story-writer for girls, and her first book, "Oakleigh," published by Harper & Brothers nine or ten years ago, is still selling edition after edition. Harper & Brothers have also published "Josephine," "Alan Ransford," and "In the Old Herrick House," written by her, while the W. A. Wilde Company, of Boston, has published "Malvern," "A Successful Venture," "Katrina," and "Three Girls of Hazelmere." The *Delineator* for last October published a short story by Miss Deland, "The Mother of Emmeline," and she has also had stories in *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In 1903 she won the fourth prize in the short-story contest of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, with a story entitled "Between the Oysters and the Coffee." Miss Deland is a Philadelphian, but she spends much of her time in Boston.

George Edwin Hunt, the author of the humorous short story, "How Bully Won the Race," in *Ainslee's* for April, was born and brought up in Indianapolis. He studied civil engineering at Asbury College, now De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana, and at Michigan University. On leaving school he spent four years in Florida building railroads. As most of that time was devoted to location work, the young engineer occasionally spent a night under a roof, but more often spread his blankets on the ground in a tent or under the sheltering branches of a forest tree. Tiring of the rough life, he returned to Indianapolis, and in 1890 graduated from the Indiana Dental College, and two years later from the Medical College of Indiana. Since 1897, Dr. Hunt has been Dean of the Indiana Dental College. He has been a frequent contributor to professional magazines, edited the *Indiana Dental Journal* for three years, and is at present editor of *Desmos*, a magazine devoted to the interests of Delta Sigma Delta, a dental fraternity. "How Bully Won the Race" was his first short story, and was written purely from a desire to see whether he could interest a publisher and a public. The *Popular Magazine* for April printed a story of his, entitled "The Capitulation of Captain Gethro," and has accepted another story for early publication. *Leslie's Magazine* has also accepted one of his stories. Dr. Hunt's stories so far have all been humorous.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, who wrote "A Mother in Egypt," in the April *Century*, was born in England, but has lived in Canada since childhood. She began writing when she was five years old, and by the time she was sixteen her contributions were being printed in the Toronto papers, where she won many prizes for stories and poems. During the last four or five years her work has appeared in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, the *Toronto Globe*, the weekly publications of the Presbyterian church, and the *Educational Monthly* of Canada. In 1903 she was one of the prize-winners in the poem competition held in connection with the Toronto Home-Comers' Festival. Last June *Short Stories* published her story, "In Paths Unknown," which won the second prize in its short-story competition. This was the first of Miss Pickthall's writings to appear in the United States.

C. Bryson Taylor, whose story, "The Proof of Man," was printed in the *Cosmopolitan* for April, is a Washingtonian, and has been engaged in magazine and journalistic work for the past eight years. Her first story appeared in the *Overland Monthly* in 1898, but she says that *Everybody's Magazine* gave her practically her first start by running her serial, "The Wooing of Ah-te." *Everybody's* has also printed many of her short stories, articles, and sketches. Her first book, "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness," was published by Henry Holt & Co., and she has now a second book nearly completed, which will be much longer than her first, and wholly different in style and treatment. In response to many inquiries, Miss Taylor wishes to say that the quotation from which the title, "The

Proof of Man," is drawn is taken from Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac": "The proof of gold is fire; the proof of a woman, gold; the proof of a man, a woman."

Herbert Quick, whose story, "The Occultation of Florian Amidon," is now running in the *Cosmopolitan*, is an ex-Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa. He is a lawyer and manager of some telephone corporations. He was born in Iowa in 1861, at a time when conditions there were unfavorable to the development of the artistic life. There was no such thing as a library available, and the scattered settlers were absorbed in subduing the soil. As the boy grew up, he saw the prairies on which he was born fill up with people, and a state as conservative and solid as New England formed. In all this development he had a part, teaching in the state's schools and practicing her system of jurisprudence. He mingled with politicians, held public office, and had some reputation as a publicist before he had published anything. But, as he says, although there had never been in his ancestry any literary or artistic manifestations, and although he himself would never have dared to mention the matter to any one, he always regarded himself as an embryo artist or writer, and the very gophers that he snared and the prairie storms that he weathered as a plowboy he looked upon as so much literary material. His first publication, which the F. A. Stokes Company published in 1901, was a book of fairy tales called "In the Fairyland of America." It is the first of a projected series, which was to make the Indian fairy, the Pukwudjie, the familiar sprite of American children. This year Henry Holt & Company published his second book, "Aladdin & Co.," which is a novel of middle-western life, being a broad study of the real estate boom in Iowa and of the resulting commercial crisis. No other book has been written covering the same field, although many writers have used the "boom" as material. In this book, the "boom" is the story. The Bobbs-Merrill Company will bring out "The Occultation of Florian Amidon" in book form after its publication in the *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Quick has written many poems, some of which have appeared in the *Century* and other magazines. He has many poems and short stories awaiting publication in the magazines, and says he has enough more in mind and pretty well elaborated to keep him busy for several years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Haggard. — "A new novel of mine is soon to appear," said Mr. Rider Haggard, "and I am working on a sequel to 'She.'"

Replying to a question as to how he began writing fiction, the man who has written twenty-four novels, of which millions of copies have been sold, in twenty years, vouchsafed: "I had, during a residence of some years in South Africa, written a sort of a political history, when one day in London, while discussing the merits and demerits of a current novel, an acquaintance badgered me about not being able myself to write as readable a novel as the one we were discussing. Well, to make a long story short, I set to work and wrote 'Dawn,' which, much to my surprise, enjoyed a considerable sale. Of course, at that time, South and Central Africa was a land of unexplored mysteries and as such appealed to me as a background and scene for fiction writing. With my knowledge of the country, acquired in years of residence there, it was easy and natural enough for me to weave my — my yarns about it."

"Was, or is, there any foundation in fact for your Central African romances?"

"Some — some," he replied. "But much less was known of Africa then than now. Nevertheless, a great many of my imaginative ventures and deductions have been verified to the letter." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Verne. — Jules Verne had been for more than forty years under an ironclad contract with the publisher, Hetzel. Between 1853 and 1863 he wrote plays and librettos for light operas that had moderate success. Then in Hetzel's *Magazine of Education and Recreation* he ran his "Five Weeks in a Balloon." It was a great and immediate success. In it Jules Verne is now recognized to have created a new genre, the "scientific and geographical

romance," and Hetzel, the publisher, realized it. He proposed to Verne a contract — some say for fifty years! In any case, Verne accepted it, and as a result he had been bound by it ever since. This year the house of Hetzel publishes its annual "two books by Jules Verne" — "The Master of the World" and "A Drama in Livonia."

Each year since 1864 the house of Hetzel has published "two books by Jules Verne," never more, never less. In the publishing circles of Paris they say that they know the salary stipulated by the famous contract — it was 20,000 francs, $4,000 per year. He had never drawn a dollar of royalty. The immense success of certain works furnished him no basis for financial calculation. He has had his $4,000 per year as his right. It is said that the lucky publisher has been generous with him, nevertheless. He has made Jules Verne many valuable presents — among them a yacht. But this does not alter the fact that he has held Jules Verne to the old contract, and held him to the day of his death. — *Boston Transcript.*

Certain writers seemed inclined to lavish pity on the late Jules Verne, because his publisher held him to a fifty-year contract to furnish two books annually in exchange for a salary of $4,000, receiving no royalty, but there are two sides to the question. A salary of $4,000 is equal to the royalty on two editions of over 13,000 copies, and, although many of this author's books attained to a much larger circulation, many were comparatively unsuccessful. Had he been left to himself, free to go about among the publishers, and to make arrangements for each book as he wrote it, his average profits would probably have been less than the despised salary, for he would have been less advertised by his publisher of the moment, and his earlier books, unadvertised, would have been forgotten. Very few authors have the good sense of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and remain faithful to their first publisher. — *Boston Pilot.*

To a correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* who called on Jules Verne at Amiens in January, the writer gave some interesting information about his literary work. The correspondent says: —

"He showed us where he worked. It was a small plain bedroom, furnished with a couch, a great easy chair, and an electric reading lamp. One picture, a Corot, hung above the couch. I had already seen his spacious library, lined from ceiling to floor with volumes.

"'I work best in this little bare room,' said Jules Verne. 'I write from five A. M. until noon, when I take lunch and my day's work is finished. I must admit that I do a lot of my work with the proof in hand — thanks to the kindness of my publisher, who gives me unlimited revises. As I get up early, I go to bed early. I am asleep at nine P. M.'

"'Do you always know how your stories are going to turn out?' I asked.

"'Always,' he answered. 'I begin with a rough draft, which states what the story is to be — its beginning, middle, and end. As I usually have two or three stories under way at the same time, I can switch from one to another when I get tired. It is a valuable plan for any writer who would produce his maximum. Sometimes I am two years ahead of my contract. It is a good thing — for during the past three months I have been able to do nothing.'

"He certainly looked tired and weak; and a warning glance from Madame Verne brought back to my mind her preliminary stipulation that the interview should be short.

"'When the preliminary draft is done,' he went on, 'I draw up a plan of chapters, naming them; and begin the first rough copy of the book in pencil. When it is finished I rewrite it in ink — and then the real work begins with the first revise from the printer. Somehow I cannot get a real grip of my subject until I see it in print.'

"'Would not the typewriter do that for you?'"

"'I received one as a present from my publishers,' he answered, 'but I could not learn to compose at it. I was too old.'"

Wallace. — Undoubtedly the painstaking methods followed by General Lew Wallace in the production of his books are quite without parallel among contemporary writers. Not even the decorative handwriting of Eugene

Field can equal in beauty and neatness that of this precise and exquisite penman, a page of whose manuscript is like a picture. Each punctuation mark is accurately in place, and one looks vainly for the least erasure or correction. The manuscript of Bayard Taylor alone may rival that in question among the writers of America. Beginning with a first draft, executed upon a slate, followed by pencil copies, the General elided, revised, or altered every chapter until final perfection of workmanship was attained and the writer was satisfied with the result of his many revisions. "Ben Hur," the production of which has been so often discussed, was in the author's hands seven years before he was willing to pronounce it finished. It was written over at least seven times, and was the result of the most conscientious study and research relative to its Oriental background. In view of the erroneous statement made by certain papers that the author derived his inspiration for "Ben Hur" during his sojourn as minister to Constantinople, at which time he visited the Holy Land, it is worth while to reiterate the fact that this book was written and published before its author ever set foot in Palestine.

General Wallace, after his return from Constantinople, used to delight to tell of his own astonishment upon visiting the Holy Land, to find how marvelously accurate were his descriptions of the place. He asserted that in traveling to various points where his imagination had been forced to supply certain details, he was fairly startled at the discovery of the actual existence of what he had thought the creation of his own fancy. He was particularly impressed by the locating of an interesting old well of which his own description, purely imaginary, tallied perfectly with the existing structure, and was wont to suggest that he felt he had worked under the guidance of a special inspiration. It is certain that the work was executed in the most thoughtful and reverential spirit, and it is a well-known fact that the production of "Ben Hur" carried the General from an attitude of indifference toward spiritual things to the possession of a strong and deep religious faith. — *Caroline Ticknor, in the Providence Journal.*

When I was in Constantinople in 1883 I was the guest of General and Mrs. Wallace one day in their charming residence on the Bosphorus. He then had recently visited Palestine for the first time, and he told me that, though when he wrote "Ben Hur" he had derived his knowledge of the scenery of Palestine solely from books or hearsay, yet when he came to see the country for himself in order to verify or correct his impressions, he found no need of making any change in his book, so perfectly had he pictured the places to his mind. This was a feat hardly rivaled, unless perhaps by Schiller, who wrote his "William Tell" without having visited Switzerland, and yet succeeded in being as true to the fact of nature as if he had personally examined the localities. Not every novelist or dramatist thinks it worth while to spend time in order to attain accuracy of this sort; but that is not the highest type of art which lets a loose and lazy fancy supply the place of careful research. — *C. M. M., in the Boston Transcript.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Portraits in Fiction. — Apropos of recent flagrant examples of "portraits in fiction," the *London Standard* discusses the question how far it is profitable to introduce in imaginative writing recognizable portraits of one's contemporaries. It takes the general ground that no writer is justified in using his art as a pillory; if he wishes to fling stones at the age, let him name himself satirist, and not writer of romance. But, provided there is no malice in the portrait, and the author reveals no personal details which are not public property, there seems no objection to the introduction of distinguished contemporaries into the imaginary trappings of fiction, though the practice may not make for "good literature."

A Unique Story. — As concrete evidence how widely prevalent in all classes of American society is that venerable disease *cacathes scribendi*, says the *Argonaut*, we print below, *verbatim et literatim*, a letter recently received in this office, together with the opening passage of the story which we received "in a sepert letter." The poetic harmonies, we may

also remark, were all preserved — the story and the letter were written with purple ink.

Dear sir I sende you in a sepert letter a story for publication and is to be paid for at regular rates if used & if not to be return Inclose postage fore the return yores truly

——, ALA 2 28 1905.

I HAVE FOUND HIT.

It was under certain Disadvantages that Willey Jones went into the hen Business in the first place he lacked capital having Just invested most of his money in New Cart then he had no proper facilities, as his parents lived in an upper tenement on a somewhat Crowded City street and bisides he knew Nothing whatever about hens. But he had plenty of confidence in himself and persistence that had seldom met defeat. what do you suppose Willey has taken into his head now asked his mother of her Husban as he entered the house one Night Well it is hens. He read in a Newspaper about some Boys great Success in keeping hens and he is Just Bound to go into the business himsels. Hens exclaimed Mr. Jones derisively, where in the World wold he keep them. Why he thinks he can keep them up on the roof where he hang out our clothes, that is nonsense you know. He might as well give up that Idea at once.

Winning Literary Fame by Proxy. — It seems there are ingenious persons in England who advertise in newspapers their eagerness to write novels to order for any one yearning to appear before the world as an author, who, for a consideration, is allowed to sign his own name to the novel thus written. Mr. Basil Tozer, for the sake of amusement, answered an advertisement and he received this typewritten document: —

To "Paradox," 0000, Advertisement Department of —— ——, London.

This is to declare (1), that my letter signed "Basil Tozer," and dated "——, 190–," is sent to you with my authority; (2), that "Basil Tozer" is my true name; (3), that I hereby promise to let no person or persons whomsoever see any letter or letters that I may hereafter receive from you that may have any bearing upon or in any way relate to the subject of your advertisement beginning with the words "—— —— ——," that appears on the front page of —— —— —— published in London and dated ——, 190–, and that I will under no circumstance or circumstances whatsoever communicate, hint at, or in any other way cause or allow to be communicated or otherwise disclose the contents of any such letter or letters, or any part or parts thereof, to any person or persons whomsoever.

Signed (Christian names and surname in full)

.....

Address (in full).....

Date.....

As the ensuing correspondence was necessarily confidential, Mr. Tozer holds his tongue concerning the methods of "Paradox," but he wrote to a literary "ghost" in Ireland, who did not demand secrecy. This hack replied: "You must please tell me in the first place just exactly what you wish, that is to say, whether you require stories that are dreamy, or highly spiced, or sensational and exciting, or just merely love." Mr. Tozer preferred "just merely love." The hack answered: "A simple love story of, say, 3,000 words, suitable for a magazine for the home or a domestic pamphlet I could do for you for six guineas; you have the right to put your name on it, me to have nothing further to say about it." A third letter came in which the hack regretted, Mr. Tozer's inability to avail himself of the offer; but he was willing to make an exception by letting him have "the domestic masterpiece" for "four guineas complete, cash with order, or for six guineas, payable by six monthly instalments, the first deposit to accompany order."

Mr. Tozer tried a third, who wanted "four guineas a thousand words, and so on pro rata up to 5,000 words, above which length I make a reduction." Mr. Tozer asks: "Does this gentleman write for the Vanderbilts, or for whom? He must be at quite the very top of his profession — a literary 'ghost' who has taken honors, so to speak, and whom one would expect to find supping at Claridge's in the company of duchesses and grand dukes."

The charge does not seem to us preposterous; it is at the rate of only two cents a word. Six guineas a thousand words would seem cheap to some of the wealthy unemployed of any large American city who court literary fame. — *Boston Herald.*

"The Harper Ring." — Among the reminiscences of the late Lawrence Hutton which are appearing in the *Critic* is an interesting little anecdote in defence of the long-abused and long-suffering bête noir of the unsuccessful — the editor. It seems a friend of Mr. Hutton sent a bulky package of manuscript to Mr. Hutton, accompanied by a note in which the writer said: "You are in 'The Harper Ring,' you have got your wife into 'The Harper Ring,' you have got Harry This and Lily That into the Ring, and I don't see why

you don't get me into the Ring, too. Here are a couple of articles as good as anything the Harpers generally publish. If the one is too feminine for the *Magazine*, see that it goes into the *Bazar*. If the other is too juvenile for the *Weekly*, find a place for it in *Young Folks*." It so happened at the time that Mr. Hutton had just received four official notes, one from the editor of each of the periodicals in question, and each one of them declining a contribution of Mr. Hutton's, although the author had been for years on the editorial staff of the *Magazine* as well as a contributor to the other publications. These four notes were forwarded without comment and sent to the correspondent as Mr. Hutton's only reply.— *New York Sun.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the nam- — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE MEDIÆVAL LIBRARY. Illustrated. Ernest C. Richardson, Ph. D. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

HENRY JAMES. W. C. Brownell. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. I.— Its General Foreign Service. Including Interviews with President Loubet, King Victor Emmanuel III., Pope Leo XIII., and Emperor William II. Melville E. Stone. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE. I.— Cervantes. George Edward Woodberry. *McClure's* (13 c.) for April.

THE LOVE STORY OF WHITTIER'S LIFE. Mary Minerva Barrows. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

THE GREATEST OF WOMEN PAINTERS. Rosa Bonheur's First Visit to England and Scotland. Theodore Stanton. *Lippincott's* (38 c.) for April.

THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT OF A BIG NEWSPAPER. *Pearson's* (13 c.) for April.

ROBERT GRANT, NOVELIST. With portrait. Frank W. Noxon. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

IDA M. TARBELL. With portrait. Marie Agnes Best. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

HANS ANDERSEN. Francis Gribble. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

"THE SLUMP IN POETRY." Further Discussed by the Poets. Edwin Markham, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Joaquin Miller. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE EARLY NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Elizabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

LITERARY WOMEN AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION. Harriet Monroe. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

GORKY: HAMLET AWAKENED. Benjamin de Casseres. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED DOMETT. W. Hall Griffin. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for April.

RYAN WALKER: A CARTOONIST OF SOCIAL PROTEST. With portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

EMERSON'S "BRAHMA": OR, THE POET PHILOSOPHER IN THE PRESENCE OF DEITY. Harvey Whitefield Peck. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

A NEW EDITION OF DEFOE. Professor W. P. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

ZOLA'S LAST WORD ON EDUCATION.— I. Thomas Dickinson. *Education* (38 c.) for April.

ROMANTIC POETRY IN GERMANY. John Firman Coar, Ph. D. *Open Court* (13 c.) for April.

WHAT DOES THE NEWSPAPER PUBLIC WANT? Basil Tozer. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for March.

THE ABUSE OF WORDS. "P. W. S." The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for March.

THE USE OF FICTION. J. Harris Brighouse. The *Author* (London) (18 c) for March.

CONFESSIONS OF A YELLOW JOURNALIST.— III. "A New York Editor." *Public Opinion* (13 c) for March 18.

WHITELAW REID, EDITOR AND DIPLOMAT. With portrait. Rufus Rockwell Wilson. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for March 23.

JULES VERNE. *Nation* (13 c.) for March 30.

OUR PIONEER AMERICAN POET (William Cullen Bryant). Charles Leonard Moore. *Dial* (13 c.) for April 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

W. D. Howells and family have returned from Italy to New York.

Irving Bacheller has purchased a tract of forest land, containing 4,100 acres, at Bog Lake, in the Adirondacks, where he will build a summer home this year.

The Century Company published April 2 a memorial edition of Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales," to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the author's birth.

The centenary of Schiller's death will be observed May 9.

A volume on Edward Fitzgerald by A. C. Benson will be added to the English Men of Letters series.

The seventh in the series of "Modern English Writers," published by Dodd, Mead, & Company, is "Browning — a Biography," by Charles Harold Herford.

Hon. Andrew D. White's "Autobiography and Reminiscences" is published by the Century Company.

The two volumes containing the "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. Henry Shorthouse," issued by the Macmillan Company and written by Mrs. Shorthouse, include a variety of correspondence with Matthew Arnold, Canon Ainger, and Edmund Gosse. The second volume includes various writings by Mr. Shorthouse, among which are three unpublished stories.

Mr. Heinemann has signed a contract with Joseph Pennell and Mrs. Pennell for a biography of Whistler, which they are now engaged in writing. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have Whistler's own notes of his reminiscences, containing numerous anecdotes of the early and least known portion of his life.

The series of critical articles on "Roberts and the Influences of His Time," contributed by Professor Cappon, of Queen's University, to the *Canadian Magazine*, will be issued in book form by William Briggs, of Toronto. Professor Cappon does not confine himself wholly to dealing with Mr. Roberts and his work, but discusses to some extent the formative influences of Canadian poetry.

Collier's (New York) offers four prizes of $1,000 each for the best stories received respectively between June 1 and September 1; September 1 and December 1; December 1, 1905, and March 1, 1906; and March 1 and June 1. Each story will be paid for upon acceptance, the usual rate being five cents a word, but authors who have an established rate higher than that will receive their price. The prize will come after the regular payments, and will be entirely separate and in addition. Stories should be addressed to the Fiction Department.

A new magazine, the *Monthly Story Magazine*, will be published in Chicago beginning this month by the publishers of the *Red Book*, which, started in May, 1903, now boasts of a circulation of 307,000 copies.

Human Life is a new five-cent monthly magazine just started in Boston.

S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass., the publisher of *Little Folks*, is planning to issue a magazine devoted to the kitchen. The name has not yet been announced.

Smith's Magazine, styled by its publishers "the biggest illustrated magazine in the world," is published in New York.

The *Cumulative Book Review Digest* is a new publication, issued by the H. W. Wilson Company, of Minneapolis. The March number is the first issue, and includes a three-months' cumulation. In June a six-months' cumulation will be issued.

The *Library Index* (298 Broadway, New York) is a monthly key to periodicals, after the style of the well-known and indispensable Poole's Index, and the magazine will be summed up in an annual supplement to the "Abridged Poole."

Tales (New York), formerly known as *Tales from Town Topics*, will in the future be published as a twenty-five-cent monthly magazine of fiction. It is to be devoted largely to stories translated into English from various foreign languages, and will present in each issue a complete novel, an instalment of a serial, and a number of shorter tales.

Recreation (New York), which got into financial trouble lately, has passed into the hands of William E. Annis, formerly of *Success*, and Dan Beard, the artist, is the new editor.

G. O. Shields ("Coquina"), the former editor and manager of *Recreation*, has started in New York a new magazine, which is the official organ of the League of American Sportsmen. It is called *Shields' Magazine*, and the first number was that for March.

It is announced by those interested in the Tabard Inn corporations, five of which are in the hands of receivers, that the Booklovers Library, the Tabard Inn Library, and the *Booklovers Magazine* will be continued as heretofore. These three are not included in the receivership proceedings. Probably the Tabard Inn Press, which is closely allied to the magazine company, will also be continued.

The *Magazine of History, with Notes and Queries*, published by William Abbatt, of New York, is a revival of the old *Magazine of American History*, edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, which stopped publication in 1893.

The courts have temporarily restrained E. R. Gardner and Charles E. Federman, of Pittsburg, from calling their magazine the *Home Magazine*, the P. V. Collins Publishing Company, of Minneapolis, publishers of the original *Home Magazine*, having brought suit.

The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, has taken over the business of Henry T. Coates & Company..

The *American Journal of Philology* has just completed its twenty-fifth volume with the appearance of its one hundredth number. The editor, Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, has given his personal care to each number, and he frankly confesses to "closing the twenty-fifth volume in cheerier mood" than he opened the first. Dr. Gildersleeve adds that while the magazine had the field comparatively to itself at the start, it now has several rivals, including the *American Journal of Archæology*, *Modern Language Notes*, *Hebraica*, the *Classical Review*, and the "long line of *Studies* and *Bulletins*, stretching now from Massachusetts Bay to the Golden Gate."

Public Opinion (New York) seems to have changed its policy, and is now printing much original matter.

John Kendrick Bangs will end his connection with *Puck* May 1.

William George Jordan is now editor of the *Search-Light* (New York), formerly called the *Great Round World* and afterward the *Week's Progress*.

Dow J. Thomas, the former publisher of *Home and Flowers* and the *Chautauquan*, has assumed charge of *Floral Life*, Springfield, Ohio.

Doubleday, Page, & Co. announce in book form a reprint of the articles headed "A Publisher's Confession" which were published anonymously last year in the *Boston Transcript*.

The Spanish Academy will distribute in Spain 60,000 free copies of a specially prepared popular edition of "Don Quixote," in honor of the Cervantes commemoration, to be held May 7 to May 9.

One of the features of the *New England Magazine* for April is an illustrated article on Dartmouth College written by Mary R. P. Hatch. The article called "The Love Story of Whittier's Life," by Mary Minerva Barrows, gives personal reminiscences of the poet's sweetheart, Evelina Bray.

A. C. McClurg & Company are bringing out for Sherwin Cody a new edition of his "Art of Short Story Writing" under a new title, "Story Writing and Journalism," for which a new section, on "Literary Journalism," has been added. The author will also shortly issue a "Dictionary of Errors," dealing with errors and corrections in spelling, pronunciation, grammar, letter writing, use of words, etc.; and "How to Read and What to Read," in which Mr. Cody discusses "what constitutes a good poem," "what constitutes a good novel," "what constitutes a good essay," etc.

The late Adeline Sergeant published six novels in 1901, seven in 1902, six in 1903. It is estimated that she wrote about a million words in 1902.

The *Century* is printing an important series of articles on the Associated Press, by Melville E. Stone, general manager of the organization. The first article, in the April number, recounts Mr. Stone's interviews with the Pope, the President of the French Republic, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, and other authorities — interviews which helped to make possible the "A. P.'s" present extensive foreign service.

The Oxford University Press will soon publish "Author and Printer," a guide for authors, editors, printers, correctors of the press, compositors and typists, compiled by F. Howard Collins.

Jules Verne died at Amiens, France, March 24, aged seventy-seven.

Miss Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge") died at Newport April 9, aged seventy years.

Miss Howard Weeden died at Huntsville, Ala., April 12.

Joseph Jefferson died at Palm Beach, Fla., April 23, aged seventy-six.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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LITERATURE AS A BUSINESS.

You are writing for a living, for money. Fame is very good: but in America now-a-days, even in literature, fame and money pretty generally keep steady company. Literature is your business. It will pay you to know it as Pierpont Morgan knows "water" or Carnegie knows steel. A first result of your knowledge will be the discovery that some apparently expensive investments are good in the long run and that penny savings are, as often as not, injudicious.

First, there is that old matter of typewriting. I know authors who have never had their manuscripts typewritten, who get them back with the regularity of clockwork, who complain that manuscripts are never read, and that typewriting costs too much. Typewriting would pay them, as it will pay you; not that typewriting always insures success, but that a penscript unless it is unusually legible is foredoomed to failure. When, in this competitive age, the vast majority of writers have their stuff typewritten, it will not pay you to have your penscript stamp you as an amateur. Besides, having a manuscript typewritten saves half the paper, and more than half the postage, since the manuscript will be accepted sooner, if it is at all deserving. A typewriter — even second-hand — will prove a good investment.

Postage is a large item, but it will not do to try to save on it by not prepaying the postage on manuscripts in full. Some editors decline to receive matter not fully prepaid, which means extra and at the same time unavailing expense to you. In any case, "4c. due" will not predispose them in your favor.

In course of time you will meet the editor who is perfectly willing to publish your story, and, in fact, to do anything save pay for it. Avoid him as you would the devil. If your work is worth printing, in most cases it is worth paying for, in one way or another. At least, never offer your manuscript gratis. If you are not writing for a living, there are plenty of people who are. In addition, there may be another publisher in the same line trying to pay, perhaps very little but still something, for the stuff he uses. If you offer your manuscript to his rival gratis, you give the paying publisher a harder row to hoe. It may be true that your appearance in a paper, even if you get nothing for it, is worth something in advertising, but the advertising you get through having your work appear in a journal of the gratis-manuscript variety will not be very extensive, or very profitable — especially among those rival journals which pay cash, and which you have helped to "knife."

It does n't pay to write your publisher a

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letter of inquiry a week after the manuscript is sent. The average editor takes less than a month to decide, but many editors take more. A few mail a card of acknowledgment on receipt of the manuscript. There are others from whom you never hear till the manuscript is published and they send the check. Others there are from whom you never hear at all. Perhaps, after a month or so, a polite note of inquiry, with stamped envelope for reply, will not come amiss.

Finally, it will pay you to obtain all the information you can concerning the world about you, and to obtain it first-hand at that. Meet the world at the counter, jostle it in the streets, bargain with it in the market place. Visit its odd nooks and corners. A holiday trip, here, there, or elsewhere, cannot fail to be a good investment to a literary man or woman. Practical experience is a safer guide than precept. *Victor Lauriston.*

CHATHAM, Ont.

A WRONG TENDENCY IN WORD-COMPOUNDING.

Punctuation is a growth of centuries and as much an art as writing and printing, to which it belongs. That writers and printers differ so widely in placing their points is not owing to the want of definite rules, but to the neglect thereof and the arbitrary establishment of new ones. This is clearly seen in the present tendency of using, or rather misusing, the hyphen.

This point, as its name implies, was first used when a word had to be broken at the end of a line, to show that the parts preceding and following belonged together or "into one." In a German book printed in 1563 I find the hyphen used thus exclusively. Later it was made to serve for connecting words more closely linked in sense than other words in normal succession. Thus arose two general rules for the use of the hyphen: one for dividing words, the other for compounding them. The first has been uniformly observed and has given no trouble; the other has been applied so much according to individual taste and discretion that it is practically no rule at all. Indeed I read an American magazine some years ago which ignored it as completely as the old German book just mentioned.

Probably the editor of that magazine had become disgusted with the confusion prevalent in the practice of word-compounding and had chosen what he regarded as the lesser of two evils. Yet compound words are often proper and desirable, if not indispensable. For example, if in the magazine referred to mention were made of a lady's slipper and a lion's tail, only the context would make it clear to me whether a certain kind of foot-gear and the tail of a lion or certain plants or flowers are meant. The following two lines differ decidedly in sense, and the hyphens mark all the difference:

"Time tutored age and love exalted youth."
"Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth."

In the Standard Dictionary, first printed in 1895, the principles that should govern the compounding of words are succinctly stated under three heads as follows: "1. All words should be separate when used in regular grammatical relation and construction, unless jointly applied in some arbitrary way. 2. Abnormal association of words generally indicates unification of sense, hence compounding in form. 3. No expression in the language should ever be changed from two or more words into one, either hyphened or solid, without a change of sense."

If words are to be compounded at all, it should be done according to these principles. Unfortunately, however, the laudable efforts of the Standard Dictionary's editors to systematize the practice of word-compounding have been as futile as their attempts to introduce a simplified spelling. Probably the want of consistency in applying their principles is

somewhat to blame for this. Let me illustrate.

The distinction between a blue coat for wear and a bluecoat on duty, between a brick house built of brick and a brick-yard for making bricks, is entirely in accord with the rules. So are "a down-stairs room," to halter-break a horse, broad-mindedly, after-ages, hat-box, cooking-stove, North-American; names of plants such as hare's-tail, lion's-tail, coltsfoot, sheepshead, and many more of the examples given. But "dark-brown hair," "a well-known man," "to go down-town" look rather like violations of the first principle, which, as stated by the reformers, keeps separate adverb and adjective, adjective and noun in regular construction, and should, it seems to me, keep separate preposition and object also. The inconsistency becomes more apparent when we find "seeming exceptions" in favor of pumpkin pie, he bear, parlor clock, diamond ring, mountain streams, prohibition speaker, and many similar combinations in which the modifying part is more or less attributive or like an adjective. Brooklyn politics, Armstrong gun, Williams College can more readily be justified in this way.

The subject becomes complicated when we begin to inquire closely into the relation of the words to be joined, and here as elsewhere it is easier to formulate rules than to apply them uniformly. But exceptions tend to invalidate a rule and confuse the learner, and in my judgment the authors of the Standard Dictionary have not been thorough-going enough in the reform attempted. The Germans, in whose wake they follow, have long ago solved the problem by compounding, usually without hyphens, not only nouns, but almost all other parts of speech. Their compounds often consist of three or more parts and sometimes reach a stunning length, as in Kleinkinderaufbewahrungsanstalt (an institution for keeping little children), which is by no means their greatest achievement along this line.

But, if the Germans have run to one extreme, we are still heading for the other. We prefer to write words separately, however closely joined they may be in sense. In the advertising-columns of a leading daily I have found these combinations, all uncompounded: Five Form Body Brussels Rugs, Sterling Silver Tea and Dinner Services, Triple Motion White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer, Philadelphia High Arm Sewing Machine, Miniature Mission Hall Clocks, Good Light Mirror Holders. Surely the last two of these would be rendered less ambiguous by hyphening. The avoidance of ambiguity will justify the insertion of any point where otherwise it would be quite contrary to rule.

While the general practice is to avoid compounds where they might properly be made, a custom has sprung up of compounding words that stand in perfectly normal order. Ever more frequently we find the adverb linked with the adjective or participle to which it belongs. In one newspaper-article of two-thirds of a column there are bitterly-disappointed, newly-appointed, largely-attended. Why not write "bitter-disappointment," "new-appointment," "large-attendance," as well?

In a certain literary review I have found verbs connected with prepositional adverbs: come-in, piecing-together, worn-out, but this custom has not apparently found any followers.

In President-elect, a standard form, the usual order of words is inverted; but the same is true of "money enough," "the Church militant," and many like expressions that are never compounded. "Receiver of Taxes-elect" is more objectionable. Taxes are never elected. Why not "Receiver-of-Taxes elect or, shorter and better, Tax-Receiver elect? "Ex Bank President" is a bad form, because, as in the previous instance, the separate words are more closely related in sense than the compounded parts. The German Ex-Bankpräsident is much more logical.

Many more examples might be given, but these suffice to show that the prevailing practice of word-compounding is illogical and inconsistent. We omit the hyphen where it should be used and insert it where it is not needed at all. This does not promote the elucidation of the sense, the one great purpose for which punctuation-marks exist. The tide is setting in the wrong direction, and it is time to look up the rules.

ALLENTOWN, Penn. *H. A. Schuler.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 14,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In the April WRITER mention was made of Browning's refusal to write a poem to order, even though a blank check was sent to him to fill out as he chose in payment for the manuscript. It is gratifying to note that there are living writers who are equally unmercenary. We are told that when the Century Company heard that John Muir was about to make a journey around the world they made him an offer of $10,000 for a series of letters. This offer he promptly refused, on the ground that he could not spare the time to do the work carefully.

* * *

English is notoriously hard for foreigners to master, and their struggles with it are sometimes exceedingly pathetic. Some affecting examples that have been published lately seem worthy of reproduction in THE WRITER. The superintendent of schools at Manila gives to the public two letters received from two of the young women teachers who are educating their little sister and brother Filipinos. They read as follows: —

NO. 1.—APPEAL FOR REPAIRS.

"Sir, My Respectible Sir: I have the gust of manifest to yuo the difficulty of this school; last night the door of the school from the break, and now me quiet with the gat open and are easy which lost effects of this school. To have si yuo can to make the favour looks to the engineer for the reparation of this to but prompt.

"____ ____."

NO. 2.—APPEAL FOR RELIEF.

"Sir Superintendent of Public Instruction: Wishful to entreat to you, Sir, if you admit the power not to be present in this school by the distance and by the pain of waist what I suffer.

"Mys two sons and prsent for the study what is necessary.

"When can to serve for teacher wish what if may be here relief if you admit.

"I am his humble servant of you.

"____ ____."

Two other interesting examples of foreign English are furnished by Dr. Margaret H. Norris, the physician in charge of the Sarah Seward Hospital at Allahabad in India. In the India number of *Woman's Work* are printed these letters, written to her by husbands of women who had been her patients: —

NO. 1.—CURED.

"Dear She: My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you: vengeance belongeth unto God. Y'rs, noticeably.

"____ ____."

NO. 2.—DEAD.

"Dear and Fair Madame: I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ultimo. For your help in this matter I shall ever remain grateful. Y'rs, reverently.

"____ ____."

Foreigners are not the only ones, however, who have difficulty in writing classic English,

as is shown by this advertisement, printed in the London *Church Times:* —

Nurse wanted, good needlewoman, to take charge of infant, who will help in housework.

* * *

Giving a few words of advice to writers of short stories, the editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* says: "Just now stories of romance and adventure seem to hold first place in the popular taste, though the demand, of course, is by no means limited to these. As for qualifications, one must have imagination, vivacity, intelligent grasp of a story, structure, and rationale — in a word, brains — and most of the equipment is at hand. These and other qualities in the proper combination will prove an open sesame to our sanctum." This goes well with some advice offered to writers in a recent issue of *Success:* "The world is hungry for life, more life; it is always interested in realities, in human experiences, in human struggles. There is nothing that interests man like man. Personalities, human nature, always interest the human. If you are ambitious to be a great writer you must keep in touch with the great life arena. Most young writers try to write literature when the world wants life. The moment a writer is conscious of trying to write well, when he is thinking of his balanced sentences and well-balanced paragraphs he is in the same position as a person trying to look natural and to smile before a photographer's camera."

W. H. H.

MAGAZINE WORK.

Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, looks more like a king than a tosser of manuscripts. With a crown on his bearded head, flashing an alternate ruby and sapphire, he would pass for the Emperor Charlemagne. But then, according to the over-awed, unsuccessful writers of the day, that is just how an editor should look. The unsuccessful writer is the only reliable person to whom to go for such ideals. The money-making author knows the potentate of the magazine for only a business man. Perhaps "only a business man" is a misleading phrase. For he may be more influential than a king.

Mr. Alden is a descendant of the John Alden who came over in the Mayflower. The modest, but shrewd Priscilla, we are told in the poem, had editorial ability, for she knew how to revise. When she told John to strike out the name of Miles Standish and insert "John Alden" in his matrimonial ideas, she was giving an editor to *Harper's Magazine*, and to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries one of the most beloved of literary leaders.

The way into Mr. Alden's office is up a winding stair; it is difficult to say how many flights or floors up; for the architect constructed the thing in a number of sections on purpose to mystify. The dimly-lighted bricks that wall the stairway form a good environment for one's imagination, preparing the soul to meet a man who has been editor for thirty-six years. Thirty-six years! Why, that's before you and I and Ebenezer had any thought of becoming famous. Thirty-six years at the top of Fame's spiral staircase, issuing a magazine every month!

A little office boy shows the way into a little office. And there is seated John Alden's eighth in line. The room is small; just roomy enough for the editor's desk and easy chair, some books, a clock, three pictures, and a visitor. The three pictures are a photograph of Charles Dudley Warner, a sketch of William Dean Howells, and an oil painting of Charles Reade, the English novelist.

As soon as the visitor had been searched and found to have no manuscripts concealed about his person, Mr. Alden said he would talk about editing.

"Editing," he was asked, "doesn't that term mean something different in each magazine?"

"No," said the monarch. He spoke in a simple, heartfelt manner; and his one word "no," slowly and meditatively given, carried with it the result of a retrospect through his thirty-six years of experience. And then, in the thirty-sixth year of his editorship and the sixty-ninth of his life, Mr. Alden took out a box of safety matches and lit his editorial pipe.

"There has been a steady accumulation of business during the last ten years," he said.

"It needs something more than the facility of an expert to keep in contact with new things. The times are continually changing front. Its needs are new, its demands for amusement and instruction, new; there is a constant regeneration. To meet this the editorial department must undergo a corresponding change, consistent, however, with its own individuality. The editor must be born again every day."

"Is that much of a difficulty?"

"It would be if he should relax his vigilance and get a day behindhand. A magazine must depend on the culture of the people for its own expansion. It will change with the sensibility of its readers. This is inevitable, because the contributors represent this change. Of themselves, as distinct from the editor, they exercise a certain direction in the magazine."

Now, voluntary contributors should not feel too strenuously elated over this state of affairs. Do not go too far in the exercise of your power and attempt to change the policy of any magazine all at once. Do not try to take advantage of the fact that you are part of the public. Be moderate in the extent of your novelties. Change is of slow growth. If you desire to affect the ideas of a publishing house, do so slowly. First, get your ideas into the public. This is a necessary step. In the course of fifteen or twenty years, your reform movement may become somewhat fashionable. Then become a representative of the thoughts you have bred, and the editors are at your mercy.

"*Harper's Magazine*," continued Mr. Alden, "is not, however, a promulgator of current affairs. We exclude all timely topics. We leave that department to the newspapers. But the magazine can still be said to be journalistic, in a deeper sense. It presents in literature that which is of to-day. Its literature is present, living, immediate.

"Our policy is to give literature rather than literary articles. We do not have reviews or estimates of authors. Our scope is not much, if any, concerned with the personality of writers. Our stories are matters of human interest, not specialties. By that word I mean the product of a man writing of his own employment, in explanation thereof, giving readers a look into his daily work, or an understanding of his work from his particular standpoint; as in the case of a writer, or an actor, or a musician. Another author that would belong to this same class is one who, as a prominent figure in the community, tells of his experiences merely as a matter of news or because of his prominence. These lie outside of our province. But we do not condemn the practice; do not even say that such achievements could not find place in our magazine. The idea is that we do not feature the persons themselves.

"In recent years there has been in monthly publications a change in the presentation of articles on science. We have given science at first hands. Investigators have put their latest thoughts into the magazine; published them thence to the world. The same way in archaeology. Articles of travel have become a novel feature. The personality of their standpoint, the freshness of impression, have taken the place of mere explorations. The latter's possibility, of course, decreases in area from time to time; but the personal humor of the traveler, if interesting, is always capable of expansion. For example, take the case of Arthur Symons. He tells nothing new except his new way of seeing the old.

"All these things are going on in the world, and sooner or later find their proponents, who put their thoughts into literature and send them to the magazines. The magazines, in turn, react on the people, and form new schools of thought and endeavor. There is a continual interchange of thought, manifesting itself in this office, for instance, with about 20,000 manuscripts a year.

"Every means is taken to give these a fair and prompt consideration. New writers, with names unknown, receive especial consideration. No editorial happiness is so keen as that which comes from discovering a new author."

This is a statement that all amateur authors are fascinated to hear. It is nothing new to find the statement in print; but there is always a new joy in seeing it again. The

amateur, with voluptuous faith in his own merits, has sometimes a doubt as to the fairness when his story is sent back to him, and when it has been kept for a month or two he has misgivings about the promptness. He eventually gets an idea that sending back manuscripts is part of the routine of the office boy. The latter is a wild creature; should n't wonder if he has red hair; his duty is to treat manuscripts according to the quantities in which they come; takes them out of the envelopes, readdresses them and puts on one two-cent stamp; so the heavy envelope returns with postage due. What becomes of the two other postage stamps is a mystery, if the amateur author is polite enough to let it go at that. In this way he gets the suspicion that the editor, the head editor, the man who knows good, ambrosial genius when he sees it, never knows of the opportunity which the office boy keeps from him. The office boy's haggard jaw and opprobrious eye are supposed to cast a spell over the editor, and keep him from knowing the contents of the mail. The higher a man's position, the more he is assumed to work in the chilling atmosphere of his subordinates. If this is not true, it is good to know. Therefore, when the editor says the manuscripts get a fair examination, he proves his knowledge of their existence. Every time he says so he becomes more assuring.

"It is the rule of the office," said Mr. Alden, "that every manuscript be given some consideration within twenty-four hours after its receipt. Nothing is more appreciated by contributors than a quick response to their offering. On the other hand, some might construe the short sojourn of their manuscript as evidence of its not having received due consideration."

In this connection, a recent article by Richard Le Gallienne was brought up. Le Gallienne declares that the modern editor is nothing more than an office boy. Grewsome suggestion! The mention of office boy takes away all the faith that we are trying to inculcate. The connection between him and the editor is something that the literary beginner grieves as being too intangible to explain, too palpable to deny.

Alden held forth his pipe as if to give the spirit of the absent Le Gallienne something to smoke: —

"It is the editor always. He is the master. I never had more power than I have now. Of course, there never was a time when the manager did not have something to do with the policy of his property."

That's all about that.

Mr. Alden then went on to speak of the relations that exist between a magazine and its writers. These seem to be cordial and close. After the publication of a first story, an editor is supposed to be interested in the author and follow his career into prominence. The editor of *Harper's* is noted for his devotion to the bringing out of good material. He encouraged the now deceased Constance Fenimore Woolson after the receipt of her first effort, and advised her to continue when she was undecided about writing again. He published the first story of Mrs. Burnett — before she bore that name. He referred to her as Fannie Hodgson Burnett.

An editor's advice is often the making of success. The advice is not always the most agreeable part of the transaction. But to have a publishing house follow one's career mentally and lead the career financially is reward for patience.

"Do they frequently refuse the advice?"

"The good authors do not," replied Mr. Alden. "Howbeit there is no attempt to be arbitrary with the writer. He starts out and shows his ability. The editors show him how he can bring that ability to success. He sees the wisdom of practical suggestions if he is worthy of them. He has modesty in proportion to his promise."

"Is your magazine always glad to receive manuscripts, Mr. Alden?"

"Yes; it is glad."

"Is that gladness technical and constructive or is it spontaneous, emotional, and profound? Is it the letter or the spirit of gladness?"

"It is both," he answered. "It is the one thing that makes possible great success. Think of getting the best story out of 20,000. And imagine the joy over finding possibly a

new genius, a new force, a new name in literature."

Because what public good were a magazine if such were not the case? — *Brooklyn Eagle.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Sarah Guernsey Bradley, whose interesting child study, "The Country Child in the City Square," was printed in *Everybody's* for May, lives in Hudson, N. Y. She has been writing for the magazines for two or three years, and has had stories published in *Munsey's*, *Men and Women*, *Ainslee's*, and *Harper's Bazar*. "In Grandmother's Garden," which appeared in *Harper's Bazar* last October, is along altogether different lines from her other stories. Mrs. Bradley herself says that it is the recollection of a real girl who played in a real grandmother's garden, with just enough fancy interwoven to prevent its being autobiographical.

James Henry Colfelt, author of the story, "Sen Yoshida, Cook," in the May *Metropolitan*, was born in Philadelphia in 1875, and is a grandson of the late James McManes, who defeated General Grant for his nomination for a third Presidential term, and who assumed the entire indebtedness of the People's Bank of Philadelphia, of which he was president, when its cashier wrecked that institution, although he was responsible for only a small fraction of the bank's liabilities. Mr. Colfelt prepared for college at Lawrenceville, and entered Princeton with the class of 1899, but left before graduation to enlist in the war with Spain. He received a commission and commanded the dynamite guns in Porto Rico. He was mustered out of the army the January following the conclusion of hostilities, and entered a banking house on Wall street, where he remained for four years. For the last two years he has lived abroad, spending his time exclusively in Latin countries, where the character of the people interests him so that a dormant desire to write has been stirred into active life. France holds the greatest attraction for him, and the people of her provinces occupy the majority of his stories. When he has finished traveling, he intends to divide his time between a chateau in Touraine and his native country. Mr. Colfelt is probably better known as a university athlete than in any other capacity. His beating Wefers in the Inter-collegiates in 1897, when Wefers was champion of the world in all sprinting events, has not been forgotten by lovers of sports. At present he is living in Barcelona, Spain, where "pelota," the national Spanish game, the most difficult of the tennis family, divides his time with literary work.

Fanny Kemble Johnson, author of the story, "The White Light," in the *Atlantic* for May, was born in Virginia and lived there until 1897, when she removed to Charleston, W. Va., where she now resides. The *Atlantic* has published three other stories of hers, as well as an article in the "Contributor's Club." She has had many poems and three stories in the *Youth's Companion*. During the last year and a half she has had in *Harper's Magazine* seven poems: "The Lost Child," "The Violet Meadow," "The Fortunate One," "Aftermath," "The Happy Thought," "The Moor's Key," and "The Watcher"; a poem, "Singing He Rode," in *Harper's Weekly*; and a number of poems in the *Smart Set*. *Harper's Magazine* has an unpublished story of hers, and the *Youth's Companion* has two yet to be printed.

Jessie Reno Odlin, whose story, "A Pink Pill Episode," was published in the *Red Book* for May, passed her childhood in Marengo, Iowa, where she attended the public schools and graduated from the high school. She then went to a private school in Chicago, and later spent two years as a student in Colonel Parker's normal school in that city. After a short experience as a primary teacher, she married, and her home is now in Anacortes, Washington, a beautifully situated town on Puget Sound, where her husband is engaged in the banking business. Mrs. Odlin says that in spite of a desire and a determination to write which she has had ever since she could remember, her early efforts were all confined to the usual channels — school papers, bits of rhyme, and later, club papers and educational

articles—so that it is only within the last three years that she has written short stories. Her two first stories, both dealing with incidents relative to the boom period on Puget Sound, were accepted by the *Black Cat*, the first magazine to which they were submitted. Since the publication of her humorous story, "A Chapter of Revelations," in the *Red Book* for May, 1904, she has had many demands for stories of similar character, and she expects to place as many stories of that class during the present year as she can find time to write. Mrs. Odlin has two small boys, who, she says, are original enough to furnish her with material for as many children's stories as she could possibly write, but her home duties are such as to give her little time for writing.

Patrick T. McGrath, the author of "The Terrors of the Sea," in *McClure's* for May, was born at St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1869, and has resided on that island all his life. Educated at the Christian Brothers' schools in St. John's, he first engaged in the drug business, but failing health drove him to a more active life, and when twenty years old he joined the reporting staff of the *St. John's Herald*. Four years later he was appointed editor of the paper, and a year later Newfoundland correspondent for the *London Times*, both of which positions he still holds. He is also correspondent for several American and Canadian papers. His work for the monthlies is of two classes—historical articles for the reviews, and descriptive ones for the magazines. He is regarded as an authority on the international disputes in which Newfoundland is concerned, the French Shore question, the Atlantic Fisheries question, the Canadian Federation question, and the Hudson Bay question, and he has written articles on all these subjects for the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly* and *National Reviews*, of England, and the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Review of Reviews*, of the United States. He is also well informed on Arctic exploration, enjoying the friendship of Peary and other American explorers, and on this topic he has written for the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the daily and Sunday papers. When Marconi received his famous transatlantic signals at St. John's, in December, 1901, Mr. McGrath wrote the article descriptive of that event which appeared in the March, 1902, *Century Magazine*, and which Marconi himself endorsed with a prefatory note—the only article ever written about him that the inventor ever honored thus. Newfoundland being the home of the first Atlantic cables, Mr. McGrath has written extensively on that topic, also, his paper on "Wireless Cables" in the *North American Review* for August, 1902, and that on "Britain's Command of the Cables," in the *Fortnightly Review*, shortly afterward, attracting considerable attention. Living at the eastern extremity of the new world, out in the Atlantic, his lighter contributions are largely of the sea, and *McClure's* has already published three of these—on shipwrecks, icebergs, and derelicts. Mr. McGrath has also written several articles for *Ainslee's*, *Outing*, *Leslie's*, the *National Magazine*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Booklovers Magazine*, *Engineering*, the *Technical World*, and others in America, and for the *Pall Mall*, the *Strand*, the *Wide World*, the *English Illustrated*, the *Windsor Magazine*, *Leisure Hours*, and others in England. During the past three years he has averaged an article a month in some magazine, American or English. Being thus busily occupied, he says, he "has never had time" to get married.

Claude C. Washburn, whose poem, "A Morning in May," was printed in *McClure's* for May, is a young man of twenty-one, whose name has just begun to appear in the magazines. His home is in Duluth, Minn., but he has lived there only little, excepting summers. He is now a senior at Harvard. Before entering Harvard, he attended school for three years in Florida, and then spent a year at Phillips Andover. At Harvard Mr. Washburn is an editor of the *Advocate*, which has published much of the best verse that he has written. Last October his short essay, "Of Marking Books" was published in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

This constitutes nearly all his published work so far. Lyrics are the form of verse in which he is most successful.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Allen.— James Lane Allen has broken a long literary silence to give his idea of the characteristics of a really good novel and the training required for the writer who would produce it. First, says this writer of stories of the story writer who would succeed, it is essential: —

"That he shall train himself to see a great story when it is before his eyes, or search for it until he has found it; that he shall acquire the judgment to pick it out among a thousand inferior ones. Next, that he shall train himself to see the great story which he has chosen deeply, see it as deeply as life itself is deep. Next, that he shall train himself to fix this deep vision of his great story clearly within his own mind, as clearly as he would behold faces and forms, lights and shadows, groups and distances in some wonderful pellucid unshaken mirror. And next, and finally, that he shall learn how to transfix his vision, whole and true, for the eyes and minds of mankind. That is what a great novelist is, and that is what a great novelist does when he produces a masterpiece. And that is why the fine art of fiction is not the despicable pastime of turning out pretty sentences, but the grave and difficult toil of seeing and choosing and fathoming, and then of delivering faithfully to others, some part of the realities of our human life."

Castle.— It is difficult to imagine a more ideal literary collaboration than that of Agnes and Egerton Castle. To some minds the notion of partnership in literature seems inconceivable. The fact is that true collaboration — the convergence of two minds upon the same distant objective, the complete sympathy as to motives, and the same critical delight in certain effects alone — must be exceedingly rare.

These united workers seem, oddly enough, to reach their goal from different starting-points. Mrs. Egerton Castle declares she finds her greatest incentive to new ideas in music, while Mr. Castle believes that inspiration lies for him in scenery, in certain effects of light and sunset, or, again, in old dwellings, in buildings associated with history.

However different the origin, the methods of the authors are always harmonious. In the first composition, and also for the final revision, they work in each other's company — a couple of hours in the morning, when the writing is in full cry. The whole of the mechanical part as well as the intermediary business, Mr. Castle takes upon himself, to spare his wife the fatigue. Not seldom they astonish themselves by the extraordinary frequency with which they come, through dissimilar paths, simultaneously to the same phrase in the development of an idea. To the maturing of schemes and of characterization, as well as to the preliminary talking-over of the plot, they devote considerable time, and their work often remains complete in their minds, no doubt gathering strength meanwhile by what philosophers would call "unconscious cerebration" for a long while before they begin to write a single line. Their method is the same whether for novel or for play; the scenario is complete, and all the great scenes with their "curtain" carefully agreed upon before the work of final shaping is undertaken. Play or book? It is not always certain which will come first. "The Secret Orchard" was first written for the stage. "The Pride of Jennico," on the other hand — the first romance of the authors to achieve a wide popularity — appeared first as a novel. — *Lewiston Journal.*

Gorki. — So much has been said and written about Maxim Gorki, the "tramp author," the associate and leader of the poorest workingmen in Russia, that it comes as a surprise to learn that he is far from a poor man himself, but has shown remarkable business ability and shrewdness in organizing and building up a great publishing establishment in St. Petersburg, of which he is now the head. Associating with himself the four prominent authors of the new Russian school — Andreyev, Chirikov, Yushkevich and Bunine — he has formed a publishing company which has been so successful that it is said that Gorki himself has made more than a quarter of a million rubles ($125,000) in the business. — *New York Sun.*

Haeckel. — It is interesting to know how a man like Ernst Haeckel, author of "The Wonders of Life," has been enabled to labor strenuously for years, produce volumes of scientific work, and keep robust and strong. This is his own account of his method of living: —

"I am an early riser. I begin work at five in the summer and six in winter, after the cus-

tomary light breakfast of coffee and rolls. I do not take a second breakfast at ten or eleven, as many Germans do, but work continuously until one o'clock, when I have dinner. This, with me, as with all Germans, is the hearty meal of the day. After dinner I take a half-hour's nap; then read the newspaper or chat with my family for an hour and perhaps go for a long walk. At about four, like all Germans, I take my cup of coffee, but without cake or other food. Then at four, having had three full hours of brain rest and diversion, I am ready to go to work again, and can accomplish four hours more of work without undue fatigue. At eight I have my rather light supper, and after that I attempt no further work, giving the evening to reading, conversation, or other recreation. I do not retire till rather late, as I require only five or six hours' sleep." — *Baltimore Sun.*

Hewlett. — Maurice Hewlett, in spite of his apparent spontaneity of expression and his florid style, is a most systematic worker, and has a method which is thoroughly unique and most interesting in view of the results achieved. Having planned out a story, Mr. Hewlett writes fast without revising. Then, when he has finished, he tears the written sheets across and puts them into the waste basket. Beginning again, he writes the entire story afresh and consigns this to the waste basket. A third essay generally joins the first two, and sometimes three or four of these "spontaneous" attempts are made and destroyed, when the author rapidly writes the final copy and sends it to press without revision.

Hewlett is one of the few writers of the day who possess a university degree. He graduated from Oxford at the early age of nineteen, but he says he never was a student. He attributes much of his literary bent and skill to the influence of his father, Henry Gay Hewlett, who had a passion for all that was quaint and picturesque in medieval customs. In 1888 failing health sent the author to Italy, and Italy did the rest.— *New York Sun.*

Mitchell.— Dr. S. Wier Mitchell is one of the most rapid writers in the literary world. He has just published a new novel, which closely follows upon the heels of his "Youth of Washington." However, his new work, "Constant Trescott," is not the work of a day. He was engaged upon it for three years, and the work was re-written three times. After the manuscript was put into type two years ago the story was practically remodeled in the proofs.— *Hartford Post.*

Shorthouse. — While Mr. Shorthouse was writing "John Inglesant," so we are assured by his friend and admirer, Rev. J. H. Smith, he was never absent from business. The writing of that novel and the reading done for it were the work of his evening's leisure when the day's work was done. It took him ten years to finish the book. During the whole of that time no one but his wife saw the manuscript nor did he ever trouble his friends with any mention of the book. Almost every Sunday Mr. Smith supped with him — "but I was very dimly aware that he was writing a book, and certainly never dreamed it was so big a thing or likely to achieve so high a reputation."

The book was finished in 1876. Then began the search for a publisher. It proved unsuccessful. For four years the precious manuscript was allowed to lie in a drawer in Mr. Shorthouse's cabinet.

At the beginning of 1880 he resolved to print his book at his own expense. One hundred copies were struck off. The price per volume was fixed at a guinea. Copies of this edition now bring large sums. Shorthouse's friends and relatives were surprised and delighted with the book. The most gratifying commendation came from his father.

"How could Henry write it?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

Mr. Smith urged him to seek for its wider circulation. "I told him I felt sure it would become a standard work, though it would probably not have numerous readers. I said it would enjoy a reputation with scholars such as Peacock's novels do. He replied, with a modesty which seems ironical now, that he was quite content. The book had been read by a hundred educated people and he desired no more."

Fortunately a copy of the book fell into the hands of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who took it with her on a visit to Alexander Macmillan.

He liked the book so well that on February 21, 1881, its author, to his great surprise and pleasure, received from Mr. Macmillan a request to be allowed to publish it at his own expense. To his still greater surprise and pleasure the book when published proved a sensational success. — *New York Herald.*

Ward.— Mrs. Humphry Ward guards her private life jealously, and is said to be the only author of note who has never granted an interview. She is very reticent even among her friends as to her methods of composition, but the following extract from a speech made by her at a London settlement in which she is interested, reveals something of her manner of working: "The story-teller plans it in this way or that. You scribble down on your first sheet of paper such and such incidents — your hero is to end badly or to end well. Marriage bells there shall certainly be — on that last far-off page. Or, if you are in a sterner mood, you see all the forces of the pit unchained about your poor puppets. A shipwreck, a railway accident, some new disease with a long name — you write it down inexorably. But then you begin your work. And after a little while, as your grip tightens, as your characters come out of the mist, they begin to make themselves, to shape their own story. Your idea remains, if it had any virtue. Often one looks back with a strange thrill to see how near the thought of the end has been to the thought of the beginning. But on the way it has taken to itself a score of fresh forms and developments."

The Harpers, by the way, have received the following letter from the West: "Gentlemen — I have read with the greatest interest Mrs. Ward's different serials in your magazine, but there is one point about which I want to write to her. Mrs. Ward always makes her heroines entirely too thin; Eleanor, Julie Le Breton, and now Lady Kitty are painfully thin. It seems as if she thought no stout people could be interesting. Will you send me her address? And do you suppose she would mind my suggesting this to her?" — *The Argonaut.*

Whitaker.— Herman Whitaker, of Berkeley, author of "The Probationer," speaking of his early literary ventures, has somewhat to say that will be of interest and inspiration to fledgling authors whose manuscripts travel far before finding a haven of promise. "One does not acquire technique in a day," Mr. Whitaker says; "the stories I sent out came back like homing doves, but now and then one would bring a green leaf, promise of the future, in the shape of a kindly editorial comment. How I wrote and rewrote those stories! One I wrote twenty-one times, and then, what of the things I took out and the things I put in, it found grace with an editor. In the first six months I added some twenty dollars cash to my debts, but at the end of the year I had cleared a thousand dollars." — *The Argonaut.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Copyright for Foreign Books. — Authors and publishers have just begun to realize that the new international copyright law enacted at the recent session of Congress, is a matter of great benefit and stimulus to foreign writers.

Under the terms of this law any author in a foreign country having an international copyright agreement with the United States who writes and publishes a book in any language except English can obtain a year's option to copyright it in this country by depositirg one copy of his book with the Librarian of Congress within thirty days after its publication, at the same time filing a statement that this is for the purpose of taking out a copyright within one year if he desires.

In order to complete the transaction he must within the twelve months deposit two copies, the title, and the usual fee. He is then protected by the copyright laws of the United States so far as the publication of his work in this country is concerned.

Arthur Crisfield, of the Copyright Bureau of the Congressional Library, in explaining the benefits to foreign authors of this law said: —

"Under the terms of the new law passed by Congress a oreign author not publishing in the English language can within a month of the publication of his book abroad obtain an option covering a year's time on the copyright

privileges in the United States. The practical benefit lies in the fact that he will have an opportunity for this length of time for finding out whether or not he desires to publish in English and attempt to enter the American market.

"Most authors are in the dark as to how their works will be received, and it takes them some time to find out whether there will be any financial advantage in obtaining the American copyright for an English translation.

"This privilege applies only to authors resident in those countries which have an international copyright agreement with the United States. These are England, France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Cuba, Brazil, Honduras, China, Chili, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The United States is not a member of the International Copyright League, but the enactment of this law on the part of the Congress of this country is an important step toward encouraging foreign authors by making it easier for them to obtain the privileges of the American copyright.

"It is too early yet to appreciate the extent to which this new privilege will be used, because the new law has not yet been sufficiently promulgated abroad. When its provisions are widely known, all foreign authors, I have no doubt, will make use of its benefits."—*New York Herald.*

Blunders of Authors.—All the best-known authors seem to have blundered—little wonder, considering the amount they write, and the scrutiny to which it is subject. Yet how many of us remember that Dickens made Mr. Squeers set his boys to work to hoe turnips in midwinter, or that the girl Tattycoran, in "Little Dorrit," enters "with an iron box two feet square under her arm?" We could hardly, perhaps, be expected to know that an early edition of Webster's Dictionary defined a wicket keeper as "the player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect the wicket from the ball." In "Lothair," we are told, Lord Beaconsfield gives Lady Montairy three different Christian names in three separate chapters. In the first volume of the second edition she is called Georgina; later she answers to Augusta; and in the second volume we meet her as Victoria Montairy. Possibly, though, the lady possessed all these names. Thackeray was responsible for many valuable blunders, reaching his high-water mark when in "The Newcomes" he kills the mother of Lord Farintosh in one chapter, and restores her to life in a later one.—*Yorkshire Post.*

After Literary Honors.—Jeannette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, writing in *Leslie's Magazine* for May, cites the following as a typical interview with one of the many young girls fresh from college, who apply to her for a position:—

Literary Aspirant—I have just graduated from college, where I have contributed to our college magazine, and I want to become a professional writer.

Editor—And to that end—

Literary Aspirant—To that end I should like to begin by reviewing books.

Editor—Don't you think that it might, perhaps, be better to end by writing criticisms than to begin that way?

Literary Aspirant (confidently)—Oh, no. I think that is the way to begin. It is the way that I began on our college paper. I reviewed the novels of Mr. James and Mr. Howells, Miss Repplier's essays, Stephen Phillips' poems, and Mallock's books as they appeared.

Editor—So you think that a young girl, fresh from her school books, is able to give points to these writers?

Literary Aspirant (diffidently)—Well, not exactly give points; but then, you know, there is generally something to criticise. And I have always been told that the best way to learn to write was to read good writers and criticise their works.

Editor—Undoubtedly, that is an excellent way, but I should hardly think that the criticisms were worth publishing. Write them for the waste basket—that is good training; but to write for publication, while it may be good for the writer is bad for the reader. The way to learn to write is to write—but not always for publication.

The Misuse of a Word—The strangest misuse of language is in the application of the term "species" to about everything it does

not mean. In our newspapers, especially, we continually see such absurd statements as "W X. killed a bird of the owl species," or "Y. Z. caught a strange animal of the raccoon species." However indifferent one may be to knowledge, he cannot be so to speech; he must use correct words or be misunderstood. Herein we are all slaves. No one can claim to be educated who does not know the meaning of the three terms, "family," "genus," and "species." For instance, there is a group or order of birds of prey, — eagles, hawks, falcons, buzzards, kites, and owls, — and these are families under the names given; but the eagles are different, as the golden eagle and the bald eagle; these are species. We have the sparrow-hawk, peregrine falcon, and red-tailed buzzard; each is a species. The newspaper reporter should have said "W. X. killed a species of owl." This is good English: what he did say is nonsense. A genus is a group of lesser importance than a family, which may comprise many genera, and is too difficult of comprehension to be used with safety by the average reporter; but the true "species" is so simple that misuse is inexcusable. — *Dr. C. C. Abbott, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

Great Fortunes in Good Literature. — "There are so many people writing now that nobody has a show," said Rider Haggard in an interview with Julian Hawthorne.

"Mr. Haggard is strangely wrong," said one of New York's leading publishers. "Never before have authors received as good royalties as they do now. Furthermore, statistics show that there are no more novelists now than there were ten years ago. People continually comment on the enormous quantity of books on the market of to-day. We are publishing no more books this year than we did ten years ago."

In answer to Mr. Haggard's statement that the authors of to-day must go begging for their bread because they are so many and their books so bad, we can point to Winston Churchill, whose novel "Richard Carvel" alone brought him nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Then "The Crisis" appeared and the book stalls were besieged by eager purchasers. After enormous quantities of the book were sold it was dramatized and netted another fortune for Mr. Churchill. His latest book, "The Crossing," now bids fair to outrival the other two. Being an author has certainly proved profitable in young Winston Churchill's case.

Fifty thousand dollars for every novel that he writes is what Sir Gilbert Parker receives. Ever since "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" first appeared, the eyes of the literary world have been on Gilbert Parker, and when "The Right of Way" was published it took the people by storm. Since the sale of novels each year is enormous, and men's minds seek relaxation in the trivialities of fiction, it is to their credit that they prefer such books as those of Gilbert Parker. All readers know that these books are not trash, which are written to disappear, and that is why Parker receives fifty thousand dollars for each one.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a splendid example of the successful author. She has learned that the ability to write good fiction is the development growing out of many trials and many failures. To-day she has a continuous yearly income of fifty thousand dollars from the successes which she has achieved.

"The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire" have netted Booth Tarkington an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. To-day they are still two of the best selling books on the market. He is another example to prove the fallacy of Rider Haggard's statement. By these it seems that literary wares do not go begging for a market, if they are deserving. — *New York American.*

M. Zola's Manuscripts. — The manuscripts of the works of the late M. Zola, which were presented by his widow to the Bibliothèque Nationale, have now been bound, and are displayed in one of the galleries of the library. M. Zola was perhaps the most methodical man of letters of modern times, and his manuscripts show how carefully he went to work. First of all, he sketched the scenario of his novel. Then he accumulated a mass of documents, personal observations, and newspaper cuttings, which might touch on the theme he was about to deal with. These preliminary labors being completed, he set to, and, with-

out apparent hesitation, elaborated his work. So closely filled are the pages of his manuscripts, that each one has had to be mounted in a particular fashion. Mme. Zola's gift to the Bibliothèque Nationale forms ninety volumes, sixty being manuscripts in the strict sense of the term, and the remainder proofs corrected by the author, notes, etc.—*Paris Letter in the London Standard.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE SCHILLER ANNIVERSARY: SCHILLER'S MESSAGE TO MODERN LIFE. Kuno Francke. SCHILLER'S IDEAL OF LIBERTY. William Roscoe Thayer. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE CENTENARY OF SAINTE-BEUVE. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES IN CURRENT FICTION. Mary Moss. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

WHERE POETS LIVED AND LOVED. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

DOES IT PAY TO BE A LITERARY WOMAN? Jeannette L. Gilder. *Leslie's* (13 c.) for May.

AMONG THE ILLUSTRATORS. Illustrated. Grace Alexander Fowler. *Harper's Bazar* (18 c.) for June.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS: POET AND DRAMATIST. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for May.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY. Illustrated. Mary Caroline Crawford. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

A GLANCE BACKWARD AT IVAN TURGENIEFF AND HIS WORK. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NOVELIST; OR, NOVEL-WRITING TAUGHT IN SEVEN LESSONS BY THE CORRESPONDENCE METHOD. Homer Croy. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS. Lewis Melville. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

RUSSIA AND POLAND: THEIR AUTHORS AND THEIR COPYRIGHT LAW. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

ZOLA'S LAST WORD ON EDUCATION.—II. Thomas Dickinson. *Education* (38 c.) for May.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER. Illustrated. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for May.

IN BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY. Illustrated. S. H. Smith. *Sunset* (13 c.) for May.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for May.

BUSINESS LETTER-WRITING.—III. S. Roland Hall. *Phonographic Magazine* (8 c.) for May.

SKETCH OF MY CAREER AS A NEWSPAPER-MAKER. With portrait. O. Byron Copper. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for May.

ROMANTIC POETRY IN GERMANY. John Firman Coar, Ph. D. *Open Court* (13 c.) for April.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Paul Harboe. *Outlook* (13 c.) for April 15.

THE PERSONALITY OF SCHILLER. Illustrated. J. Perry Worden, Ph. D. (Halle). *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 6.

SOME ASPERITIES AND AMENITIES OF CRITICISM. Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial* (13 c.) for April 16.

TOLSTOY AT HOME. Illustrated. Josiah Flint. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for April 29.

FINANCIAL NOVELS AND A NEW PLANE OF FICTION. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for May 13.

THE HISTORIAN OF STANDARD OIL (Miss Ida M. Tarbell). Illustrated. Mary Caroline Crawford. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for May 27.

SCHILLER CENTENARY. Joseph Jacobs. *New York Times Saturday Review* (5 c.) for May 6.

THE ART OF FICTION. Joseph Conrad. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 13.

THE GOOD GRAY POET AT HOME. Illustrated. Horace Traubel. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for May 13.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just published, in their series of "Literary Lives," a volume on "Ernest Renan," by Rev. Dr. William Barry.

Harry V. Radford, editor of *Woods and Water*, has prepared a monograph on the life and work of "Adirondack Murray." The book will be published by the Broadway Publishing Company.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company are planning a series of literary studies, to consist of a number of monographs, each volume dealing with the origin and development of a single subject, instead of a period or an author. The volumes already arranged for are: "The Ballad," by Professor F. B. Gummere, of Haverford; "The Novel," by Dr. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* "The Lyric," by Professor F. E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania; "Tragedy," by Professor A. H. Thorndike, of Northwestern University; "The Pastoral," by Professor J. B. Fletcher, of Columbia University; "The Essay," by Dr. Ferris Greenslet, of the *Atlantic Monthly;* "Character Writing," by C. N. Greenough, of Harvard University; "Saints' Legends," by D. G. H. Gerould, of Bryn Mawr; "Literary Criticism," by Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard University; "The Short Story," by Professor W. M. Hart, of the University of California; and "Allegory," by the general editor, Professor W. A. Neilson, of Columbia University. Each volume will contain a complete bibliography.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon bring out a uniform edition of the works of Henrik Ibsen. The edition will consist of seven or eight volumes, and will be made up chiefly of the authorized Archer translations. The same firm will also publish "The Confessions of Lord Byron," a collection of personal and literary discussions in Byron's "Letters and Journals," selected and arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany.

Francis W. Halsey, formerly editor of the *New York Times Saturday Review*, is now editor of the *Literary Digest*.

Edward J. Wheeler, for ten years editor of the *Literary Digest*, has become the editor of *Current Literature*.

Rem A. Johnston, of the *Ossian* (Ind.) *News*, has been appointed editor of the *Red Book*.

Hearst's Home and Farm Weekly, "dedicated to the farmers and housewives of America," is a new publication issued in Chicago.

C. Arthur Pearson is publishing, in London, the *Novel Magazine*, containing only novels and short stories.

Thomas Whittaker has become the publisher of the *Girls' Friendly Magazine*, the organ of the Girls' Friendly Society of the Episcopal church, and intends to make the publication one of general interest to all young women of that church.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company (New York) has begun the publication of the *Wiseman*, "a monthly magazine of suggestions for health, happiness, and wisdom, as acquired through the occult sciences."

Beginning with the July number, the Illustrated Magazine Number of the *Outlook* will be published on the fourth Saturday of the preceding month. The issue for June 24, therefore, will be the July Magazine Number.

The *Brown Book* of Boston will hereafter be known as *Modern Women*.

The *Cosmopolitan*, for many years owned by John Brisben Walker, has been sold to William Randolph Hearst, and removed to New York. Mr. Walker will continue to edit the magazine for some time, but will eventually be succeeded by Bailey Millard.

John Brisben Walker, the former publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*, will continue to publish the *Twentieth Century Home* at Irvington, N. Y. It is understood that he will also enter the book-publishing business.

The Scott-Thaw Company, New York, has been petitioned into bankruptcy.

The first number of the *Newsboys' Magazine* has been published in New York. George Bleekman, one of the owners of the *Idler*, is the editor.

The *Burr McIntosh Monthly* offers a special prize of twenty-five dollars for the best outdoor photograph of figures (whether of men, women, children, or animals) submitted by September 1.

The *Woman's Home Companion* wants anecdotes on the subject, "Do Animals Ever Reason?" and will pay five dollars each for the twenty best contributions received by July 15.

The *Woman's Home Companion* wants photographs of summer houses, and will pay twenty-five dollars for the best photograph, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars each for every other available photograph received before August 1.

Among the literary centenaries to be celebrated this year is that of Alexis Charles Henri Clérel, Comte de Tocqueville, author of "Democracy in America," who was born July 25, 1805.

The May number of the *Open Court* is devoted to Friedrich Schiller, the editor, Dr. Paul Carus, having prepared a biography of the poet and a consideration of him as a philosophical poet, and made selections from his poetry. The number is fully illustrated.

Howard Malcolm Ticknor died in San Francisco, May 14, aged seventy years.

Dr. Frederick Speirs, editor of the *Book-lovers' Magazine*, died at Lansdowne, Penn., May 17, aged thirty-seven.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee died at Bordeaux, France, May 21, aged sixty-seven.

Charles Henry Webb ("John Paul") died in New York May 24, aged seventy-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVII. BOSTON, JULY, 1905. No. 9.

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FOUR ESSAYS ON STYLE.

The four essays on style which have been reprinted from time to time in the pages of THE WRITER from the works of Pater, Stevenson, Frederic Harrison, and Herbert Spencer make a repaying study. In a comparison of the four essays there is much interest, considerable profit, and not a little amusement. It is diverting to hear from Mr. Harrison that we should take pattern after no man's style, and to be told no less authoritatively by Herbert Spencer that we must write interchangeably, as one's subject requires, in the style of each and all.

In considering the four authors' theories of style, and their practical effects in these very essays we need not, for the moment, linger upon Herbert Spencer's article; for his aim is toward reducing the matter to a science, and he writes (in this case) in the accepted dry-as-dust style of the scientist. But Pater and Harrison make entertaining contrasts. Walter Pater lays stress upon *erudition* as a necessity for the literary artist, and his essay, of a certainty, has not the ease and spontaneity of one who is merely inspired. One turns with relief from his cumbersome style to Mr. Harrison's monosyllabic pages, and at a first glance the reader is well-nigh converted to Harrison's emphasized theory of simplicity and naturalness. His words are read with so much facility, his ideas are so easily absorbed, that Swift and Goldsmith (his English paragons) begin to seem the ultimate standard. But when the leaf is turned to another page, one is driven to question if the matter might not have been treated with more interesting results. There is naturalness, there is simplicity, there is sufficient ease in his manner, but this clear and simple ease comes at last to seem a rather bald and colorless thing. With a hunger as for the flesh-pots of Egypt one turns from Harrison's comparative triteness back to Pater's complicated sentences, full of their meat of psychic significance.

There is one point of agreement on the subject of style between Harrison and Pater — it refers to the quality of fidelity to self, in giving to one's style "the color of one's own soul," as Walter Pater has it. Though the phrase hardly describes Mr. Harrison's attitude, with his strenuous protest against the expression of any marked individuality, yet it is somewhat along the lines of his plea for freedom from imitation.

It is a contrast to both these writers when Herbert Spencer strikes a note of catholicity: To study many authors, to make one's work a symphony of changes from one style to another, is his injunction. If we should take this adjuration quite literally, we might not be able to go all the way with him, for there is something worth considering in Frederic

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Harrison's assertion that a markedly individual style is the ossification of eccentricities, the confirmation of a one-sided development. It would be a sad loss to relinquish the exquisite or interesting authors whom Mr. Harrison in a way taboos — to give up Pater and Stevenson, and (for those who like him) Carlyle; moreover we are not willing to regard their graceful or rugged ways as aberrations; but we are all, at best, but partial developments, and the fascinations of individuality, like everything else, must partake more or less of our imperfection; so that a symphony of styles such as Spencer advocates, of Lamb, Carlyle, and Bacon, for instance, would be little short of a literary crazy-quilt. We do well to aim at all these virtues — at catholicity, at simplicity, and at fidelity to self; but in our present environment of limitations we can only be approximately broad, simple, and true. We may be thankful for whatever literature has accomplished in these several directions.

It gives some curious matter for reflection that of all these four essayists on style only one (to my thinking) gives pleasure through his style — in these particular essays. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that an essay on style should itself give an example of ideal style; for it is not a subject that stirs much inspiration. Perhaps, as a subject, it is as good a test as we could find for detecting lingering crudities in an author, or for proving his technical mastery. Walter Pater, for instance, in other works — in passages where his spirit is touched — uses language as fine and exquisite as the delicate thought behind it, but his gait goes clumsily here; while Robert Louis Stevenson in his part of this quartet shows a triumph of technique, indeed. Though he speaks lightly of his art as a sleight-of-hand trick, and compares its methods to "a juggling with oranges," he writes notwithstanding as a delicate artist. In an essay which professes only to play the part of a text-book he gives us a really delightful piece of literature, and even flings poetry over the study of these dry technicalities by looking upon its probings as a search for the "hidden springs of beauty." Mr. Harrison may denounce Stevenson's "preciousness" (and with some reason, perhaps, in his earlier examples) as a thing to invite imitation, but in this pitting of wits he carries off the cup, with the example of an actual achievement, which speaks more loudly than theory. *Leila R. Ramsdell.*

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

THE SELLING OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Many writers — need I say comparatively unsuccessful writers? — complain more or less bitterly because editors in returning their manuscripts do not give the reasons for rejection. Hurt and smarting at their failure, they compare their unsuccessful work with the matter that is printed by these same editors, and declare it to be as good as that accepted and printed, or even better. What if it is? Was the manuscript sent to the editor with an inquiry as to whether he had anything as good, or with an inquiry as to whether he wanted to buy it? Why should these complaining writers expect anything from an editor beyond declination or acceptance?

They have written, let us say, a story, striving to put their best into it, and, wholly unsolicited, they have sent it to an editor who they hope may buy it. What is the editor's part in the matter? He receives the manuscript in his mail, with perhaps a score of others. Shall he read each one of these effusions all through critically, and then write to each author, explaining carefully why a given manuscript is, or is not, available? To whom is he responsible — to the unsolicited author, or to the publisher who employs him? If to the publisher, his duty certainly is to decide as quickly and as briefly as possible what manuscripts are available and what are not. It matters not

whether he reads the manuscripts at all. If a glance at their titles proves their unavailability, they have no further call upon his time. If reading the first half-dozen pages brings the same result, he should stop there. It is only the manuscript about which there may be doubt that calls for a complete and careful reading. The publisher is anxious to buy the manuscripts that will do most to make his publication a successful one, and the editor's duty is merely to decide if, in his opinion, the manuscript under consideration will help toward the success of the special magazine that he is editing. If he thinks that it will not, he is not justified in spending another minute of his employer's time upon it after he has reached this decision.

Buying manuscripts is as much a business transaction as buying flour or other merchandise. Do you give the merchant your reasons in detail for not purchasing every article of his stock that you examine? No. You want, or you do not want, such a piece of goods. An editor wants, or does not want, such a manuscript. And there the matter should end. If he wants a manuscript, he accepts it; if he does not want it, there is no reason why he should do more than to say so and return it to you.

Let writers study their markets, always informing themselves what kind of material a magazine prints before submitting manuscripts to it, and then, having submitted a manuscript, let them regard the matter as they would any other business transaction. Is there any reason why a merchant should grieve because you return, without comment, goods that he has sent to you on approval? Is there any reason why you should grieve because an editor returns, without comment, a manuscript that you have sent for his inspection?

BOSTON, Mass. *Margaret Gordon.*

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR WOULD-BE AUTHORS.

[Time: Now, henceforth, and forever. Place: Anywhere and everywhere. Length of time allowed to complete the list: A lifetime, if necessary. Classification: Poor, Middling, and Good. Compensation: Poor — Nothing; Middling — A living; Good — Fame and plenty of money.

The Commission desires to say that no one is barred by reason of physical infirmities, religious belief, age, color, sex, or any other reason. Fifty per cent. shall be considered a passing grade by the examiners, who are all editors.]

1. Have you something to say?
2. Do you use good English?
3. Is your handwriting related to that of the late Horace Greeley?
4. Have you an abundant supply of patience?
5. Do you stick to your text?
6. Are you addicted to the use of long words?
7. Are you well supplied with postage stamps?
8. Are you able to "look pleasant" when your manuscript comes back the tenth time?
9. Have you a good fund of general information?
10. Do you think editors are unfair and prejudiced?
11. Do you ask the editor, in case your manuscript is not available, "to kindly suggest" a periodical he thinks will take it?
12. Do you remind the Board of Examiners that people with less gray matter than you have passed?
13. Do you forget to put enough postage on your letters?
14. Is the thread of your story ever broken?
15. Are you a student of human nature and the best literature?
16. Do you always send stamps for return?
17. Do you use transparent writing paper?
18. Can you spell correctly?
19. Do you know the difference between rhymes and poems?
20. Have you plenty of good, common sense?

Hilda Richmond.

KENTON, O.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

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VOL. XVII. JULY, 1905. NO. 9.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Who is the leading American humorist to-day? Colonel Harvey, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, in a recent address before the Vassar alumnæ said: "Who is there to take the place of Eugene Field? It is true that we have Mark Twain, but even his attitude toward life is at *present very serious*, although he could not *help writing humorously* at times"; and then he added: "I think Oliver Herford is about our only humorist." Granting that Mr. Herford possesses a delicate and delightful humor, it seems nevertheless as if Colonel Harvey must have spoken without due consideration. Otherwise, especially addressing an audience of Vassar alumnæ, how could he have omitted to mention Miss Carolyn Wells, who certainly is a prolific humorist of high order, and who stands in a class by herself as the only woman writer who possesses what men generally would regard as a genuine humorous faculty? Among masculine writers John Kendrick Bangs will probably feel aggrieved because Colonel Harvey did not mention him — though perhaps without good reason — and George Ade will very likely share the feeling. "Mr. Dooley," however, certainly deserved to be spoken of, although lately he has not published much. "Bob" Burdette is also rich and silent. Joel Chandler Harris by all means should not be forgotten. Another worthy of mention, who has not achieved the fame that he deserves, is Eugene Wood, and Judge Shute surely deserves consideration. Still it must be admitted that the list of genuine humorists now actively at work is short, and that, if Mark Twain is to be excepted, there is no great American humorist to-day. Why is it that in such a humorous and humor-loving people as we are, there should be no successful successor to Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, Bill Nye, and Josh Billings — or to those more literary humorists, Eugene Field, W. H. H. Murray, and Frank R. Stockton?

* * *

Another example of the unmercenary author may be cited. A. E. Houseman, professor of Latin in the University College, London, and a writer of verses which have won praise from able critics, consistently refuses to accept pay for his work. An American magazine recently printed fragments from a book he printed and sent him a check, which was returned with thanks.

* * *

Publishing again after long years of literary silence, Amélie Rives (now the Princess Troubetskoy) shows in her dramatic poem, "Seléné,"

that she has not wholly outgrown the trick of using unusual words and phrases which stirred the critics when "The Quick or the Dead" appeared nearly twenty years ago. In Seléné she tells how Artemis sped along "glistering," "with skyey gait" "on sandals sharp with sleet." The goddess wore a many-plaited skirt of "lissom white," and

"On her breast,
Wide-spaced and maiden small, an armour fair
Of crystal patines lapping scales of jade
Dissolved with her quick breath, from white to gray,
From gray to white, like spangles that bestrew
A moonlit wave."

Farther on, the Princess Amélie writes of a swan's "plashy nest," and of an

"Everlasting house
Set in a tideless sea of golden air,
Amidst of gardens."

It is only fair to say, however, that odd phrasing of this kind is the exception in the poem, rather than the rule, and that these lapses from good taste and good sense are atoned for by many beautiful descriptive passages, in which well-chosen words are joined with exquisite skill to make a vivid and artistic picture.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Joseph Blethen, whose article, "Ten Days in the Olympics," was printed in *Country Life in America* for June, is associate editor and part owner of the *Seattle Daily and Sunday Times*. Mr. Blethen was born in Farmington, Me., April 16, 1870, but has been west of the Mississippi since 1880. He was graduated from the University of Minnesota in the class of 1891, and in 1899 he married Miss Genevieve Swadley, of Whatcom, Washington. Between 1892 and 1896 he wrote nine plays, of which eight were unsuccessful, but one, "The Chinook," is still earning money on the road. Mr. Blethen began short story work in 1900, and sold four of the first five stories he wrote. In three years he has sold thirty-one short stories — nearly one a month. In 1892 he wrote a few sketches and sent them to *McClure's*. They were returned to him at once. In 1901 he tried the experiment again, and this time he was successful. Mr. Blethen has had stories published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McClure's*, *Everybody's Collier's*, *Munsey's*, the *Junior Munsey's*, *Success*, *St. Nicholas*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Booklovers' Magazine*. He is the author of one novel.

Larrey Bowman, author of "The Faithful Brady," in the April *McClure's*, was born in Indiana, and is a son of Captain C. G. Bowman, U. S. N., the present commandant of the Pensacola navy yard. Mr. Bowman is a graduate of Stanford University, and was a founder and illustrator of the Stanford humorous sheet, the *Chapparral*, and he also wrote a song which the students there still sing. Later, as a member of the *Denver Republican* staff, he won local recognition as a writer of humorous stories. He now lives in Tempe, Arizona.

George Randolph Chester, whose story, "Bargain Day at Tutt House," appeared in *McClure's* for June, and who had another story, "Ugly Burleigh," in the June *Cosmopolitan*, is an experienced newspaper man, having been for five years, up to last fall, Sunday editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. While on the *Enquirer* he made the acquaintance of H. H. McClure, of McClure, Phillips, & Co., who urged him to submit some stories to *McClure's Magazine*. In accordance with Mr. McClure's request, he offered his first story in the rough, and it was sent back to him by the editor, for finishing, with a liberal check to insure its return to the magazine. This story was "The Strike Breaker," which will be published in one of the fall numbers of *McClure's*. The same magazine has several of Mr. Chester's stories in type, most of them being comedies in the vein of "Bargain Day at Tutt House." One of them, with illustrations by Christie, will be printed in the August number. Mr. Chester has had several stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and one of them, "The Tin Railroad, Incorporated," brought him requests for manuscripts from four magazines and half a dozen book publishing houses. In addition to this, the *Reader Magazine* has bought a number of Mr. Chester's stories, and he also won a prize in the recent *Black Cat* competition. While on

the *Enquirer* he syndicated a series of weekly stories which were printed in the Sunday issues of a number of newspapers throughout the United States. Mr. Chester says that he has yet "to make good" with the public, but the magazines have given him such substantial encouragement that he has given up newspaper work and is now devoting himself solely to story writing.

Margaret Houston, who wrote the story, "By the Fountain," in *Ainslee's* for June, was born in Texas, and is a grand-daughter of General Sam Houston. She was graduated from St. Mary's College, Dallas, in 1899, but her literary work did not begin until a year ago, when *Leslie's* published "In the Shadow of St. Joseph," a short love story of the convent. *Ainslee's* has since published "The Hegira of Minerva," a half-humorous sketch of darkey character, and this magazine has also published a number of her verses. Verse is what Miss Houston considers her "natural field." *Smith's Magazine* for July contains another of her short stories, called "Aunt Clemma's Guest." "By the Fountain" has been characterized as "realistic in theme, with a vein of poetry running through it."

James Lincoln, author of the story, "Superannuated," in the June *Atlantic*, is a young man whose only book publication, up to date, is a slender volume of poems. This volume, modestly entitled "Relishes of Rhyme," and published in 1903, by Richard G. Badger, of Boston, consists of lyrics suggested, in most instances, by cablegrams from South Africa to the American press, during the Boer war. The opening sonnet of the book had already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and about half the thirty poems were reprinted from other eastern periodicals. Mr. Lincoln can devote to literature only scanty intervals from the drudgery of a peculiarly exacting business. He cheerfully says that he has made almost as much by his two or three accepted magazine stories as he has lost by his volume of poetry.

Caroline Lockhart, who had a story, "The Second Star," in the June *Lippincott's*, and *another*, "The Man Who Knew Indians," in *Leslie's* for June, was born in Illinois, but spent most of her childhood on her father's cattle ranch in southeastern Kansas. She went to boarding school at the Moravian seminary at Bethlehem, Penn., and to Moses True Brown's school of oratory in Boston. When the Boston Museum stock company was reorganized, Miss Lockhart became a member and played at the Grand Opera house. After that she tried newspaper work on the *Boston Post*, and since has been connected with the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and the *Philadelphia Press*, although she is not now connected with any newspaper. While in newspaper work she lived at intervals in Paris and Rome, Wyoming and Mexico, Labrador and Newfoundland, Montana and South Carolina. Miss Lockhart contributes with more or less regularity to *Lippincott's Magazine; Tom Watson's Magazine* has published one of her stories; and the *Century* has two more, as yet unpublished. She is going to Wyoming this summer to finish a book, and she says that her trunk contains a great many manuscripts which have been returned by editors with such dispatch that she has thought they must have come by special delivery.

Homer M. Price, who has been making a specialty of post office stories, had an interesting one in the June *Leslie's*, entitled "Trouble at Cross-Bow." The June number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* contained the second of his "Miss Rose" stories, entitled "When Miss Rose Touched the Button," and there are still other stories of this series to appear in the same publication. Mr. Price is superintendent of mails in the Dallas (Texas) post-office, and has been connected with the postal service for twenty years. He has confined his writings mostly to stories of the mail service, but has written other stories that have met with acceptance with such publications as the New York *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Young People's Weekly*, et cetera. The *Youth's Companion* paid him the complimer last year of using a little Christmas story as Christmas greeting to its contributors. It w printed in very attractive form. One of stories printed in the *Independent* has b

dramatized, and will be placed on the vaudeville stage the coming season. It is entitled "The Third Watch of the Night." Mr. Price bears the distinction of never having written a story that he has been unable to sell. This summer he is taking a vacation from his post-office duties, and is spending the time in the "hill country" of East Tennessee, his post-office being Concord. He has much literary work planned for his vacation.

Abby Meguire Roach, whose story, "A Working Basis," in *Harper's Magazine* for June is the fifth to appear of a dozen short stories touching on some of the most common matrimonial problems, began to write in childhood, and at the age of nine was contributing to a children's sheet printed on a mimeograph and issued weekly, as she says "to the not-too-discerning of family and friends." From that time on she continued to write more or less regularly, most of her output, until after school years, consisting of poetry. At the age of twelve, in collaboration with another author of equally tender years, she wrote a "novel," which was published in a bona-fide woman's home magazine of Philadelphia. The story was full of secret passages, mysterious potions, apparitions, quotations from Shakespeare, true love, and the most exemplary moral sentiments. "At thirteen," she says, "the most important 'work' of my life was produced — an epic in six cantos, entitled 'The Rose of the Alhambra.' It is sad to have to add that no copy was saved for posterity, the only fragment extant having preserved itself in a corner of my memory, probably because, at the time, it seemed to me particularly fine, quite like one of Tennyson's nature touches. In a description of dawn, it told of

> '. . . . . the bat
> Who sought its dusty, dark retreat,
> And slept, suspended by its feet.'"

After that time preparation for college prevented more than occasional poems. Then a year at Wellesley and a couple of gay seasons at her home in Louisville, preceded her marriage to Mr. Neill Roach, after which for three or four years she spent most of the time in travel. Mrs. Roach has had contributions published in the *Century*, *Harper's*, the *Criterion*, and the *Cosmopolitan*, and *McClure's Magazine* will shortly bring out some of her work. The series of short stories now running in *Harper's Magazine* will eventually be made into a book.

Frank Preston Smart, whose poem, "A Comment," was printed in *Scribner's* for June, is a West Virginia newspaper man, being at present engaged on the *Parkersburg News*. He has had poems published in the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Munsey's*, and *Lippincott's*, and has contributed, both in prose and verse, to *Judge*, *Puck*, and *Life*. A great deal of his verse has appeared in newspapers, among others, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Indianapolis Journal*, and the *Detroit Free Press*. Mr. Smart tells of one experience with prize story contests, which he says discouraged him so that he has never entered the lists since. This was in 1891, when the old *Boston Weekly Globe* offered four prizes for the best four stories by boys or girls under seventeen years of age. Mr. Smart won the fourth prize. It was only one dollar, but he says the man who wrote "Fagan" couldn't have been any prouder than he was. The dollar was the least part of his pride; to see that story in print would have been the real prize. But before story Number Four was reached, the publishers of the *Globe* gave up the weekly edition, and "The Story of an Excursion" never saw the light.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Test," in the May number of the *Popular Magazine*, has written serials and other stories for *Munsey's Magazine*, *Ainslee's*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Argosy*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. During 1904, under the name of "L. J. Van Ness," he ran a series of stories in *Ainslee's*, under the generic title of "Stories of the Street," in all of which he endeavored to indicate sketchily phases of Wall street's influence upon the lives of the men and women connected with it, rather than to exploit the machinery or compile a glossary of the intri-

cate technical jargon of "The Street." A large amount of Mr. Vance's work has appeared in various periodicals under the same pseudonym, it being his belief that a certain amount of prudent pseudonymity in connection with some of his work is not calculated to do any harm to his future.

METHOD IN FICTION WRITING.

If the art of writing fiction is not by this time familiar to every one, the fault certainly does not lie with the public's instructors. Never have they been more numerous or their instruction more assiduous. It is rather curious that advice on the making of books is pretty sure to come from writers who have tried and failed or who have never tried. Those who have accomplished a book or two are much less likely to think they have any special trade secrets to impart, and as for the veterans, the curious must pick up such hints as they can from glimpses into the workshop.

Mr. Howells in one of his entertaining discourses from the Easy Chair has of late spoken skeptically of methods. The only rule that occurred to him, he intimated, was to work as hard as possible, by which he seemed to mean, among other things, writing and re-writing until the result was satisfactory. And he even hinted that many of the young writers who had applied to him for suggestions desired to arrive before they got there.

There are, nevertheless, some points at which the confessions of notably successful literary workmen are of decided value, not only for the guidance of the young writer but for the light thrown upon the habits and temperament of the author. The "Serenade" scribbled on a wine-card at a restaurant gives a graphic conception of the marvelous fertility of Schubert's brain — brings it home as no statistics of the total number of his songs could do. The fragments from Hawthorne's note-books, while in general the publication of such unfinished bits is to be deprecated, are of wonderful interest as showing how his mind worked from an abstract conception; the raw material of a realist could hardly have such value. It is not likely that Hawthorne's reputation was in the slightest degree injured by this revelation of his methods, but on the other hand it is certain that Trollope hurt his literary standing by the confessions of his autobiography. There he too modestly wrote himself down a drudge, and many readers were unable to see beyond the mechanical side that he revealed. The figure of the burly man turning out so many words a day, like a bricklayer on wages, came between them and the books, and they were unable to rid themselves of the feeling that novels produced in so commonplace a way must themselves be commonplace, which is a fallacy. The ability to work regularly and evenly is less a matter of inspiration than of will power and physical health. There are plenty of writers of most romantic habits who have not a title of Trollope's creative power.

There are two points in the construction of works of fiction which in a different degree have an interest for the student as well as for the practitioner. The first and the more important is discussed by Mr. Howells in the same essay in which he disclaims the possession of any secrets of the trade.

Should a novel be written forward or backward? Mr. Howells, as might be supposed, is all for the straightforward method; he does not assume to know how all the great novelists have worked, but the books that please him best are those that read as if they had begun at the beginning.

To begin at the beginning is of course precisely what the "plotty" writer cannot do; his ending must be cut and dried before a beginning can be made. His whole art, in so far as it is distinctive, lies in keeping the ends of the string firmly in his own hands and offering his readers only the tangle of the skein. The trick is not quite so simple as it seems when one has just come to the unraveling of a tangle of this sort. To make a really first-rate detective story, which is the novel of plot carried to the furthest extreme, calls for art as well as for technical skill; the novice is apt to catch himself rather than his reader in the toils. But the question of skill left aside, it is only natural that Mr. Howells should most favor that form of novel in which this back-

handed procedure is not merely unnecessary, but unnatural and difficult. He looks upon a novel as the record of the doings of people, and he does not see how the novelist can tell what they are to do until they actually come to do it.

Here we see a wide gulf fixed between two classes of writers — those who carefully plan out a work to the smallest details before beginning its execution, and those who keep what is to come in a state of flux, to be cast into form at the proper time. As a mere question of workmanship, the former seems to the unprofessional eye to have more to commend it. It is businesslike; it conforms to the methods of the architect and the playwright. There is quite a delightful sense of system in a literary shop where a given piece of work, to be done by a certain date, is all laid off in neat little squares, each of which might almost be let out to a sub-contractor. A novel so built is like one of the marvelous steel cages of New York, where the twenty-fifth story may be finished before the ground floor is touched. Nevertheless, building is building, and novel-writing is novel-writing, and it is not difficult even for amateurs to see what Mr. Howells means. Each chapter of the novel — the novel which he admires — is a product of what goes before, and not even the novelist can foretell the end, except in the most general way. In the actual work of writing the characters take on independent life, and are not to be bound down to a prescribed course. It all comes back, of course, to whether the novelist puts plot first, or people.

It is to be urged, of course, that the almost invariable practice of the drama is "back-handed"; the play must be finished before it is begun. There are a thousand things to settle before a word of dialogue can be written, and it is the testimony of playwrights that nothing is so unmanageable, so difficult to revise, as dialogue. But if a novel is not a high building, neither is it a play, and Mr. James in his lecture at Northampton expressed the belief that whatever fits the one makes for the undoing of the other. The weak spot of the stage is its convention; the point at which the novel is strong is its freedom from the need for artifice. In this liberty to develop character in a simple, natural, even rambling way, a way which on the stage would be intolerable, lies one of the most precious opportunities of the novelist, and internal evidence shows how freely many of the greatest writers have availed themselves of it. The best illustration is Hawthorne's unfinished story, "Septimius Felton," with its notes showing the changes in the relations of the characters that dictated themselves as the novelist proceeded. It happens not to be one of his great books, but it throws much light on the way they were written.

The other point of technic upon which the confessions of eminent writers are instructive is closely related to this, and while perhaps not so fundamental, it none the less has an influence upon the completed product which is of legitimate interest to the thoughtful reader. One understands "The Pickwick Papers" or "Vanity Fair," for example, much better from knowing that they are written serially. Does a writer improvise, does he write and rewrite, does he expand, or does he contract? All these things leave their traces upon the completed work. In the popular conception writing a novel is — writing a novel. It is a question of sitting down with chapter I. and stopping at the end of chapter XXX. A little experience probably convinces the novice that it is not quite so simple as that. Even in the cases in which a novel is written simply and directly as Mr. Howells recommends, the beginning first and the ending last, there is a vast amount of preliminary work, and in many cases the hardest part of the task is done before the actual composition begins. Tourgueneff's methods were as simple and direct as possible, and it may be supposed that he wrote his novels straight through, but before he began he had accumulated a great mass of data about his characters, and had begun to feel them as actual people. What his characters do is of less importance than what they are; they develop the action rather than are developed by it.

But supposing the preliminary work done, there are still several ways of setting to work which the great practitioners have followed,

each of which, no doubt, has its special advantages, and each of which leaves traces which a sufficiently expert eye might discern. There is first the method of improvisation —the method of the careless genius, who never blots a line, and of the careless amateur, who blots everything so that it does not matter greatly. It may be allowed that some of the great masterpieces have been produced in this fashion, the novelist inventing and turning out his copy as he went along, all ready for the printer. Much of Scott, much of Victor Hugo, much of George Sand, much of Maurus Jokai was produced in this free, bold fashion, with hardly a revision. But obviously such a method, however entertaining may be the results which exceptionally prodigal minds have attained by it, is not one to be imitated. Lesser writers who have tried it have come to grief. Only the most extraordinary gifts can succeed in spite of carelessness.

The second method is essentially the same except that it is followed by painstaking revision and polishing. Of this method R. L. Stevenson may be taken as a shining example. His manuscripts bear testimony to the extent to which he amended by interlineations and omissions. This is the normal, the ordinary method of the careful writer. It is open to the objection that if carried too far it may produce the sense of artifice, and it is also to be said that the writer going over his product does not work with quite the same freedom as when engaged in actual creation. It is probably for this reason that the highly-talented author of "Richard Yea and Nay," Maurice Hewlett, has adopted the extremely laborious substitute of writing the whole thing over again and again. The first draft is written hastily and destroyed, and then he begins at the beginning and writes it straight through again. It is perhaps not a method that would suit many writers. The waste of effort must be enormous, and one would think that half-remembered felicities of the first version must be a harassing distraction. But it certainly offers the advantage of momentum, the freedom to draw in firm, clear lines instead of trying to amend an imperfect sketch, and Mr. Hewlett has undeniably produced some extraordinary results by it.

All these, however, are really variants of a single method of composition. A fundamental difference is reached when we come to the extraordinary procedure of Balzac. His biographers have told us how that great genius spent a good share of his royalties upon wholesale and repeated correction of the proofs — a statement which has often been misunderstood. As a matter of fact Balzac, who wrote with the utmost difficulty, had evolved a rough sort of system by which he called in the printer to his help. He first wrote a new novel in the form of a hasty sketch, which was sent to the printer as fast as it was done, and set up by sections, each paragraph on a large sheet. With these in hand the novelist began a new and frightfully arduous stage of his labors, cutting out, making new paragraphs for the printer, and filling the wide margins with cramped manuscript additions until by slow and painful degrees the novel began to assume its final form — so far as a form could be final with Balzac, who was forever getting out new editions and chopping his books in two or welding them together.

It was a clumsy process, but it had its raison d'être; in reading the "Comédie Humaine" in the light of this method one can fairly hear the Titans at their forge. One may be sure that if Balzac had lived a century later he would have adopted the vastly simpler and less expensive method of his admirer, Henry James, which is a more scientific variant. His practice, if the literary paragrapher is to be trusted, is to begin by dictating to a stenographer the substance of a new novel in the form of a short story of perhaps 15,000 words. This is typewritten — a few hundred words on a large sheet, and "worked up" into the full detail of the novel. When the development is complete the novel can be written in one piece, and published with comparatively little revision. It will be seen that the method is essentially that of Balzac, except that it is more systematic and makes use of modern labor-saving devices. The fundamental difference is between those who enlarge the detail from a sketch, and those who work in the full size from the beginning. Between those who improvise, those who revise, and

those who re-write there is mainly a distinction of style: a profounder effect upon the structure — though revision and re-writing affect this in some degree — seems likely to be the consequence of the enlargement of a miniature.

It seems to show, for instance, in the intricate dovetailing of the parts in Mr. James's elaborate-wrought novels. They have inner relations — suspended allusions, references forward and back, intimacies of all kinds, which are sufficiently amazing in any case and would seem hardly credible if the novels (those of the later period) were first written large. A single brain would hardly serve to contain all those elements in a state of solution, and mere planmaking could hardly suffice to catch the elusive little touches, each of which falls so inevitably into its right place. When a novel like "The Wings of the Dove" or "The Golden Bowl" is looked upon as something built up, completed simultaneously, as it were, at all points, this perfection of mechanism becomes more intelligible without becoming less admirable. Clearly the method that produced "The Newcombs" would have been inadequate to produce "The Awkward Age." And yet the enlarging process, if not open to precisely the objections urged by Mr. Howells against the "back-handed" method, seems not to be free from difficulties of its own. Are simplicity and directness quite so likely to be virtues resulting from this process as from a less artificial method? Each writer must, of course, find his own way, and there is excellent precedent for almost any method of procedure, even that of the bungler who has no method, but muddles through. The value of such study is mainly in the help it gives to a better understanding of an author's art and its limitations. — *Springfield Republican.*

DOES IT PAY TO WRITE?

It has been my way ever since I became an author to keep a careful record of the products of my pen, and now that I have completed a round of twenty years I am minded to review my experience as it is recorded in the little books which fill a drawer in my desk and contain the history of every manuscript.

Let me make clear at the outset that literature has never been my crutch, but simply my cane; my avocation rather than my vocation. Throughout the whole course of my pursuit of it I have been engaged all day in either professional or commercial employment, the bulk of my writing having been done before breakfast, wherein I imitated the example of the prolific Anthony Trollope.

Despite this limitation as to opportunity of production, I have, through the indulgence of editors and publishers, been permitted to see in print some twenty-five books, nineteen serial stories, 126 short stories, and 232 general articles, these totals excluding accepted manuscripts awaiting publication and rejected ditto that may never be published, and also casual contributions to daily papers.

As to my books, they bear the imprints of some of the most notable publishers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, London, and Edinburgh, and my contributions have appeared in nearly one hundred periodicals, including many of the first rank.

These facts are given simply to afford a means of appreciating the financial returns which, with all due deference to those who profess that literature, like virtue, should be its own reward, do after all really constitute the root of the matter.

To go back to the beginning of the score of years before mentioned, I find that my début upon the magazine stage proved a disappointment financially. It was in a professional periodical, and took the form of an article upon a rather abstruse question of law. I quite expected a reasonable honorarium, and was considerably chagrined when the editor blandly informed me that the reputation accruing from my appearance in the pages of his publication should be my sole and sufficient reward.

But my next venture went far toward making amends, as that admirable periodical, the *Continent*, which surely deserved to be an established success, paid me $60 for a descriptive article, and thereby confirmed me in my resolution to join the ranks of the occasional contributors. The results of that first year, which included a contribution to another publication

long since defunct, the *Current*, of Chicago, were just $250.

Oddly enough the second year yielded me precisely the same amount. Among the items were $55 from *Lippincott's*, $33 from the *Popular Science Monthly*, and $20 from *Literary Life*, of Chicago.

The year 1886 saw a substantial increase which was very encouraging and gratifying. Its total was $610, and included $75 from the *Magazine of American History* for two articles, $60 from the *Cosmopolitan* for another two, $40 from *Our Youth* for four, $15 each from the *Current* and *Wide Awake*, and $10 apiece from *Outing* (then of Boston) and the *Sunday School Times*.

In 1887 I took in $850, the larger contributors being *Scribner's Magazine*, $150; the *Forum*, $60; the *Cosmopolitan* (for two articles), $110; the *American Magazine*, $77.50; *Harper's Young People* (for four articles), $75; *Our Youth* (for six articles), $85, and the *New York Times*, $20.

Those who are familiar with the world of periodicals cannot fail to note how many names appear in my record that are no longer to be found upon the lists. The mortality among my customers has undeniably been very great, and possibly significant, but to what extent I may have been personally responsible for the demise of these publications is a question that I must leave to others to determine.

Just to curb my conceit, no doubt, 1888, instead of improving upon the preceding year, fell back to the figures of 1886, although the *Cosmopolitan* allowed me $75 for one article and the *American Magazine* $65 for another, while *Harper's Young People* paid me $80 for four articles, and the *Youth's Companion* and *Wide Awake* $20 each.

But 1889 sought to make amends by yielding me $990. Aside from its financial results, the year had special significance because it witnessed the publication of my first book, whereof the American copyright brought me $175 and the British $100, and of two serials, *Our Youth* paying me $150 for one and *Santa Claus* $250 for the other. I also had $50 from *Macmillan's*, the same amount from *Harper's Bazar*, $80 from the *Youth's Companion* (for three articles), and $25 from *Harper's Young People*.

Moved by the good example thus set, 1890 carried me to $1,180, the important items being $200 for the American rights in my second book, $100 from the *Cosmopolitan*, and $75 from the *Youth's Companion*. I had also $100 from the *McClure Syndicate* as the first prize for a special article upon a designated subject, and as the actual writing of the article took only a single evening I was certainly well paid.

It was a strange coincidence that 1891, instead of advancing, should retrograde to the precise mark of 1889, although there fell within it the largest single payment I had so far received, to wit, $300 for the serial and bookrights in the United States of a story for boys, as well as $175 for the bookrights of the two serials referred to in the account of 1889. The only other noteworthy receipt was $100 from *Harper's Young People* for a three-part serial.

Although 1892 rose to $1,065, the following year receded to $975, and it was not until 1894 that the showing for 1890 was surpassed by the total touching $1,267. In 1892 appeared my first serial in the *Boys' Own Paper*, of London, for which I received $190, and $125 more at a later date for the bookrights.

The payment by a famous firm of British publishers of 100 guineas for the entire copyright of a book for boys, of £60 for a collection of short stories, and of £50 for a serial, together with $50 from *Lippincott's* and the same amount from *Harper's Young People*, helped to bring the returns for 1894 to $1,267.

They were substantially the same for the following year, but in 1897 reached high water mark, the total being $1,755, whereto one serial contributed $300, another $100, and a third $75, while one book, for both the British and American rights, yielded $550, and a prize article in a competition stood for $100.

Since then the annual receipts have varied considerably, owing to different causes, one year falling as low as $190, because of my absorption in other work, and again rising to nearly $1,200. The sum total for the twenty years is practically $18,000, or an average of $900 per annum. Not a very dazzling manifest, to be sure, and yet when it is borne in mind

that my literary work has always been subsidiary and has been entirely suspended for protracted periods, one may at least maintain that the game has been, upon the whole, quite worth the candle.

To achieve even the modest showing thus summarized has required a vast amount of patience and a keen outlook for opportunities. There are legends in circulation about writers born under some lucky star who have never known the bitterness of rejection at the hands of the editors. No such happy lot was mine.

I may safely say that for every manuscript accepted on its first submission to the autocrats of the blue pencil, two others have had to undergo a more or less prolonged wanderjahr ere they found a resting place. I have had an article rejected thrice by an editor ere he accepted and published it. Another was rejected and accepted by an English editor within the space of a month, and then thought worthy of inclusion in the special Christmas number.

Some of my articles have been respectfully declined from two to twenty times, and then received a warm welcome. A dozen publishers have found a book manuscript "not quite suited to their plans," while the thirteenth has been pleased to offer satisfactory terms of publication.

Through all these ups and downs, acceptances and rejections, successes and failures, I have had exceedingly few causes of complaint as to the courtesy or carefulness of editors and publishers. However I may have wondered at their eccentricity of judgment, or bewailed their failure to appreciate a good thing when put before them, the instances in which I have had reason to deem myself illtreated or betrayed have been rare, while the volume of consideration and liberality has been so great as completely to submerge and obliterate those infrequent unpleasantnesses. — *New York Sun.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Blunders of Publishers.— Some of our readers, we are sure, have been crossed in literature, which is considered by some to be a good deal worse than being crossed in love. To these, and to others only less, the romance of "Returned with Thanks," as set out shortly in the *Bystander*, should be interesting. We read that Maarten Maartens was forced to print his first book himself. Quite recently Mr. J. J. Bell made about $20,000 out of a tiny book, "Wee Macgreegor," for which no publisher would make an offer, though the author would have sold the entire copyright for fifty dollars.

Think of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," refused by *Colburn's Magazine* as lacking in interest, although written expressly for that publication, and refused by every publisher to whom it was afterward submitted. Thackeray published it at his own risk.

The same is true of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." Keble's "Christian Year" was offered to a publisher for $100, and finally published at its author's risk, bringing him in, it is said, $200,000 during his lifetime.—*London News.*

Words That Go Wrong.—It may seem whimsical to attribute a quality of original sin to the dictionary, but there is certainly some tendency in words, as there is in human nature, which makes for degeneracy. A word comes into the world, like the babe, in a state of innocence. Look at it after a few centuries, or even decades, and the chances are that you will find it coarsened, if not actually soiled.

To take a very simple and obvious instance: One would say that "knowledge" was an idea so definite and excellent that it could not take on any unworthy significance. Yet to say that a person is "knowing" is not always an unadulterated compliment.

Still more sad is the case of the word "cunning," etymologically identical with "knowledge," and now so far removed from it that only the students of language know they are related.

The same debasing principle may be seen at work in such words as "notorious." The word has not yet gone very far on the downward path — not so far, for instance, as "enormity" — but it has long since acquired the specific meaning of fame in the evil sense.

You may still speak with perfect correctness of a "suggestive" book or a "suggestive"

sermon as one charged with thought; and yet when you speak of a "suggestive" play, it is not, as a rule, its intellectual quality to which you wish to call attention. If we are to argue from experience, we must conclude that some day the word will confine itself to that meaning exclusively.

It is merely by the differentiation of spelling — a modern innovation — that the word "holiday" has been saved from a similar, though not so sinister, double meaning, so wide has the gap become between "holiday" and "holy day."

Did not Bacon's "Pathway Unto Prayer" ask us to "pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Edward, our prince, that most angelic imp"?

A very terrible instance of degradation is the word "silly." In Anglo-Saxon times it meant simply "blessed." Thence it came to be associated with the idea of harmlessness, then of weakness, then of simplicity, then of foolishness.

The misadventures of "silly" are no more pathetic than those of certain ill-fated words, which, in the whirligig of time, have come around to bear precisely the opposite of their original meaning.

We do not associate the word "bedlam" with beauty, and yet does it not come from the French "belle dame" — fair lady? Did not Milton, without the least idea of depreciation speak of "bedlam nature"?

"Egregious" is another case in point. Etymologically meaning a person apart — a sheep out of the flock — it is not used exclusively as a term of contumely. Probably Thackeray, when he wrote of drawing "some one splendid and egregious," was the last to use the word in its proper sense.

Similarly, had the word "unspeakable" been applied to the Turk or the Scot 300 years ago, it would have been very high praise indeed. It would then have meant that their virtues could not be uttered. St. Peter speaks of "joy unspeakable."

It is this steady downward propensity of the language which is so puzzling. Do words have a society of their own from which it is easy to be ostracized, but into which it is hard to gain admittance?

Or is it simply the law of the world at large — that there are a hundred ways of going wrong and only one of going right? There would certainly seem to be some sort of law that governs erring words.

Some few words remain in a curious state of suspended significance. Just as there are cases of blossom and fruit being found on the same tree, so we have the anomaly in the dictionary of "demeanor" bearing the original meaning and "demean" bearing the later and acquiring meaning. "Demeanor" of course, simply means behavior in a perfectly neutral sense; yet the verb, starting from the same beginning, is now specialized in the bad sense beyond hope of recall.

It is a dispiriting reflection that the whole trend of the language seems to be downward. What is to be the end of it? It clearly means that in the not very distant future there will be a much greater variety of words to apply to the lower side of life than to the higher. — *The Book Lover.*

"A Nomenclatress" for Novelists. — A New York firm of publishers has this letter from a school teacher at Peabody, Mass., who wishes to be engaged as "nomenclatress" for novelists: —

Peabody, Mass., April 13, 1905.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Sirs: Wishing to be engaged with you as a nomenclatress for novelists, and having a college education and a wide knowledge of books, I invite your patronage.

I take manuscripts and after reading decide on a title which shall not only be appropriate but especially attractive to the reading public — a title destined to sell the book.

Through my connection with you and the author your sales will be increased and I indispensable to you and the author.

This field may be new to you, but I assure you it is destined to be a money-making one for publisher and author, as well as remunerative to the nomenclatress.

I beg you to give me a trial. Yours in literary interests.

And in spite of the helpful offer they prefer to leave it to the authors. — *Boston Evening Record.*

The Joys of Authorship. — God has given to painful man one joy which no disappointment can wholly embitter, nor sorrow cloud, nor time corrupt, nor sin sully — a light for his cheerlessness, an opiate for his vain cry-

ing and unrest — the joy, I mean, of setting noble thoughts in rich and perfectly ordered language, and of waking here and there a kindred joy in others.— *Contemporary Review.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE STANDARD OF USAGE. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. III.— NEWS GATHERING AS A BUSINESS. Melville E. Stone. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

AN APOLOGY FOR TECHNIC. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

HUMOR AND THE HEROINE. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE. II.— SIR WALTER SCOTT. George Edward Woodberry. *McClure's* (13 c.) for June.

ON BEING A DRAMATIC CRITIC. John D. Barry. *Metropolitan* (13 c.) for June.

A STEVENSON PILGRIMAGE ALONG THE ROUTE OF "AN INLAND VOYAGE." Illustrated. J. A. Hammerton. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

DID MRS. THURSTON GET THE IDEA OF "THE MASQUERADER" FROM MR. ZANGWILL? Sinclair Lewis. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

MAXFIELD PARRISH. Illustrated. Homer Saint Gaudens. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

THE NATURE OF SCHILLER'S GENIUS. Talcott Williams. *Book News* (8 c.) for June.

INCIDENTS IN THE YOUTH OF LAFCADIO HEARN. A. G. Durno. *Book News* (8 c.) for June.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS. George Bartram. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

FREDERICK OPPER: A CARTOONIST OF DEMOCRACY. Illustrated. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for June.

MY FIRST TIME IN PRINT. Miss Braddon, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, W. W. Jacobs, Jerome K. Jerome, Rudyard Kipling, Stanley Weyman, and Israel Zangwill. *Grand Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

SCHILLER'S RELIGION. W. H. Carruth. *Open Court* (13 c.) for June.

RUDYARD KIPLING AT NAULAHKA. Illustrated. Charles Warren Stoddard. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

THE FATE OF A PLAY. Chester Bailey Fernald. *Sunset* (13 c.) for June.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OUTLOOK IN CALIFORNIA. Charles S. Greene. *Sunset* (13 c.) for June.

HOW MODERN ENCYCLOPÆDIAS ARE REVISED. O. C. Vico. *Success* for June.

THE TERCENTENARY OF EL QUIXOTE. Father Miguel Mir. *Independent* (13 c.) for May 18.

THOREAU, A PROPHET OF NATURE. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for June 3.

PHOTOGRAPHING IN THE OPEN. Illustrated. Arthur Hewitt. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for June 3.

THE GOOD GRAY POET AT HOME (Walt Whitman). Illustrated. Horace Traubel. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for June 3.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Henry Harland has almost recovered from his serious illness of nearly a year.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady has gone back to the ministry, and is occupying the pulpit of the Trinity Church, Toledo, O.

Charles M. Harger, editor of the *Abilene* (Kas.) *Reflector*, has been asked to take the chair of journalism in the University of Kansas.

"In the Days of Milton," a picture of Milton's Life and Times, is the title of a book by Tudor Jenks, to be added to the Lives of Great Writers Series, published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

A life of Charlotte Brontë, by Clement K. Shorter, will soon appear in the Literary Lives Series published by the Scribners.

The publication of "Montaigne," by Edward Dowden — the first volume in the French Men of Letters Series to be issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company — has been postponed until September.

A list of 1,000 of the best novels has been compiled by the Free Public Library of Newark, N. J.

Frank A. Munsey, editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, says that he will issue a new magazine in the fall, which will be entirely different from anything else ever published.

A new monthly magazine, to be known as *Now and Then*, is to be started in Bloomsburg, Penn.

The *Booklovers Magazine* has passed into the hands of D. Appleton & Co., and the July issue and those following will be of *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine.* The new owners intend to offer a twenty-five cent magazine in general features similar to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century.* It will contain serials by well-known novelists, short stories, and special articles on topics of interest, and each issue will have from 125 to 160 pages of reading matter.

The International News Company (New York) has a new ten-cent magazine from the publishers of the *Strand* and the *Wide World Magazine*. It is called the *Grand Magazine*, and the first number is that for June.

The business of E. L. Kellogg & Company, of New York, and that of E. O. Vaile, Oak Park, Illinois, have been merged into a new concern, called the United Educational Company, with offices at 61 East Ninth street, New York. The various periodicals published by the two companies have been merged into periodicals to be published by the United Educational Company. The *Teachers' Institute*, the *Primary School*, the *Intelligence*, and the *Primary School Era* will be combined into the *Teachers' Magazine;* the *Week's Current* and *Our Times* will be combined into a weekly, to be called *Current Events;* while the *School Journal* and *Educational Foundations* will continue to be published without change, except for such improvements as have already been decided upon. Ossian Lang will be editor-in-chief of all the periodicals of the new company.

Charles H. Kerr & Company (Chicago) have combined the *Comrade*, formerly published in New York, with their *International Socialist Review*, which is just completing its fifth year.

The *International Quarterly* is now published by Fox, Duffield, & Co., New York.

The subscription price of the *Holiday Magazine* (New York) will soon be advanced from fifty cents to one dollar a year.

Arthur H. Folwell is now the editor of *Puck*.

Alfred Henry Lewis has become the chief editor of *Human Life* (Boston).

Francis W. Halsey has become literary adviser of the firm of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, not editor of the *Literary Digest*, as reported. Dr. Isaac K. Funk has taken personal charge of the paper, with William S. Woods as his chief assistant.

Dr. J. Berg Esenwein has resigned as business manager of the *Booklovers Magazine*, to assume the editorial and business management of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Prizes of $1,000, $500, $300, and $150 are offered for the best papers on any one of nine economic subjects, a list of which can be obtained from Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago. The first two prizes are offered for essays written by persons with the bachelor's degree from an American college, received in 1894 or since, and the last two for essays written by persons who at the time the papers are sent in are undergraduates of any American college. Essays must be submitted before June 1, 1906.

A new book by Russell Sturgis, entitled "The Artist's Way of Work," will soon be published by Dodd, Mead & Company. It will describe in an untechnical way the methods by which the artist produces his work, and will be illustrated.

Ginn & Company are publishing "Studies in Modern German Literature," by Otto Heller, professor of the German language and literature in Washington University.

E. P. Dutton & Company have just published "The Rhymer's Lexicon," by Andrew Loring, which is described as "a rhyming dictionary on a new plan." The book has an introduction by Professor George Saintsbury.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has just published "Spanish Influence on English Literature," by Martin Hume, of the University of London. The book gives a comparative study of Spanish literature in special relation to its points of contact with English literature.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, in a copyright conference recently held in New York, said that at the next session of Congress, the senate committee on patents will submit a bill codifying the copyright laws, which are now thought to be defective in definition and imperfect in expression.

Gustave Frenssen, the author of the successful novel, "Jorn Uhl," has received for it about sixty-three thousand dollars, an unprecedented sum in Germany.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore died at Melrose, Mass., May 23, aged eighty-four.

General Henry Van Ness Boynton died at Atlantic City, N. J., June 3, aged sixty-nine.

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"DON'TS" FOR LITERARY FOLKS IN SMALL TOWNS.

You have got into print, or hope soon to do so, possibly on the sublime subject of "Cows," and perhaps you have a feeling that you are the literary person of the small community where fate has cast your lot. You may be tempted to pose a little, therefore, as the special patron of letters in your local habitat. A few "Don'ts" in regard to certain of your temptations may serve well, if carefully observed.

Don't fall into the habit of opening and reading your mail on the street. You may have the impression that you are exciting the admiration of the unlettered and are being pointed out as the burning and shining literary light of the neighborhood. The reverse may be true. Many irreverent persons are likely to be taking liberties with your sacred character and poking fun at you for advertising your craft as a writer. Don't stamp, enclose return-voyage stamps, and seal your out-going budget of manuscripts in the post-office in the sight of "gods and men," for the average author does not look heroic "licking" stamps; and the postmaster may wink at a friend in a knowing way that hints that all your stuff is sure to come back again. It is wiser to keep a supply of stamps at home, also a set of scales, arrange your mail in the privacy of your own sanctum, and after night place your manuscripts in the post-office.

Don't pose in your community as a master of literature and an authority on that large subject, unless you are very sure of yourself. Your having succeeded in breaking into print even many times, and your skill in making a manuscript which was written on only one side and sent without rolling, are not assurance that you know more about literature than many others in the community. There are dozens of others there who read much, and their taste and judgment may be quite equal to those of many who print their thoughts. You will probably find some old doctor who spends his evenings in his big leather chair who has read a hundred times more of the world's great literature than you have. Remember that shipping manuscripts around does not give you a monopoly of literary knowledge, or love of letters. Do not be possessed, therefore, with the idea that as you go along the streets you must walk warily, lest by a misstep of yours American literature itself might be toppled into the gutter. You are really not carrying it all on your shoulders, nor does the community look upon you in that light.

If you are a literary aspirant in a small town, do not assume in conversation a dogmatic manner as arbiter of all questions pertaining to this and other subjects. Especially

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do not do this unless you are very sure that you have the vast amount of information that is necessary to back up one who aspires to so large a position. In your community there are almost certain to be a number of people who have read widely, some who are college-bred, some who speak and read several languages, who have travelled, and have thought much. If you have scant education and little reading, you may still make quite a hit in writing upon matters that you have observed carefully or upon which you have informed yourself, but you may yet lack much as an arbiter on matters in general or indeed upon literature.

It is well not to talk over-much of "literature" as if you were its local exponent, and not to allude to yourself as a "literary" personage. It is better to speak of yourself modestly as an occasional "writer" or, smilingly, of your stuff as hackwork; for many persons have high ideals of "literature," and they will be slow to recognize in you a maker thereof, while they might be glad to consider you fairly as a modest "writer."

Don't set up in your small community as a general censor. You may find many things that offend your tastes, but the chronic fault-finder, although of literary aspirations, does not commend himself. Finding that you are a censorious person, the people of the community are apt to begin to turn their light on you, to examine your education, your accomplishments, your successes and failures, and they may wither you down to a very small reality. The isolated literary person is apt to lose his sense of proportion and of actuality; he lives with books and manuscripts, and when he looks out at people he sees them in a distorted and perverted way, and he loses sight of his own actual self. Because he can find fault, he forgets his own faults, which may be in the eyes of the community the principal things about him. He should not be over-critical, lest he bring upon his own head the dislike and criticism of many others.

Don't, in a small community, set up for the village infidel. This is really very important. And this is one of the temptations of many aspirants for literary repute in small places. We are not discussing religion here, but the conduct of the supposed littérateur in small communities. Nowadays there are many people in every community who are unreligious, in the usual sense of the term, but they and church people recognize each other's rights and privileges and affiliate in social relations without needless sparring. But sometimes the local manager of the manuscript tube that runs between the town post-office and the publishing houses feels that he bears upon his shoulders not only the welfare of American letters but also the cause of free thought. Now people in general in small communities do not like poseurs of any kind, and if you are tempted to pose as the village unbeliever you are sure to get yourself disliked and to fail to influence anybody. The people generally are likely to take a very practical view of the matter, and not to care a whit what you think of the churches and the preachers, and to think it very bad taste, if not impertinence, in you to have much to say about sermons that you do not hear and other matters that they consider none of your affairs. They are apt to compare the education and the manners of the ministers with your own, and to put you in an unfavorable light. They prefer men who are working for the good of the community to a man whose thoughts are apt to be self-centered. They prefer organized religion and charity, that "do things," to your arguments against "superstition." And if you have made any moral mistakes or do not live up to a high standard in your business and relations with men, you may be sure every sin is marked large against you. As the local literary light, therefore, be content to let a great many things alone.

Don't dress oddly. Don't act in any way as if you feel yourself different from other people. Join in the life of the town. Play games, row on the river, watch the foot-ball games, be interested at the evening gatherings, help on the good causes, keep in touch with the warm humanity around you. It will help you to write. You cannot know people through a critical spirit. Do not pose as superior to others; no one will accept your claims; and your claims will be investigated. They may

find you to be the son of a very respectable shop-keeper and your wife the daughter of an honest blacksmith; they may find that you have spent years knocking about from pillar to post, from one trade or business to another, living from hand to mouth. And the knowledge of these facts, while not disgraceful, may prove you absurd in claiming for yourself what you cannot justify in fact.

GLENDALE, O. *Calvin Dill Wilson.*

THE PROGRESS OF SPELLING REFORM.

The advocates of the reform of English spelling are making slow headway. Notwithstanding all their arguments, based upon the saving of time and labor for school children, writers, and printers, as well as upon the beauty of system and regularity, the American public, usually so quick to adopt any new time and labor saving device, is content to trudge on in its wonted way, so far as spelling goes. Of the many schemes of simplified or strictly phonetic spelling devised from time to time by specialists and enthusiasts, few have got beyond their inventors; the great body of writers has given them very little attention.

Several years ago an enterprising New York publishing firm sent out a number of rules formulated by the American Philological Association, with a list of words spelled according to those rules, to leading editors, authors, teachers, and business men, requesting these to signify their willingness to adopt the changes suggested, and promising, if three hundred such signatures were obtained, to use the new forms in their own publications. The rules submitted related to changing final 'ed' into 't' whenever practicable (dropt, kist, mixt, spelt, etc.); to dropping final 'ue' in words like tongue (tung), league (leag), prologue (prolog); to cutting off 'me' and 'te' from Anglicized French words (cigaret, program, quartet, etc.); to dropping final 'e' from the terminations 'ide' and 'ine' (fluorid, gelatin, oxid); to substituting simple 'e' for 'æ' or 'œ' (egis, homeopathy), and a few other points. In the Standard Dictionary, published by the same firm, all these revised spellings were duly recorded. But the required number of signatures was not obtained, and Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls did not extend their spelling reform beyond the few innovations adopted before.

The obstacles in the way of an English spelling reform upon phonetic principles are: 1, the want of exact uniformity of pronunciation among even the best speakers; 2, the need of learning to read and spell anew; 3, the loss of many etymologies to which the customary spelling gives the cue; 4, the need or desirability of reprinting in phonetic spelling, for the benefit of posterity, all of our present literature that is worth preserving; 5, and mainly, the force of habit, the general disinclination to change a thing so closely interwoven with our daily life as our mode of writing. The public did not take very kindly to the Revised Version of the Scriptures, though its superiority was acknowledged by scholars generally; it is equally loth to change its accustomed spelling, though the advantages of a reform have been clearly shown.

In France the care of the national language rests with the Académie Française, a congress of learned men which has repeatedly simplified French orthography. In Prussia, twenty years ago, a revised spelling was introduced by order of the Kultusminister which, though in some respects the reverse of simplification, has fairly won its way into the German literature of the day. Even before this

change German spelling was order itself compared with ours. But we have no National Academy, and none of our Commissioners of Education has probably thought as yet of using his authority in behalf of a revised spelling.

Notwithstanding all this, the leaven of orthographic reform is at work among us also, as any observant reader may see for himself. Seldom now in American literature we light upon the form 'Saviour,' to which many clung long after 'favour,' 'honour,' 'labour,' and the rest had gone out of fashion. 'Gram,' 'program,' 'cigaret,' 'quartet,' 'catalog,' 'decalog' and similar rational shortenings have become quite common. 'Tho' and 'altho' often strip off the useless tail, and 'thoro' and 'thru' usually accompany them; why may not 'boro' follow suit, even when it stands by itself? Chemical terms ending in 'ide' or 'ine' generally drop the final 'e': 'bromid,' 'chlorid,' 'fibrin,' 'glycerin,' 'paraffin,' and so on. 'Filosofy' and 'fotografy' have hardly yet dared to show themselves in ordinary print, but the advertiser has adopted them and they will gradually creep in elsewhere. "Mold," 'molder' are almost as frequent now as the old forms with 'u' inserted; the final 't' in 'burnt,' 'dreamt,' 'learnt,' 'spelt' no longer looks out of place. 'Plow' is generally preferred to 'plough'; so are 'center,' 'liter,' 'meter,' 'theater' to the French forms, etymology notwithstanding. In proper names we have learnt to cut off the useless 'ugh' from the ending 'borough' and the 'h' from 'burgh.' Some of us write 'Frederic' as well as 'Alaric,' and there is no valid reason whatever why we should not apply the same pruning process to 'Dominick,' 'Patrick,' and 'Roderick.'

All these changes and a few others that might be added show that spelling reform is by no means dead, but slowly and steadily marching on.

ALLENTOWN, Penn. *H. A. Schuler.*

FAULTY AND CORRECT DICTION.

As entire books are often devoted to this one subject, a single chapter does not afford space for any but the most common errors and the most needed cautions.

Descriptive and modifying terms should always be placed where they will relate to the proper words. Instead of writing, 'Tell him next week I will call to see him,' write, 'Tell him I will call to see him next week.'

'Only' is more frequently misplaced than any other word in the English language. If I say, 'I only bought a coat,' the literal meaning is that I did not use the coat — only bought it. The proper construction is, 'I bought only a coat.' Where several adjectives are used consecutively, use them in the order of their simplicity. Example: 'He was a plain, God-fearing, irreproachable man.'

Where nouns have different adjectives, articles are sometimes necessary for clearness. If we write, 'a red and black circular,' reference is plainly made to one circular printed in red and black. But, 'a red and a black circular' means two circulars.

Guard against redundancy. 'Old veterans'; omit 'old.' 'The usual custom'; omit 'usual.'

There is no such quality as 'very unique.' 'Unique' means practically "the only one of its kind."

In sentences like, 'Mere poverty alone would not kill him,' omit either 'mere' or 'alone.'

When describing condition, use an adjective.

Example: 'He looked calm.' If reference were made to the manner of looking, the adverb should be used. Example: 'He looked calmly on the scene.'

'Between you and I,' is erroneous. 'Between you and me,' is the correct form.

A repetition of the pronoun often lends clearness and emphasis. 'He told me that he had to go, and then he left.'

Change a sentence like, 'Either he or I am wrong,' to 'Either he is wrong or I am.'

Care must be exercised in the choice of prepositions. We fall *into* debt, *under* suspicion, *from* grace, and *upon* an enemy. We dissent *from*, take exception *to*, agree *with*, add *to*, plead *for*, and judge *by*.

The preposition may be omitted from all such expressions as 'deliver up,' 'bridge over,' etc.

Write 'forward,' 'backward,' 'homeward,' 'afterward,' 'downward,' 'toward,' 'earthward,' 'heavenward,' and 'upward' without a final s.

Never use 'above' or 'over' for 'more than.' Write, 'He spent more than a hundred dollars.'

Write, 'different from,' not 'different than.'

'I do not doubt but that he will come.' Omit 'but.'

'Upon' refers to position. We place things *upon* the desk, but should say, 'on hearing this,' etc.

When there is doubt as to whether we should write, 'One hundred dollars was paid' or 'One hundred dollars were paid,' avoid the awkwardness by recasting; write, 'The sum of one hundred dollars was paid.' Usually periods of time and sums of money, unless thought of in their separate elements, are treated as singular nouns. Examples: 'A hundred days is a short time with him'; 'What is a thousand dollars?'

Where the elements of a collective noun are thought of separately, the plural verb is proper. Example: 'The public are asked to send their contributions.' Where the collective noun is thought of as a unit, the verb must be singular. Example: 'The army was asleep.'

Do not use plural pronouns with singular antecedents, as 'Every man or woman should do their duty.' Recast the sentence.

The verb may be in the singular when two subjects relate to the same thing. Example: 'Filing and indexing is particular work.'

'A pleased customer is the best advertisement,' is stronger than, 'Pleased customers are the best advertisements.' A singular subject with 'the' or 'a' is usually stronger than the plural form of expression.

'A' or 'an' should not be so placed as to relate to a plural noun. Instead of 'A debtor and creditors should arbitrate,' write, 'A debtor and his creditors should arbitrate.' The pronoun relieves the seeming connection between 'a' and 'creditors.'

Careful discrimination is required in the use of 'nor' and 'or' after 'no.' Where the alternatives are names for the same thing or relate closely, 'or' should be used. Example: 'I have no desire or power to do it.' If the alternatives are contrasted, 'nor' should be used. Example: 'He has no money, nor is he able to earn any.'

Use 'either,' when writing of two objects; 'any one,' when there are more than two. The same rule applies to the use of 'neither' and 'nor.' The combinations, 'either, or,' and 'neither, nor,' take the singular verb.

We can divide something 'between' two people, but 'among' should be used when there are more than two.

When comparing two things, say one is the *better;* when there are more than two, we may say one is the *best*. 'Former' and 'latter' should not be used in referring to one of more than two objects.

'That' is the restrictive relative, and it must be used instead of 'who' or 'which' when there is need for restriction. For instance, we should write, 'The committee that met to-day,' when identifying a particular committee, but if we are relating what some committee did, and there is no need for restriction, the construction should be, 'The committee, which met to-day, acted on,' etc. Where there is already some demonstrative or restrictive word in the beginning of a sentence, 'who' or 'which' should be used instead of 'that.' For instance, 'All those who wish to go must get

ready,' etc. But if we say, 'I met the man who showed me the way,' there is some ambiguity; substitute 'that' for 'who,' and the meaning is at once clear that the man referred to was one that formerly showed me the way.

'That' may often be omitted. Instead of, 'Persons that are in debt may easily get out,' we may write, 'Persons in debt may easily get out.'

Do not use two 'thats' in a sentence like, 'He said that as soon as his debts were paid that,' etc.

Use 'that' for 'as' in, 'I do not know as he will come.'

'We can much easier form opinions than change them,' should be, 'We can more easily form opinions than change them.'

Do not place the names of unimportant and inanimate objects in the possessive, unless they are personified. Write, 'the strength of the paper,' rather than 'the paper's strength.'

'Balance' is a good word when referring to accounts, but do not write, 'the balance of the time.' Use 'remainder' or 'rest.'

Instead of, 'There is no person so perfect but what he has faults,' write, 'There is no person so perfect but that he has faults'; or better still, 'There is no person so perfect that he has no faults.'

To *affect* is to have an effect upon. Example: 'The climate affected his health.' To *effect* is to do, to accomplish. Example: 'He effected his purpose.'

'He has been away the past three days,' should be, 'He has been away the last three days.'

Write 'in regard to' or 'regarding'—not 'as regards.'

Say, 'I will try to come,' not, 'I will try and come.'

'Providing' is often used incorrectly for 'provided.' The right construction is, 'He will come, provided he has time.'

We *remember* when an impression remains on our minds; we *recollect* when the impression has passed and is recalled.

Substitute 'fewer' for 'less' in the sentence, 'No less than forty were present.'

Do not confound 'learn' with 'teach.' 'He was *taught arithmetic* and he learned it.'

'He has got to go'; 'got' is superfluous.

Do not use 'endorse' in the sense of 'approve' or 'affirm,' as, 'I endorse his sentiments.'

Discrimination is required in the use of 'each,' 'every,' and 'both.' In the sentence, 'Each day I see him in the same place,' 'every' would be better. 'Every party maintained its original position,' is better than, 'Both parties maintained their original positions,' because the parties are thought of separately.

Say, 'You may do it,' when giving permission. 'Can' implies ability; 'may,' permission.

We *lie* down, but we *lay* pens down.

'He sat down' is correct, but we should say, 'He set the basket down.'

'Claim' is often used erroneously for 'assert' or 'affirm.'

'They both resemble each other'; omit 'both.'

'He could not hear any'; use 'at all' for 'any.'

'The time has about gone'; use 'almost' for 'about.'

Do not use 'anxious' unless you are in anxiety. 'Desirous' is usually what is meant.

'Farther' has reference to actual distance. 'Further' to continuance. 'He rode farther.' 'Please write further.'

'Begin' is usually a better word than 'inaugurate' or 'commence.'

'Partially' is often misused for 'partly.'

Unless you are writing of contracts or suits, use 'persons' instead of 'parties.' 'Party' is used properly in, 'a fishing party,' 'a party of young people,' etc.

'Posted' is a vulgarism for 'informed.'

There is a difference between 'ability' and 'capacity.' A man may have *capacity* for much education, but little *ability* in making the best use of it.

Do not use 'anticipate' for 'expect.' Do not 'make an appearance'; just 'appear.'

Avoid the use of 'lady' whenever possible. 'Woman' or 'wife' is to be preferred.

Use 'station' instead of 'depot' when referring to a passenger station.

Do not write, 'the above'; use 'foregoing.' 'Above-mentioned' may be used, if the mention is actually above.

A 'novice' is a beginner; 'amateur' means not a professional, but an amateur may be the equal of the professional in skill.

Disdain the use of such expressions as 'quite a few,' 'quite a while,' etc. 'Quite' means fully.

'Credible' means capable of being believed. 'Creditable' means worthy of credit.

'Acts' are finished 'actions.' We observe his 'actions,' but deplore his 'acts.'

Write, 'a kind of texture,' not 'a kind of a texture.'

'Last month,' 'this month,' etc., are better than 'ult.,' 'inst.,' etc.

'Several years ago' is to be preferred to 'several years since.'

Do not use 'though' for 'if' in a sentence like, 'He walks as if he were lame.'

Do not use 'propose' when you 'purpose' to do things.

'The first three,' is correct; 'the three first,' is incorrect.

'Standpoint' is sometimes erroneously used for 'point of view.'

We should 'beg leave to explain,' not 'beg to explain.'

Do not separate infinitives or parts of verbs needlessly. 'To begin again' is better than 'to again begin.'

Don't say 'he don't' when you mean 'he does n't,' for 'don't' is a contraction of 'do not' and may not be used for 'does not.'

'By way of,' 'a day,' and 'a year' are better than 'via,' 'per diem,' 'per annum,' etc.

The Phonographic Magazine. *Roland Hall.*

A SERIAL AUTHORESS.

Scene: Outer office, editorial sanctum. Enter portly woman carrying large, square package.

"Good-morning; I want to see the editor. — He won't be in for an hour? Well, who attends to things for him when he's away? — What, a young thing like you one of his assistants? I always thought editors had gray hair and wore gold eye-glasses! Still, I suppose you don't have much of anything to do except answer questions for him when he's busy or away. But when did you say he'd be back? — Hm, an hour's a long time to wait — perhaps you could tell me — though of course I want to see the editor himself when he comes in.

"You see, I've brought him a manuscript for his magazine. It's serial, and I want it to begin in the Christmas number, — so I can have it to give away for Christmas presents to my friends. The first part of it's all about a house party at Christmas: I put that in to have it appropriate. — Why, the Christmas number can't be made up already? Christmas won't be here for ever so long. — Oh, well something else can be left out just as well as not; my story must n't be put off for a little thing like that.

"Every chapter ends with something exciting, and I know it's going to be popular, for it's ever so much more interesting than that serial of Mrs. What's-her-name's that was running last year. Besides, it will last much longer than hers,— I've planned it to run two years,— but of course I could make it longer if there was a public demand for it. It's easy enough to keep a thing going once it's started, and I shouldn't mind changing the ending. I thought of no less than six endings as it was, and any one of them would have done just as well as this one. My husband says versatility is my strong point.

"You say that authors generally have some one ending in mind from the beginning, — that they have everything all planned out beforehand? Well, perhaps some authors do, but

that is n't the way I wrote this. Probably different authors have different ways.

"Are you sure that the editor will be back in an hour? It seems to me I've been here more than two hours already, but then time always does hang heavy when one has to sit still and do nothing but think.

"—What's that? Leave my manuscript with you to give to the editor? Indeed, I'll do nothing of the kind. There are ever so many things that I want to tell him about it, and I always believe in going to headquarters in important matters like this. But I can't wait here any longer; and besides, I think I'd rather take my book to some editor who stays in his office and attends to his editing himself. Good-morning." *M. L. Russell.*

The Critic.

WRITING LITERATURE.

"Writing is like flirting: if you can't do it, nobody can teach you; and if you do it, nobody can stop you."

So says the heroine of a contemporary novel, and I am bound to say that I agree with her.

To those who feel that they cannot write now, but some day hope they will, I can only give the celebrated advice of *Punch* "to persons about to marry"—"Don't." If you feel that you can help writing, by all means do help writing, and turn your thoughts and your wishes in another direction.

"Mute, inglorious Miltons," believe me, are very rare birds indeed. As a rule genius—like murder—"will out." I fear I have not much patience with those people who are convinced that they could have done some great thing if circumstances had been different. Circumstances have very little to do with the question. These persons could have done some great thing if they themselves had been different, I admit; but that is the only "if" they can lawfully plead.

A few years ago it was the fashion for every girl to play the piano, whether she could or whether she could n't. Valuable hours of her never-to-be-recovered learning time were wasted on the acquisition of songs she could never sing, and the practicing of pieces she could never play. Which of us does not remember the breathy voice and the wooden touch of the compulsory songsters and pianists of our youth? Now it is just as much the fashion for every girl to write. Literature has taken the place of music as the modish art. Not to have written a book has become as unpardonable as not to have learnt the five-finger exercises used to be. And everybody seems to consider it a question of will rather than of capacity.

People are constantly saying to me: "Now that you have taken to writing, I think I must." They have not the slightest intention of being uncomplimentary—or even humorous. To them it is the same as saying: "Now that you have let off fires, I must," or "Now that you have taken to the cheese diet, I shall." On the whole, they meant it as a compliment in the shape of that imitation which is synonymous with flattery. But that they could n't do such a simple thing as write a book never enters their heads.

Yet the writing of books is by no means as easy as it appears—and most especially is it not easy for women. Because a woman's nervous system is more highly strung than a man's, creative work takes much more out of her than it takes out of a man, and all women who wish to write should first consider the cost. Sheridan said that "easy writing makes hard reading"—only he put it a little more forcefully than that; and he knew what he was talk-

ing about. Therefore, to all those who wish to write because they think it an easy ascent to wealth and fame — I repeat the advice, Don't.

But supposing that you can no more help writing than you can help breathing — that you must write whether anybody will read or not — then to you I will give another and a more lengthy word of advice.

First, I would remind you that this is no light task you are undertaking, and I would urge you to give your whole attention to the matter in hand, writing nothing but the very best that it is in you to write.

People sometimes say to me, "I just dashed off that little thing quite easily; it is no trouble to me to write." And I have no difficulty in believing them — after I have read it.

In order to write, you must first read; for it is only by studying past masters in style that you can form a good one of your own.

Then in writing fiction you must be careful to differentiate between a narrative and a story. The difference is not easy to define. Beginners and amateurs rarely see it — but it is enormous all the same. A narrative is a mere string of events, leading nowhere and culminating in nothing; a story is a complete thing in itself, in which every character and every event lead up to one final end or climax.

In a well-written story every incident has its bearing, every character its purpose. Real life, however eventful, except in very rare instances, is narrative rather than story; and that is why plots given by amateurs out of their experience are so very rarely of any use to professional story tellers. They would make most thrilling and interesting newspaper paragraphs, but they are useless as plots for a novel.

I remember the late Mrs. Lynn Linton once saying to me that it is difficult for an author to know how much to say and how much to leave unsaid. Of course, to you who are writing the book every detail about your characters is clear, but your public only know as much as you choose to tell them, and it is very difficult for you, the author, to tell them enough to enable them fully to grasp every situation, and yet not to overstate things — not to pile up the agony too much nor to rub the comedy too much in. You must not take it for granted that they are acquainted with circumstances which have occurred only in your own imagination, nor, on the other hand, must you repeat and dwell upon details as you would in imparting elementary knowledge to an infant school.

If you wish to be effective in literature you must learn the art of putting yourself in another person's place, not only in that of your characters, but also of your readers. You must remember that you will be read by various people in various moods, and you must endeavor to say nothing that will grate on any one of them.

Finally, there is a general idea afloat that a woman's literary success makes against her domestic usefulness — that she cannot adorn both the hearth and the bookcase, or wield the poker as well as the pen. Why not? She has two hands, therefore why cannot she hold both pen and poker at the same time, using each as she thinks fit? It is this idea which induces many a girl who is bored by "the trivial round, the common task," to fly to literature and to make up her mind to write. Let her write a book if she can — and must, but let her remember that doing the one is no excuse for leaving the other undone.

Writing a book will in no wise absolve you from fulfilling your home duties. To say that you would rather be literary than domestic seems to me as absurd as to say that you would rather have roast fowl than fine weather, or a Liberal Government than a blue serge gown. There is no alternative, no reason why the same woman should not be both — or neither.

But to every woman who has indeed the gift of writing books I say, go on and prosper. She holds in her hand the key to an earthly paradise. I bid her to turn now and again from the dusty highways of life into the delightful byways of fairyland, taking, if possible, others in with her; not, be it understood, thereby unfitting herself for the daily duties of that dreary road, but rather strengthening and refreshing both herself and her companions for the due continuance of that journey, so that they may all go on their way rejoicing.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

The London Mail.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Financially, religious journalism in this country seems to be in a bad way. Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, editor of *Zion's Herald*, said as much at the recent meeting of the New England Methodist conference. "Religious journalism," he said, "is a tremendous, an intense, problem. The *Epworth Herald* lost money last year, and it could not be helped. The advertising no longer comes to it. We don't care to take improper advertisements; and I say, with agony I cannot express, that we have joined the corps of non-paying weekly papers." All of which goes to explain in part why religious papers, with a few gratifying exceptions, either do not pay at all or pay starvation rates for manuscripts.

* * *

The *Portland Oregonian* compares the output of the literary artist and of the newspaper man as follows: "Mark Twain once said that his average daily output of writing, when he works, is 1,800 words a day. That is about the average day's work of the newspaper writer on a large daily paper, day in and day out, seven days a week. In the course of a year this amounts to 657,000 words. The ordinary novel contains about 100,000 words. The newspaper man writes enough to make a novel of the best selling type every two months, with plenty left over at the end of the year to make another book of very respectable size. Let us suppose that he works at the business forty years; he has written 26,280,000 words, or two hundred and forty books. Not even Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth could beat that."

* * *

There is no question that the newspaper man is a busy and industrious writer, and that he blackens many reams of paper with typewriter, pen, and pencil every year. So far as quality is concerned, he surpasses easily the most productive novelist. Successful newspaper writing, too, requires peculiar genius, no less creditable, perhaps, than that of the successful novelist. Every experienced newspaper man, however, will frankly say that most of what he writes excellent in its way as much of it may be, is unworthy to live beyond a day, and the newspaper veteran of forty years' experience would hardly be interested himself in the "two hundred and forty books" that he has written, if he had them in uniform cloth upon his library shelves. The newspaper man and the novelist write with different objects, and the output of the one and the output of the other cannot be compared. The novelist has the satisfaction of knowing that his work has brought him more or

less lasting fame. The newspaper man, generally anonymous, has the satisfaction of thinking that his "two hundred and forty books" in forty years have earned for him, say $100,000 — which is rather more than the average novelist usually gains. W. H. H.

ACTION IN POETRY.

Readers are becoming tired of merely stereopticon poetry; they want moving pictures. There has been too much of still-life. There must be real life — movement that can move others, that can affect their emotions, their imaginations, their sympathies. Mere transcripts of nature, descriptions appealing to our perceptions, didactics that are apt to run into platitudes, personal reminiscences, hopes, and anticipations, all seem to have lost their power of appeal, especially when that is all that the poet has to give. As back-ground and asides, they still have their uses, but action now is not only desired, but required.

LYNN, Mass. *George Birdseye.*

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio, reports that it is crowded with manuscript at the present time.

The *Farm Journal*, Philadelphia, pays on acceptance. It says: "You should be at least two months in advance of the date of issue."

The *Christian Endeavor World*, Boston, pays well upon acceptance.

The *Christian Intelligencer*, New York, pays upon publication. *Alice May Douglas.*

BATH, Me.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

George Bronson-Howard, author of the novelette, "Scars on the Southern Seas," which appeared in *Tom Watson's Magazine* for July, was born in Baltimore, of English parentage, and was partly educated in England. He is a newspaper man, and has served on the *New York Herald*, the *Brooklyn Citizen*, and the *Baltimore American*. He went from London to the Philippines for a news syndicate, and while there held office in the Customs and Constabulary service under the Philippine Civil Government. He left the Philippines for China, where he held positions in the Customs service and in the army in the Chinese Imperial service. He was sent to Manchuria by the *London Daily Chronicle*, and served through the early days of the Russian-Japanese war, until he was deported from Manchuria by the Russians for getting uncensored matter through the lines. He returned to the United States via Japan and Vancouver, and took a position on the editorial staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. From there he went to the *Sunset Magazine*, for which he wrote up war experiences, and reported army maneuvers, as well as for the Associated Press. In the latter part of 1904 Mr. Howard returned to New York, where he has since confined himself to literary work. "The Ruling of the Fourth Estate," a 30,000-word novelette concerning newspaper life and municipal corruption in San Francisco, was published in the *Popular Magazine*. "Norroy, Diplomatic Agent," telling of diplomatic life in the United States service, is now running serially in the *Popular Magazine*, and will later be published in book form. *Everybody's Magazine* has published some of his Philippine stories, and the McClure Syndicate has printed others. Under the name "Howard Fitzalan," Mr. Howard wrote "The Blucher of Wheat," a novelette of the Chicago wheat pit, which was published in the *Popular Magazine* for June.

Marjorie Benton Cooke, whose story, "Rajah and the Samaritan," was published in the *Red Book* for July, is a Chicago girl, and graduated in 1899 from the University of Chicago, where she paid especial attention to literary work. She has done a good deal of work along short story lines for the Chicago newspapers, magazines, and periodicals, weekly and monthly, and last summer the Associated Sunday Magazines published a serial of hers, entitled "Flat-Dwellers." Several other stories written by her have appeared in that publication. Miss Cooke is especially ambitious to write plays, and has devoted most of her time since graduation to that branch of composition. She has had

several one-act plays staged professionally, and in 1903 she published her first book, "Modern Monologues," which was the first collection of monologues to be put on the market. This year she has published a book of one-act plays, designed especially for amateur use, entitled "Dramatic Episodes," and she is now at work on another book of plays, to be published this fall.

Harriet Whitney Durbin, whose story, "The Late Blossoming of Elvira," was printed in *Ainslee's* for July, was born in St. Louis, and lived in the state of Missouri until her marriage, two years ago, to Richard B. Durbin, since which time she has lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Mrs. Durbin's poems have appeared in *Munsey's*, *Ainslee's*, *Lippincott's*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Ladies' World*, *Leslie's Monthly*, *Everybody's Magazine*, and the *Designer*, and her stories, which are brief, every-day sketches, not very ambitious, but of the kind to cheer, amuse, and uplift, have been accepted by *Ainslee's*, *Everybody's*, *Short Stories*, *Leslie's Monthly*, the *Ladies' World*, and the *Designer*, while *Munsey's* has published several of her storiettes.

Hilton R. Greer, author of the sonnet, "To a Little Child," which was printed in the *Delineator* for July, is a native of Texas, in which state he is now engaged in active newspaper work. Mr. Greer has spent several winters in Washington, as special correspondent for leading southwestern papers, but, in spite of exacting duties, he has contributed poems to prominent magazines, and a number of stories to the McClure Syndicate. The August number of the *Smart Set* contains "Carita," a musical Mexican romance in verse, and *Lippincott's* for the same month has a Greekish fragment, entitled "Memory." Mr. Greer's first book of poems, "Sun-gleams and Gossamers," was brought out by Richard G. Badger two years ago, and he has a collection of more recent work nearly ready for publication.

Edwin Carlile Litsey, whose story, "The Blooming of Hell's Half Acre," was printed in the *Reader* for July, is a banker by profession and lives in Lebanon, Kentucky. Four years ago, at the request of Mr. Sedgwick, the editor of *Leslie's Magazine*, he went to Clay County, to find out the truth about the famous feuds of that region. What he learned there was published in *Leslie's*, and the trip also gave to him material, color, and inspiration for a number of mountain stories, of which "The Blooming of Hell's Half Acre" is one. The *Reader* has another story as yet unpublished, and *Leslie's Magazine* published one several months ago. Mr. Litsey was one of the three winners of the first prize in the recent *Black Cat* contest, and the *National Magazine* has just bought the serial rights of a story, which it will publish this winter. His first book, "The Love Story of Abner Stone," was published in 1902 by A. S. Barnes & Company, and has gone into a third edition. Little, Brown, & Company will bring out his second book this fall. He is also making a selection of his best mountain stories for book publication.

Nelson Lloyd, whose story "The Second Venture," was printed in *Harper's Magazine* for July, is the city editor of the *New York Evening Sun*, having been connected with that paper since September, 1892. Mr. Lloyd was born in Philadelphia, and was educated at the Germantown Academy and the Pennsylvania State College. He is perhaps best known by a number of stories and articles relating to Dunker life in Pennsylvania which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. He has spent a good deal of time in the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, and knows the life of that section well. Mr. Lloyd is the author of two books, "The Chronic Loafer," sketches of rural life in Central Pennsylvania, and "A Drone and a Dreamer," and he is also the author of numerous short stories which have appeared in the magazines.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "A Victory Unforeseen," in *Scribner's Magazine* for July, and of "Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath," in the July *Outing*, is a member of the class of 1894 of Yale University. When in college he rowed for three years on the university crew,

and was chairman of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. He supported himself during his college course by writing for newspapers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities. This led him into journalism as a vocation, and after graduation he joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, where he remained until 1901. During this time he was a "star correspondent," and during the Cuban Insurrection in 1896 he went to Cuba as a filibuster on the "Three Friends" and the "Dauntless." He was again sent to Cuba for the Spanish war and stayed there a year. In 1900 he was sent to Pekin, and it was during his experience as a war correspondent there that he obtained the material for "Corporal Sweeney, Deserter," which was published in the *Century* last September, and for the story, "The Jade Teapot," which *Scribner's* published in its Christmas number the year previous. During 1901 and 1902 Mr. Paine was with the *New York Herald*, and finally became managing editor of the *Morning Telegraph*. He resigned newspaper work to confine his work to the magazine and weekly field, and spent the summer of 1903 in England, doing work for *Outing*, *Collier's*, and the *Illustrated Sporting News*. Last November Mr. Paine took charge of *Outing's* department covering American school and college sports, and since December *Outing* has published each month a story of his, beginning with the series of pastimes and outdoor life of the lower classes of England, sports of the East End of London, etc. For two years he has been doing regular work for *Collier's*, the *World's Work*, and the *Illustrated Sporting News*. Mr. Paine was one of the editors of a book on School and College Sport, published by the D. Appleton Company, and is the author of "American College Football," published by the Macmillan Company.

Channing Pollock, whose story, "The Patch of Sunshine," was printed in the *Metropolitan* for July, was born in Washington, March 4, 1880, and was educated in the public schools of that city, Omaha, and Salt Lake City; at Bethel Military Academy, Virginia; and at the Polytechnique, Prague, Austria. He began newspaper work in 1894 in Central America, and from then until 1899 he was a dramatic critic for the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, and on the *Dramatic Mirror*. From 1899 to 1904 he was general press agent for W. A. Brady, and since then he has been press agent for the Shuberts. Mr. Pollock has written three original plays: "A Game of Hearts," and "The Great Adventurer," played by Thomas Shea, and "The Little Grey Lady," about to be produced by Maurice Campbell; and he has made dramatizations of "The Pit," for Wilton Lackaye, "In the Bishop's Carriage," to be presented by Liebler & Company, and "The Secret Orchard," to be presented by the Shuberts. Mr. Pollock is the author of one novel, "Behold the Man," and he is about to write another, to be published by A. S. Barnes & Company. He has also written a great deal of magazine fiction.

Arthur Stanley Riggs, whose Japanese war story, "The Dragon's Discipline," appeared in *Lippincott's* for July, calls New York his home, although he has traveled pretty much all over the world, having begun his journeys when three years old with a trip through the Levant, and afterward living for several months in the heart of Turkey. He lived for some years in the Philippines, where he was the last editor of the famous, though now defunct, *Manila Freedom*, the paper that dared to tell the truth in spite of the sedition and libel law. Mr. Riggs was also the city editor of the *Manila Cablenews* for a time. At his wife's request he has given up active journalistic work, and now devotes his time entirely to magazine work and general literature. He is the Spanish expert for *Tales*, and three succeeding issues of the magazine have contained striking stories which he has translated. Others are in preparation and will follow month by month. He has had stories, essays, poetry, and current history in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Life*, the *Smart Set*, the *Dial*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *National Magazine*, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, the *Housekeeper*, and *Public Opinion*, — to which he is a regular contributor,—

and he wrote one of the *Black Cat* prize stories, "The Typewriter That Laughed at Its Owner." Mr. Riggs is now at work on a manuscript which will handle the Filipino drama from an historical and critical point of view, the result in part of investigation, in part of the writer's own experience among the natives, and which is to contain, besides the regular text, five full plays and an opera complete, translated from the original Tagalog. This manuscript he hopes to have ready for a publisher by fall. Mr. Riggs is spending the summer at Walnut Beach, Conn.

Dr. Henry C. Rowland, who sailed on his brother-in-law's yacht, the "Endymion," in the recent ocean race for the kaiser's cup, had at least two stories in the July magazines, "The Shears of Atropos" having been printed in *McClure's*, and "The Delinquents" in *Pearson's Magazine*. Dr. Rowland is the author of several successful books, his first being "Sea Scamps," stories of adventure in the far East, and the second, "To Windward," a novel dealing with a surgeon's struggle for fame in New York. His latest book is "The Wanderers," a yachting novel, of which a third edition has already been printed. Dr. Rowland served in the navy in the Spanish-American war, and later made two separate voyages to the Philippines as a surgeon in the army. In 1903 and 1904 he made a trip to South America, where he visited Hayti, Curacao, Porto Cabello, Caracas, and Demerara. During his stay in British Guiana, he and Mrs. Rowland were for two weeks the guests of the governor, Sir Alexander Swettenham, at the Government House.

Maurice Smiley, whose poem, "The Wordless Song," was printed in *Gunter's Magazine* for July, is a native of Illinois, his birthplace having since been incorporated with Chicago, and he has been engaged in literary work for five or six years. Most of his published work has been verse, which has appeared in *Collier's*, *Leslie's Monthly*, *Town Topics*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Delineator*, and the *Associated Sunday Magazines*. Mr. Smiley has written considerable negro dialect verse, both serious and humorous. He has written numerous short stories, but has never attempted a novel.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE MOB SPIRIT IN LITERATURE. Henry Dwight Sedgwick. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

WORDSWORTHSHIRE. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

ABOUT LAURENCE STERNE. Wilbur L Cross. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. IV. — The Method of Operation. Melville E. Stone. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. G. Herbert Thring. *North American Review* (53 c.) for July.

ALEXIS DU TOCQUEVILLE (Born July 29, 1805). Francis Gribble. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

HENRY JAMES AS A LECTURER. Olivia Howard Dunbar. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

THE PLAYGROUND OF A PAINTER-POET (T. Buchanan Read). Illustrated. Alden W. Quimby. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

THE LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND IN GEORGE MEREDITH'S WRITINGS. — II. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

A CONCORD NOTE-BOOK. I. — Ellery Channing and His Table-Talk. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

ON THE SERIOUSNESS OF BEING FUNNY. Tudor Jenks. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

LITERARY CLUBLAND. Arthur B. Maurice. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edward Everett Hale, Jr. *Reader* (28 c.) for July.

SOUTHERN WRITERS. William Peterfield Trent. *Reader* (28 c.) for July.

THE CHARM OF EMERSON. J. R. Mosley, Ph. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for July.

HOMER DAVENPORT: A CARTOONIST DOMINATED BY MORAL IDEALS. Illustrated. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for July.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS THAT AMERICAN WOMEN OUGHT TO READ. Stephane Jousselin. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

SAINTE-BEUVE. Ferdinand Brunetière. Reprinted from the *Monthly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

RUSKIN AT HAWARDEN. W. Sinclair. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

REPRINTS AND THEIR READERS. Joseph Shaylor. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

WHEN LONGFELLOW WAS A PORTLAND LAD. Illustrated. Peter Freneau. *Delineator* (18 c.) for July.

ART IN ILLUSTRATION. Norma K. Bright. *Book News* (8 c.) for July.

HENRY JAMES ON ENGLISH SPEECH. Albert Henry Smith. *Book News* (8 c.) for July.

THE ELIZABETHAN NEWSPAPER. Felix E. Schelling. *Book News* (8 c.) for July.

THE OREGON EXPEDITION'S HISTORIAN (Reuben Gold Thwaites). With portrait. H. Morse Stephens. *Sunset* (13 c.) for July.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. With portrait. J. L. Harbour. *American Boy* (13 c.) for July.

HENRIK IBSEN: POET AND PHILOSOPHER. Amelia Von Ende. *Craftsman* (28 c.) for July.

A NEW IDEA IN DAILY JOURNALISM—THE NATIONAL DAILY REVIEW. Grant Robertson. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for July 8.

JOHN HAY. *Outlook* (13 c.) for July 8.

HAY AS JOURNALIST. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for July 8.

SWINBURNE AND WOMEN. Herbert Gerald Burgess. *Argonaut* (13 c.) for July 10.

FORTY YEARS OF THE NATION. Wendell Phillips Garrison. *Nation* (13 c.) for July 13.

THE POETS. Pleas for a less prejudiced consideration of contemporaneous versifiers, and fresh explanations of our lack of poets. *New York Times Saturday Review* (5 c.) for July 15.

WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE. With portrait. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook*. (13 c.) for July 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has recently returned from England to her summer home in Maine, has received an unusual compliment in the request that she shall deliver an address upon American Fiction before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution during the coming season.

Leading English writers are raising a fund in behalf of the late Bret Harte's daughter, Ethel, whose health has become seriously undermined.

Irving Bacheller has purchased a home in the heart of the Adirondacks, situate in a primeval forest, far away from a railway station. Three streams and three lakes, all well stocked with fish, are on his estate, and deer are plentiful. The author went the first of June to this sylvan retreat, to work on a novel that is to be published in the autumn.

Vincent Harper says that his "method" of writing his stories is "to loaf with a clay pipe in your mouth, swapping yarns with 'longshoremen or Indians or any other men who don't write — and then to write like the devil."

John Vance Cheney, who still finds time to write verse when not occupied with his duties as librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, has published no fewer than three hundred poems in various magazines during the last twenty-eight years. From the best of these he has now made a selection which will be published in the autumn by Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. Mr. Cheney will spend a six-weeks' vacation this summer on the Pacific Coast.

Frank Dempster Sherman, the poet, is a professor of mathematics in Columbia University. He says that "rhyme is as much a matter of mathematics as music," and thinks that perhaps "a knowledge of mathematics very largely assists in the solution of correct lyrics."

Rabelais is one of the subjects in a volume of "Literary Portraits," by Charles Whibley, which E. P. Dutton & Company are shortly to publish.

Herbert Woodfield Paul, the biographer of Gladstone and Lord Acton and of Matthew Arnold in the "English Men of Letters" series, has written a life of James Anthony Froude, to be published shortly, in which the author is stated to have made the Carlyle controversy the subject of a close and critical review.

Anthony Trollope's son, H. Trollope, is a writer of recognized ability, and has written a "Life of Molière," which Archibald Constable & Company (London) will publish.

Edmund Downey is writing a biography of Charles Lever.

The first definite "Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne," announced by Houghton, Mifflin, & Company, will contain, along with the entry of all Hawthorne's scattered and multitudinous writings, reference to everything that the compiler has been able to discover in print about Hawthorne in books and periodicals. The volume will be printed on only one side of the leaf, in order to leave blank pages for notes or comments. The publishers expect to issue similar bibliographies of other noted American authors, including Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Thoreau, and Longfellow.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish "The Confessions of Lord Byron," a collection of personal and literary discussions in Byron's "Letters and Journals." The material was selected and arranged in chronological order by W. A. Lewis Bettany. There are Byron's religous views, judgments of Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Shelley, Mme de Staël. Rogers, and others; his opinions of himself, and other topics.

Munn & Company, New York, publishers of the *Scientific American*, have issued the first number of *American Homes and Gardens*. The magazine is large folio size, and is well printed and illustrated.

A new popular monthly on the decoration of the home will be published this month by Clifford & Lawton, 19 Union Square, New York, at one dollar a year. It will be called *Interior Decoration*.

The *Show* is a new magazine, devoted to stage matters and published in New York by Channing Pollock.

The publication of the *Twentieth Century Home* has been suspended until October. When Mr. Walker sold the *Cosmopolitan* to William Randolph Hearst, the *Twentieth Century Home* was left without editorial, art, advertising, and business staffs, the same forces having served for both magazines, so that it was necessary to begin a new organization.

Beginning with the September number *Leslie's Monthly* will be called the *American Illustrated Magazine*. The magazine was founded by "Frank Leslie" (whose real name was Henry Carter) thirty years ago, but Mrs. Leslie sold out her interest in 1901, and the present owners feel that there is no object in keeping the old name when they are not perpetuating the Leslie traditions and the magazine has no association with *Leslie's Weekly*. The Frank Leslie Publishing Company has changed its name to the Colver Publishing House, Frederick L. Colver being the president of the company. The editor of the magazine is Ellery Sedgwick, who has occupied Frank Leslie's chair for the last four years. Mr. Colver has been connected with *Leslie's* for eighteen years.

Moffat, Yard, & Company are to publish a magazine of art, to be called the *Script*. It will be conducted by Elisabeth Luther Cary, and will be issued on the fifteenth of the month. Each number will be illustrated.

Bailey Millard is the new editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, which is now published by the International Magazine Company, 1789 Broadway, New York.

James Barnes will be the editor of *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*. As a magazine editor he served his apprenticeship on *Scribner's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*.

Brentano's have purchased the stock, plates, and copyrights of the Scott-Thaw Company, and will fill orders for any of their books.

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for an essay of not more than 2,500 words, demonstrating the urgent need of a weekly mental and physical rest-day. Manuscripts, with the name and address of the writers in a sealed envelope, will be received until November 1, at the headquarters of the Alliance, Room 709, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Manuscripts for the *Arena*, which is published by Albert Brandt, at Trenton, N. J., should be sent to the editorial office, 5 Park Square, Boston.

The Funk and Wagnalls Company announces publication of a manual on "The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer," by Frank H. Vizetelly, associate editor of the Standard Dictionary.

Elsa Barker, in a communication to the *New York Times Saturday Review* for July 8, declares that the reason why we have no great poets is that there is too good a market for verse.

The *London Chronicle* says that a good writer needs italics about as often as he needs a Turkish bath.

John Hay died at Sunapee, N. H., June 30, aged sixty-six.

Professor Marcius Wilson died at Vineland, N. J., July 2, aged ninety-two.

Charles Fleming Embree died at Santa Ana, Calif., July 4, aged thirty years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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A CARD CATALOGUE OF SUBJECTS.

In contributing to fifty-eight books, periodicals, newspapers, and syndicates, not counting syndicate lists, I have been obliged, from necessity, to write about things on which none of my personal friends would suspect me of being an authority. An order from a magazine is seldom refused, though it ask for a history of Lombard fever, a working plan for a house-boat, a scheme of children's dietetics, or a short story of New York's Chinatown. Of course, I would prefer to have an income, and devote myself, body and soul, to poetry and fiction which should stir humanity to its very depths; but for a while longer I must continue to drive my somewhat wobbly hack, keeping it as well oiled, varnished, and dusted as I know how to keep it, and feeding my poor beast with Pegasean oats at least once a fortnight.

Now there must be a great many writers who find it advisable to send out miscellany, and to them my card catalogue may be suggestive. I am far from presenting it as a model; indeed, I am hoping to read addenda supplied by other writers who employ a method more complete and more logical than mine. With regard to the unusual heading, "Sermons," it should be stated that I happen to be looking toward Holy Orders; yet several years ago, when I was connected with a New York syndicate, I was called upon to supply weekly explanations of the International Sunday School Lessons.

For the sum of $1.50 and beyond, a neat card-catalogue outfit may be purchased at any large stationery shop. Until my stock of cards is used up I shall content myself with a cigar-box 8 3-4 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 4 3-4 inches deep, containing subject-cards 3 5-8 inches long, and 2 5-16 inches wide. These cards are the cheapest kind of blank calling cards, yet some other owner of an inkhorn may come upon cards still more reasonable in price. I like my variety because they are sufficiently stiff. The guide-cards (cut from cardboard boxes) measure 3 3-4 x 2 7-8 inches. One and a half inches from the top of the guide-card I clipped away a piece five-eighths of an inch deep, and on the raised portion of the card — at the left-hand side, that is — I copied, in an approximation to library script, my guide-title. In the case of the second guide-title, I took pains that it should appear on the right-hand side of the card. The third entry was to the left again, — and so

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on, alternately, in order that the eye might meet with no obstruction.

Following are the titles: —

FOR GROWN-UPS.

Ads. Biography. Books (not Fiction). Child Study. Criticism. Drama. Editorials. Entertainments. Essays. Games. Historical. Lectures. Letters Owed. Names of Characters. Natural History. Novels. People (Basket-weavers, colliers, etc.). Places. Pseudonyms. Published Where. Sermons. Short Stories. Squibs. Talks (Informal, with or without notes). Theses. Things (Carpets, printers' type, Japanese pottery, etc.). Unclassified. Verse (Devotional). Verse (Light). Verse (Serious).

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

Biography. Books (Fiction). Books (not Fiction). Drama. Editorials. Entertainments. Games (Indoor). Games (Outdoor). Historical. How to Make Things. Industries. Names of Characters. Natural History. People. Places. Pseudonyms. Puzzles. Short Stories (Fairy). Short Stories (Real). Squibs. Talks. Things. Unclassified. Verse (Light). Verse (Serious).

The process of filing the names and subjects is what might be expected. I carry a three-cent blank-book, and when I am not indolent and unthinking, I jot down such phrases and impressions as appeal to me. From the note-book I copy the suggestions on my cards. In most instances, a mere phrase, like "The Vermilion Pencil," suffices to remind me of an embryo short story, but occasionally I outline on the card a brief plot underneath a subject which may or may not be utilized. I should like to quote a number of my plots and titles, but the fact is, I need them badly, and so I beg to be excused. Again, I might make up some interesting examples on the spot; but them also I should need!

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Varius Wrightington.*

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

Not very long ago a newspaper man sent to a gardening magazine in the West a special article deemed appropriate to its columns. The manuscript was type-written and folded, and had postage enclosed, as is the rule with well-regulated manuscripts. As fast as the mails could return it, the manuscript came back. Inside, the author discovered the face of his original envelope, and across the address, scribbled in red ink, without even the usual "Dear Sir," to begin with, or the "Sincerely Yours," to close it, he read the following: —

Chicago, April —, 1905. Please note that further articles of this character, or any other character, from you, will not be returned, but consigned to the waste-basket. The —— Co.

Fearing that there might have been something in the particular manuscript to offend the particular editors, the astonished contributor wrote, asking for an explanation. It came forthwith, and again on the back of an envelope: —

The offense is that I have no time to bother with un-*soliscited* matters. When I need you, or others in your line, I can find you. Editor.

That is, of course, an extreme example of the replies that writers get from the makers of magazines.

The others vary. It is an undeniable fact, however, that in the business of literature not so much courtesy is shown as might be expected from editors, who are presumably all cultivated men.

In a certain western city there appears a monthly magazine devoted to events of the day the world around. A special writer wrote to

the editor of this magazine, which ranks among the foremost in what might be called the second lot, — the first, of course, meaning the very "big fellows," that everybody reads, — asking him if one of three subjects would be available. The illustrations were submitted to the editor, and he set the word-limit as 2,500 words. The order came, and the editor was by the same mail notified that the articles would be written. The articles were written and sent. They came back with a printed rejection blank, pleading "lack of space"!

Most of the large magazines, however, be it said to their credit, show at least the form of courtesy. They almost invariably inclose a printed slip, and the phrases on these slips, formulated for the benefit of the novice, about to "break into the magazines," are usually about the same. Here is the form used by the largest general magazine in the country: —

> DEAR SIR: We thank you for the opportunity of examining this material, and regret that it does not seem to us exactly adapted to our present needs. Respectfully yours,
>
> THE EDITORS.

Such editorial courtesy, the busy editor tells you, is the most a writer can expect. I beg to differ with him! Another New York magazine — the one, by the way, that I believe to be the most courteous in the country to-day — has solved the problem of rejection famously. This magazine accompanies the rejected manuscript with a little pink slip, and I quote from it as follows, adding incidentally that as it is a "travel" magazine, the photographs submitted usually decide the fate of the manuscript: —

> These photographs were not available for our use for one or more of the reasons checked below: —
>
> 1. They would not make satisfactory half-tones.
> 2. Not of sufficient general interest; of too local a character.
> 3. Cannot adapt to our use.
> 4. Subjects not in our line.
> 5. We have photos of the same, or practically the same, subjects.
> 6. Could not use without descriptive text.
> 7. Printed too dark.
> 8. We cannot use freak pictures.
> 9. Dull-finished photos seldom reproduce well.
> 10. Subjects are too dull and lifeless.
> 11. Photos received in bad condition.

It is but the work of a moment for the editor to "pot-hook" the given number in this blank, and yet rejections from him do not have the sting that they would have otherwise. The disappointed contributor feels that the article has been read, and that is always a satisfaction.

An all-story magazine in the East gives on its rejection slip an interesting résumé of what a fiction-editor of to-day regards as "good" fiction. The paragraph is reproduced here, with the suggestion that the editor's courtesy could be improved upon if, in rejecting manuscript, this little slip were checked off as are those of the travel monthly: —

> A brief explanation of the editors' views of the needs of *Ainslee's* may be of value to our contributors. Bearing in mind the fact that the magazine is published for the sole purpose of entertainment, it may be said first, that as a rule we endeavor to exclude from its pages stories which are in tone or treatment (*a*), grewsome (*b*), supernatural — ghost stories — (*c*), extravagant or burlesque (*d*), over-drawn character studies or what are commonly called psychological studies. Our opinion is that such stories awaken only a languid interest in magazine readers. On the other hand, fiction that entertains and interests is that in which the following elements predominate: (*a*), Love, though love stories are not absolutely essential (*b*), action (*c*), drama (*d*), optimism, i. e. an atmosphere of cheerfulness and success (*e*), realism, by which we mean a vivid, vital picture of life as it is, in which the characters seem to breathe and move as living men and women. We are prepared to consider stories of any length from 1,500 to 100,000 words. The latter length is restricted, of course, to serials. Novelettes should not exceed 50,000 words and should not contain less than 20,000 words.

Editorial courtesy seems at its best on the sea-board, both far east and far west. Many magazines there, on receipt of a manuscript, send a polite printed form of acknowledgment. This doubtless "runs up" in postage, annually, but the effect on the contributor makes the expense worth while. Another form of editorial courtesy that could well be imitated is that shown by a New York magazine. When insufficient postage is enclosed, this magazine sends to the author a printed form saying that on receipt of the amount due and one cent for the postal information, the manuscript will be returned to him. It is a pity that more editors cannot adopt this system, in place of either throwing manuscripts with postage due aside, or holding them until the author writes for explanation.

A single large magazine returns manuscripts, even when insufficient postage is enclosed; and in this case incloses a small blue slip, reminding one gently that hereafter he should be more careful. That is courtesy, indeed.

CINCINNATI, O. *Felix J. Koch.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 14,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Clinton Scollard has a pretty poem in the *Outlook*, in which he talks about

> " . . the bloom of the *wilding* briar that
> *attars* the upland air."

When will poets learn that the violent wrenching of words to express meanings that they do not have, and their use in constructions where they do not fit, is evidence of indolence, rather than of genius? Mr. Scollard is a verse-writer — some will say a poet — of no small ability, but a little less straining of the language, as a result of a little more labor, à la Flaubert, in "seeking the one word that exactly fits," would do much to enhance his reputation.

* * *

The *New York Herald* prints on its editorial page every day a paragraph saying: "Rejected manuscripts or pictures will not be returned." If the *Herald* lives up to this rule, it does not treat contributors with courtesy or justice. If it does not live up to the rule, why print it?

* * *

Madge L. Axford of Oxford, N. J., raises an interesting question by writing to the *New York Sun* to ask what becomes of the stories that editors accept, pay for, and do not publish. "Don't you think," she says, "that after two years of waiting — or say three — a writer should be permitted to buy them back, copyright and all, at the price paid for them? They are, apparently, useless to the editor, cumbering his sanctum with unavailable literary lumber, though they might be of use to the author, who could incorporate them with other stories. If in this day of many scribes and blasé editors a writer has originality enough to strike even momentarily the latter's fickle fancy, he should certainly have the benefit of that originality."

* * *

Miss Axford of Oxford cheerfully assumes that writers generally are financially fixed so that they can easily buy back their sold and unpublished manuscripts at will. Granting that she is right in this, from the writer's point of view it seems just that they should have the opportunity. Editors, however, persist in regarding manuscripts as merchandise, which belongs to them, after they have paid for it, to do with as they see fit. Some editors, indeed, have been suspected of buying manuscripts from writers still unknown and keeping them on file till their value is measurably enhanced by the authors' rise in reputation. Whatever the editorial motives in delaying publication may be, the present edi-

torial policy seems to be firmly fixed, and under the conditions that prevail a writer cannot buy back his manuscript, no matter how long publication is delayed, unless the editor is willing. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty is for the writer who insists on early publication to make such a stipulation when he offers his manuscript for sale. Usually, it is to be feared, the condition would interfere with the sale of the manuscript, but as things are, no other course seems to be open to the writer who requires early publicity as well as the comforting remittance.

* * *

The necessity of being careful, in writing, to avoid misapprehensions is strikingly illustrated again by a letter printed in the *Barbourville Mountain Advocate*, which begins: —

> MY DEAR SIR: In last week's issue of your valuable paper I noticed the announcement of the death of friend and brother — — —, for which we are very thankful.
>
> — —

* * *

The strenuous nature of newspaper reporting on the more "enterprising" papers of the present day and the trying conditions under which some of it is done are illustrated by the following extract from an article on the Chicago teamsters' strike: —

> As I write a reporter calls on me, and I have been interviewing him while giving him a little story on something else. "I have been on strike duty and am pretty tired," he says. "Glad to get on a special story of this kind. Yes, it was quiet yesterday. But I am afraid there is a storm brewing. I fear the teamsters will all go out before we are through, and then the street car men. I was in St. Louis when they had the street car strike, and I don't care for another. 'Here,' said the city editor, 'they are going to run a car out on the East Side, and the strikers are going to blow it up. Get on it, and as soon as the explosion occurs run to the nearest place where there is a telephone and give us a good story.' So I did as he said, and they did not blow up our car. They shot through it and broke out all the windows with stones, but they did not have their bomb ready, and blew up the next car instead, blew it all to pieces, and the city editor called me down because I was n't on the car that blew up."

* * *

According as writers are optimistic or pessimistic they will get either encouragement or discouragement from the fact that the story that won the $5,000 prize in the recent Collier competition had been rejected "with thanks" by more than one magazine. In fact, it is said that the writer barely got his manuscript back from its last unsuccessful venture in time to clap it into an envelope and despatch it in quest of the prize. The uncertainty of the literary market from the author's point of view is further illustrated by the experience of J. F. Moors in the same competition. Mr. Moors sent in three stories. The first, prepared carefully, and enthusiastically, he believed to be of real worth; the second he regarded as of less consequence, and the third, written while he was suffering from hay fever, he expected would be treated unceremoniously. But it was the first dear child of his progeny that came back unceremoniously. The second was returned some time subsequently, while it was the third, evolved amid hay fever pangs, that was accepted, a check for $345 being sent, with a request for other contributions!

* * *

Writers who think that punctuation is of no importance might amuse and instruct themselves by considering the sentence: —

> It was not and I said but or.

Then they might think a while about the newspaper statement that a comma inserted where it did not belong once cost the United States government $2,000,000. When Congress was drafting the tariff bill, it enumerated in one section the articles to be admitted on the free list. Among these were "all foreign fruit-plants." The copying clerk, in his superior wisdom, omitted the hyphen and inserted a comma after "fruit," so that the clause read, "all foreign fruit, plants, etc." The mistake could not be rectified for about a year, and during this time all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty, with a loss to the government of at least $2,000,000 for that year.

* * *

Criticising "The Pagan's Progress," by Gouverneur Morris, a reviewer asks: "When Mr. Morris makes Old One-Eye talk bad grammar, should it be charged against the author or the character? You wouldn't expect a primitive man to bother with grammar, but inasmuch as the conversation of the rest of the characters is correct, not to say Addisonian, why discriminate against Old One-Eye?" It is generally understood that sole-

cisms in the speech of characters in fiction are to be charged against the characters and not against the author. Still, as the reviewer suggests, there is no good reason why a writer should make one or all of his characters talk bad grammar unless by so doing he gains some literary advantage. Dialogue in fiction as a rule should be written with even greater care than the narrative part, which is understood to represent the attainments and habits of the author, and it is certainly unjust to characters — for whom as children of his brain the author should have some regard, if not affection — to put upon them the blame of the author's careless use of English. W. H. H.

WORN-OUT PHRASES.

In a periodical called "a magazine of cleverness," I have counted dozens of phrases of the effete, trite metaphor style, all in one long story by a woman of note.

As I read of the 'dark frown of disgust,' 'the waves sweeping over her,' 'cried the girl,' 'wrings her hand,' 'trembles like a leaf,' 'slight frown gathers upon her brows,' 'she flew to him,' 'face *lighted* with *delighted* reminiscence,' 'blown to him by the wind of fate,' 'exclamation of disgust,' 'gleam of eager triumph in his eyes,' 'detective examined the paper narrowly' — while I go through eighty pages of this, I seem to be transported to the romance reading of my girlhood. Again I am spell-bound by the out-grown clothing of those wondrous plots within the two long columns of the old Harper drab-back novel. I am again going to a country funeral, enjoying the rare treat of a ride in my grandfather's old English coach, with its four seats, its cumbrous steps and huge wheels.

Certainly the triteness of the following expressions removes them from any suspicion of "cleverness" or juggling with words: The heroine is 'wavering and tottering,' 'he shakes like one palsied,' she 'casts,' she 'darts,' she 'seizes,' 'hope springs into his breast' [this action is said to be mortal and 'eternal'], 'floods of crimson suffused her fair face,' 'years rolled back like an unfolded scroll,' he 'loosened the flood-gates of his love,' 'the appeal in his eyes smote her with compunction,' his 'fiery blood surged.' Because it is a Southern war-story I read all this, through the eighty wordy pages, to the last, — when the hero opens his arms to the heroine, whom I am mighty glad to leave somewhere, and he wonders if the gate of heaven is opening!

Now I will allow something for Southern exuberance, and for the sake of "before the war"! But will THE WRITER, or some one not a writer, please tell me why Mrs. Burton Harrison in the middle of her story makes Mr. Dollar say good-bye in these words: "Then so long, Colonel; so long, madam!"

BOSTON, MASS. *Minne C. Clark.*

THE LITERARY FORTUNE.

An article headed "Great Fortunes in Good Literature" was reprinted from the *New York American* in the June number of THE WRITER. It seems to me to merit comment, the more that in the same number there was reported an interview with the head of one of the "Big Four" magazines, who issued the usual assurance: "New writers, with names unknown, receive especial consideration. No editorial happiness is so keen as that which comes from discovering a new author."

Taken together, these two papers present so rosy a view of the literary calling that one wonders there should be any (there are not many) adults, who can read, who do not write. It is pleasant to be an optimist. The pessimist must be depressed by his own gloomy beliefs, nor should he expect a welcome for them. Yet nothing is effected, in the end, by misrepresentation, and if, against these agreeable fancies, I set down indisputable facts, I am doing this service to my kind: I am telling the truth.

And it is true that, unless one should produce a "Ben-Hur" which becomes a sort of classic, there is small chance with the ordinarily short-lived book to make "Great Fortunes" even in "Good Literature." As for the editorial declaration I have cited: "New writers, with names unknown, receive" in our periodicals "especial consideration," I am reminded, like Mr. Lincoln, of a little story. Some years ago a certain manuscript was offered everywhere, being submitted, among

the rest, to the very magazine over which this same gentleman presided then, as now. The manuscript was declined, but when an influential friend took hold of it and, in person, carried it to him who says that "no editorial happiness is so keen as that which comes from discovering a new author," he, on the second occasion, saw its great merits thus pointed out to him, and accepted and published what proved to be the first appearance in fiction of one who stands to-day among our first short-story tellers.

Not long ago I praised to a member of *McClure's* staff a clever sketch which had made a hit in a recent issue. "I give you my word," said he, "it had been rejected by every other magazine in the city before it came to us."

The celebrated New York critic, "Nym Crinkle," once warned a literary beginner: "You will never achieve anything so long as you live out of the world and content yourself with sticking things into envelopes and sending them off. You need what is known in the dramatic world as a steer." This was a sweeping statement, but I remembered it when, after Nym Crinkle's death, I read in biographic data extracts from letters to a friend in which he related his own disheartening failures to gain a hearing, he, too, having gone into the country, where he was "sticking things into envelopes and sending them off," under a new pseudonym. That the work was good was attested by the final success of his "Journey to Nature" and "The Making of a Country Home."

We have been told repeatedly that "The Gentleman from Indiana" was submitted in vain until its author's sister carried it to Mr. McClure and insisted upon his reading it. And this is one of the two books which, the *American* says, with "Monsieur Beaucaire," "netted Booth Tarkington an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year."

Now "The Gentleman from Indiana" was Mr. Tarkington's first book. No publisher would have had any reason whatever (as it *was* a first book) to make him a better offer than the customary ten per cent. Neither this story nor "Monsieur Beaucaire" (which had but a brief run dramatized) was a "record-breaker," yet the *American* would have us believe they brought such a fortune to their publishers as justified them in giving to the author more than half a million dollars for his share — which is precisely what is implied by "an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year."

"Richard Carvel," according to the same authority, brought Mr. Churchill "nearly one hundred thousand dollars." And this likewise was (practically) a first book. Why should the Macmillans have offered more than ten per cent. for it? What reason had they for such unheard-of generosity? The dramatization was but a partial and transitory success, so that for its author to receive from the book nearly one hundred thousand dollars it must have sold some 600,000 copies. And that, we know, it did not.

Again the *American* announces that the Harpers pay Gilbert Parker "fifty thousand dollars for every novel that he writes." Again, why should they? Publishers' rates vary little on the whole, and this would mean that each of Mr. Parker's novels has a sale of more than 300,000 copies. Even "The Right of Way" had no such vogue as that. It is an old story that, at the height of their opulence, the Harpers offered Du Maurier, who had already published "Peter Ibbetsen," ten thousand dollars for the illustrations and letterpress of "Trilby," and that he was glad to take it. That they afterward made him a gift of more money has nothing to do with my contention, which is that publishers, like the rest of us, pay no more than they are obliged to pay for what they buy.

A bookseller once said, looking at the piles of reading matter about him: "The life of the modern novel is four months long, and in each one of these months it is being pushed aside by others crowding to the fore." This short — no less than fierce — struggle for existence should be remembered in weighing another of the *American's* assertions, that Mrs. Humphry Ward has "a continuous yearly income of fifty thousand dollars from the successes which she has achieved." That is to say, her nine or ten books, published at intervals throughout twenty years, represent more than a million

dollars. And yet not "Robert Elsmere" itself was a "big seller!" This same periodical and, I suspect, the same writer in it recently declared that a certain new novel had accrued to its author sufficient fortune upon which to retire. I happen to know (and the newspaper woman was in a position to know) that the book in question brought in between eight and nine thousand dollars. Certainly no one can live well, or long, on the income of nine thousand dollars.

If these tales were not mischievous, they might be amusing. But the discontent they breed, the false hopes they raise, are a serious matter. No; literature has its exceeding great rewards, but as a get-rich-quick scheme it leaves much to be desired.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Alice M. Nevers.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Melville Chater, author of "A Biological Enlightenment," in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine* for August, lives in Englewood, N. J., although he spends most of his time in New York city. He first came to notice as a fiction writer by his dog story, "Thicker than Water," published in *Harper's Monthly* two or three years ago. He has contributed considerable short fiction to the New York monthlies, and was the author of the "Little Love-Stories of Manhattan," which caused much favorable comment during their serial run in the *New York Sunday Herald*. Another story of his, "Cupid: Highwayman," appeared in the *Metropolitan* a year ago, and he has written a long story of East-side patriotism, centering about the Nathan Hale statue in City Hall Park, New York.

W. B. M. Ferguson, whose story, "The Wire Tappers," was printed in *Leslie's Magazine* for August, was born in Belfast, Ireland, twenty-three years ago, but has lived most of his life in New York city. He has travelled a good deal, having crossed the Atlantic seven times. Mr. Ferguson has had considerable newspaper experience and has contributed to the minor magazines, but he is a new writer in the fiction field, his first two stories having appeared in *Leslie's* for July and August respectively. These will be followed by others in succeeding numbers of the same magazine, and the *Popular Magazine* will soon publish a police story, called "The Stool Pigeons." Mr. Ferguson is at work upon his first novel, "Zollenstein," which he will submit to the Bobbs-Merrill Company, at their request.

Harriet Gaylord, author of the story, "The Text-Book of a Princess," in *Short Stories* for July, lives in New York city, and is an instructor of English literature in the Morris high school. She has only recently begun the writing of short stories, but during her holidays and few spare moments in the last year and a half she has written some thirty stories, twenty of which have already been sold and published, either under her own name or under one of two pen names. After the publication of her story, "The Career of Jean Randolph," in *Leslie's Monthly*, Doubleday, Page, & Company wrote to ask if she would not offer her first novel to them for consideration. This she has been attempting to write during the summer at Chamonix, France. She says of it: "It is a simple love story. If it ever sees publication, I shall be very glad. Every one told me I ought at least to try, so what else could I do?" Another story of hers, "A Gordian Knot," will appear shortly in the *Reader Magazine*. Miss Gaylord says that editors have been very kind to her, and that she looks upon them as the cream of humanity — with all their vagaries!

Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, whose story, "Patsy Moran and the Lunatics," appeared in *McClure's* for August, has spent most of his time in editorial work on various magazines. After graduation from the Ohio State University in his native city of Columbus, and two years' teaching of English literature in the Coshocton, Ohio, high school, he and a friend purchased a county weekly in Troy, Ohio, and after its circulation had been doubled in a year and the paper eventually made one of the largest county weeklies in the state, Mr. Hoffman became assistant editor of the *Chautauquan* at Lake Chautauqua, going with that magazine to Chicago. In 1903 he went to a

similar position on the *Smart Set* in New York, and he is now on *Tom Watson's Magazine*. "Patsy Moran and the Lunatics" was originally suggested by some story-advertisements in Irish dialect done for a New York publishing house, for which the author was at the time writing the "ad-matter." It was the first fiction he had done for several years, his only other stories having been written as graduate work in the University of Chicago, but he is now at work on other humorous tales with the same characters.

Una Hudson, whose story, "The Barings, Peacemakers," was printed in the August *Munsey's* and who has written many stories for the *Red Book* and other magazines, describes herself as a western product — the first girl baby born in Rawlins, Wyo. She lived her first fifteen years in Wyoming and the next nineteen in Colorado, being educated at Denver University and Northwestern University. She is Mrs. Hudson now. "I suppose," she writes, "the desire to write things was born in me. Looking back, I seem always to have possessed it. I remember when I was quite small having to answer the question that so torments children, 'What are you going to do when you grow up?' 'Please, sir,' I said, 'I am going to write books.' I had n't intended it as a humorous answer, and the shout of laughter that followed hurt my feelings very much. I never again, until I could produce my first published story, made mention of my great ambition. When I was about eight, the family decided to make a musician of me. I remember that I spent a good portion of the next five years on a piano stool, and that I shed quarts of tears over some awful things they called 'five-finger exercises.' Finally it was my great good fortune to have for my instructor a gentleman who was not only a fine musician but a man possessed of most uncommon common sense. It did not take him very long to size up the situation, and he told the family that undoubtedly I did my best, but that if I didn't quit, he would." Mrs. Hudson's literary work began about five years ago, when, after taking a course in journalism from a correspondence school, she made up her mind that she could never be a reporter, but was seized with the conviction that she could eventually write stories. "Mrs. Beverley Turner," taken by *Ainslee's*, was her first success. For a while acceptances and rejections were hit or miss with her, and she could n't for the life of her tell why one story was accepted and another rejected. "Then," she said, "a kindly editor whom I shall always hold in the deepest gratitude, took me in hand, and gave me a regular kindergarten course in short-story writing. He may have done it in self-defence, or he may have thought he detected possibilities in my work. I don't know what was his motive, and don't care. The fact remained that he told me the things I most needed to know, and helped me, oh, immensely, to get some kind of a grip on my work. Not that I have met with kindness from one editor only. That is very far from the truth. They have all been most kind and considerate, and their patience is something beyond belief." It is about three years since Mrs. Hudson's first story was accepted, and since then she has sold one hundred stories, even. Quite a number of them have gone to English magazines — the *Novel Magazine*, and the *Royal*, and *Pearson's*. "Mrs. Beverley Turner" was republished in the *Novel* last summer. Speaking of her personal predilections, Mrs. Hudson says: "I'm very fond of flowers and all kinds of growing things — when they don't give me hay-fever or rose cold, which they generally do. And I like cats—stray ones that come to you starved, and lame, and half-dead generally. I have eighteen buried in my back yard. Please don't think that I prefer them dead, or that I deliberately murdered them. They died natural deaths — all but one small black kitten, who would sit just where I wanted to put my feet, and he did it once too often. If I ever have more money than I know what to do with, I shall use it to found a home for homeless cats."

Burges Johnson, whose verses, "Bed-Time," appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for August, was born in Rutland, Vermont, in 1877, and is a "full-blooded Yankee," being one of the several thousand descendants of John Alden, and a

great nephew of Tristram Burges of Rhode Island. He was graduated from Amherst college, and served an apprenticeship on the New York daily papers. After various "odd editorial jobs" he became literary adviser to G. P. Putnam's Sons, and later joined the literary staff of Harper & Brothers, where his more humorous verse is a regular feature of *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Johnson is a prolific writer of verse, and has written, in addition, a few serious essays and delivered a few lectures. T. Y. Crowell & Company will publish his "Rhymes of Little Boys" in book form in September, and in October Harper & Brothers will bring out "The Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood," by F. Y. Cory and Burges Johnson.

Emma B. Miles, author of "The Moccasin Flower," in the August *Century*, was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1879, but her home is in the Tennessee mountains, in a log cabin in the deepest woods, twelve miles from any town. There she lives with the mountain people, and lives just as they do, taking the hardships and loneliness as part of the homespun life of the land, and writing only of the things she sees every day, — mountains and forests, and the quaint customs of the people. Her first published work, some verses entitled "Homesick," appeared in *Harper's Monthly* something more than a year ago, and a little later an article in the same magazine on the peculiar music of the mountaineers called forth considerable comment. Miss Miles has also had poems in the *Century*, and *Lippincott's*, and other magazines, and she has quite a number accepted by first-class magazines, which have not yet been published. *Harper's Monthly* also has a short story of mountain child-life yet to appear. James Pott will publish her first book in September. It is a study of mountaineer life and character, and is entitled, "The Spirit of the Mountains."

Winfield Scott Moody, author of "Any Man and Any Woman," in the July *Atlantic* — a story which has caused considerable discussion as to the ethical point involved — is a very well known man in the literary and newspaper world of New York. He was for some years on the *New York Evening Sun* and the *Times*, where he made a unique reputation as a writer of light editorials. In 1894 he became identified with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, and for eight years was the editor of the *Bookbuyer*. Two years ago he severed his connection with the Scribners, and since then has spent much of his time in travel. Story writing had never specially appealed to Mr. Moody until recently, when he was asked to be one of the readers in the Collier competition, in which $5,000 was offered for the best short story. After reading short stories for some three months, he concluded to try writing one himself, and "Any Man and Any Woman," which he himself calls an ethical tract rather than a short story, was the result. Since then he has written several stories, which are to appear in different magazines. Besides his routine editorial work, Mr. Moody has written a considerable quantity of light verse for *Life* and other periodicals, book-reviews for various publications, and, during the musical winter of 1903 04, when "Parsifal" was the foremost attraction in New York, he undertook and performed with entire success the musical criticism for the *Evening Sun*, in the absence of the regular critic. Mr. Moody was born in New York city, and was graduated from Trinity college in the class of 1879.

Mary Bourchier Sanford, whose story, "Deborah of Fort Yaivik," was published in the August *Lippincott's*, is a native of Canada, though now a resident of New York. Her earliest work was contributed to Canadian periodicals, and she was at one time on the staff of the Canadian humorous weekly, *Grip*. Afterward, she was secretary of an Egyptological society in Cleveland, and was on the editorial staff of the society's magazine. Since her removal to New York, she has contributed essays, sketches, short stories, and humorous paragraphs to the *North American Review*, the *Critic*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Independent*, the *Churchman*, the *Observer*, the *Christian Advocate*, *Vogue*, *Puck*, the *Black Cat*, the McClure Syndicate; the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the *Boy's Own Paper*, London; the *Tribune*, *Evening Post*, and other leading New York newspapers; the defunct *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Peterson's Magazine*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, the

Home-Maker, the *Household*, the *Woman's Cycle*, *Kate Field's Washington*, *Sunbeams*, *Harper's Young People*, and *Demorest's Family Magazine*. In 1897, the Baker & Taylor Company published her historical novel, "The Romance of a Jesuit Mission," the wedding scene from which was incorporated in a volume, entitled "The Wedding Day in Literature and Art." In the autumn of 1904, A. C. McClurg & Company published her book for young people, "The Wandering Twins," a story of Labrador, which is reported by librarians to be a most popular book for boys and girls.

"Otho B. Senga" — a manifest anagram for Agnes Booth — whose story, "The Tenth Secretary," was printed in the *Woman's Home Companion* for August, is at present a resident of Boston. "Mr. Senga's" secretary writes that the author is a native of Rhode Island; was educated in the public schools of Providence; is a graduate of a Western college; lived in western Kansas for several years; is familiar with western life; and has been writing about four years. In this time about three stories have been accepted for every one rejected, several manuscripts having been withdrawn by the author because the price offered was not sufficient. The characters in "The Tenth Secretary" were drawn from life. The *Woman's Home Companion* has other stories to be published soon.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Dodge. — The death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, which occurred at her summer home, Onteora Park, in the Catskills, Monday, August 21, means more to the young people of this country than they may perhaps yet realize. The *St. Nicholas Magazine* was created, or was started, perhaps I should say, because of Mrs. Dodge. Scribner & Co., as the firm style then was, the publishers of *St. Nicholas*, and the now *Century Magazine*, knew that the name and work of Mary Mapes Dodge were as good as several hundred thousand dollars in the launching of a young people's magazine. Mrs. Dodge was then known throughout the world as the author of "Hans Brinker," a book that has had almost as many readers as "Robinson Crusoe." It has been translated into every modern language, and is a classic in those languages as well as in English. The scene of the story is laid in Holland, as every one knows. At the time that Mrs. Dodge wrote the book she had never visited Holland, but she had read omnivorously on the subject, and had talked with people who had lived there, natives and foreigners. The story is told, and I happen to know that it is true, that when Mrs. Dodge finally did visit Holland and asked in a bookshop for the book that would give the best idea of life in the country, she was handed a copy of her own story. This would seem to prove that it is not necessary for an author to live in a country to give a story local color. At the same time every author is not Mrs. Dodge.

Mary Mapes Dodge was the first literary woman that I ever knew. When I was eighteen or nineteen years old I was living in Newark, N. J., and about two or three miles out of Newark, in a little settlement called Waverly, was the Mapes home. There Mrs. Dodge, who was a widow with two sons, lived with her mother and sisters, and a jolly, interesting life it was. With the exception of the mother, they were all young or comparatively young people in the house, and such good times as I have had there, it seems to me, are unknown in these days.

A few hundred feet from the main house was an old-fashioned house in which the gardener lived, the attic of which Mrs. Dodge had converted into a "den." "Dens" were not so common in those days as they are to-day. Hers was the first one that I ever saw. I thought then that it was a most interesting and wonderful place, but as I look back at it it seems simple. There were no Oriental effects such as "dens" have in these days; no foolish "cozy corners," and that sort of thing; but a lot of interesting pictures, a great many books, an ample desk, and one thing that I remember particularly — a panorama of the Rhine, which was tacked to the sloping ceiling. In that room Mrs. Dodge wrote "Hans Brinker" and others of her books.

Among her greatest treasures were the letters that she received from children who had

read "Hans Brinker" and loved it. A great many of them — hundreds, I believe — asked her for the pen with which she wrote the book. I don't know whether she ever gave it to any one of these relic hunters, but if she did not it was not for want of asking.

At about this time a big advertising agency in New York started a magazine called *Hearth and Home*, and Mrs. Dodge was invited to conduct a young people's department of the paper. If the other departments had been conducted as successfully as was hers *Hearth and Home* might be flourishing to-day, but it was not a success, and after a few years' struggle, was swept into the whirlpool into which so many periodicals have gone. And now Mrs. Dodge is gone, at the age of sixty-seven. But she will not be forgotten. "Hans Brinker" will live, and *St. Nicholas*, which will always bear her name on its cover, will live, and she will be mourned for by an army of young people and people who are no longer young, for the first readers of *St. Nicholas* are parents, some of them grandparents, to-day. — *Chicago Tribune.*

Marston.—There is a pitiful story told in the *Bookman* of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Failings of Novelists. — We are a timid and conventional nation, and doubtless our timidities filter through to the publishers, for certain it is that American literature as it stands to-day is especially noticeable for its lack of individuality. When it has individuality, it is somewhat unimportant as art. There are sections of our land that have received minute, photographic treatment from faithful authors, but, with slight exceptions, either the feeling of the authors lacks intensity or importance or the subjects they handle are of too elementary a habit of heart and mind to make the work of real value as world literature. If one compare a good American novel with a good English, French, or Russian novel, this is almost the first criticism that leaps into one's mind.

It is a question whether this halting of our own authors comes from our having as yet produced no very large leisure class — no class of people with time for intense emotion or introspection. We have a way of calling feeling, any especial feeling, morbid. If it is suffering or despair, we are apt to dub it pessimistic; if it is introspection, unnatural. But sooner or later our novelists, too, will have to cope with more complex conditions of life and depth of emotion, or be content to remain little and elementary.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Overdone Expressions. — *London Tit Bits* recently offered a prize for the best contribution on hackneyed terms used in writing and speaking, and here is the winning paper; it purports to be a law against the use of worn-out expressions: —

"Be it enacted by the King's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the long suffering and sorely afflicted reading public, and by the authority of the same, as follows: —

"First — Any journalist, littérateur, novelist, penny-a-liner, or any other ink slinger who, after the passing of this act, shall write, print, or publish, or cause to be written, printed, or published, any of the following or similar hackneyed or overused phrases — that is to say, in alluding to the awful mystery of death shall refer to 'that bourne from whence no traveler returns'; or, in mentioning a deceased person, shall write of him or her as having 'shuffled off this mortal coil'; or shall designate the condition of the unmarried as a 'state of single blessedness,' or speak of a newly married couple as 'the happy pair,' or of a wife as 'the better half,' or shall deny by implication an indisputable scientific fact by asserting

the possibility of a person's being 'conspicuous by his absence'; or shall write with profane pen the expression, 'a sight for the gods' or 'a sight to make angels weep'; or, in reference to physical attributes or peculiarities, shall use any of the following expressions: 'The bated breath,' 'the human form divine,' 'eagle glance,' 'magnetic gaze,' 'dilated nostrils,' 'willowy form,' 'arch smile,' 'daintily gloved hand,' 'flowing locks,' 'golden tresses,' 'delicately tinted lips,' 'the inner man,' or shall speak of the 'popular president,' 'the courteous general manager,' 'the genial secretary,' 'the charming hostess,' 'a few well chosen words,' 'the succulent bivalve,' 'the psychological moment,' 'so near, yet so far,' 'last, but not least,' 'a dull, sickening thud,' 'his own inimitable style,' 'old Sol,' 'the gentle light of the moon,' 'a cool million,' or shall use any similar hackneyed expressions, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, being thereof convicted by public opinion, shall be compelled to pay away half his salary to the Home for Old Jokes, and the delinquent shall offer an ample apology to the public and agree never again to infringe the provisions of this act."

Referring to the same subject, the London *Author* says: "The diction of the minor writer both is affected by and reacts on common speech. To him every anniversary is an 'auspicious occasion,' every entertainment a 'brilliant function.' Every marriage ceremony is a 'very pretty wedding,' at every banquet the 'festive board groans,' every host is 'genial,' every actress and every coffin receives 'floral tributes.' One cannot even be drowned without finding a 'watery grave.'"

The Policy of the Saturday Evening Post.— A writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle* quotes George H. Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, as saying: —

"Have I a 'policy'? Distinctly. I decided that the *Post* should reflect the business life of modern America and appeal to the interests of the business man. This can be done as well through fiction as through statistics. While the *Post* is an open market for all good, live stories, you will observe that its stories generally reflect some live business. That is because business is the life of the America of to-day, and a good story reflects life. My 'readers'—I have four—are all newspaper men, preferably with a business training. I am certainly no Philistine against whatever any one may choose to consider 'real' literature, but I have proved to my own satisfaction that I know what constitutes one sort of real literature for the magazine reader of to-day, and it is not the sort of literature that purely 'literary' editors are apt to select. It is not among people of rarified culture that a magazine finds a big constituency.

"Yes, I may claim to have had a hand in helping young writers to a hearing. When I began, I bought two-thirds of my stories from England; all magazines did. Now it is the other way about; I sell two-thirds of my stories to England, and the American story is beating the English in the English market.

"Manuscripts? We receive fully 10,000 a year, and read each one within three days of receipt. And I like to see every author who wishes to contribute; I am not afraid of your publishing this statement. I like to come in contact with my authors; to size them up; very often, while their stories are not the stories I want, they are the men I want, if I could only get at them to tell them how I want it. Sensitive? Oh, yes, the artistic temperament is saddled with that tradition! But authors, you know, are naturally logical men. They are capable of understanding reasons. And why I like to get to know them is this, that I don't believe in waiting till the right manuscript happens along. I prefer to run my own paper instead of letting chance wiggle-waggle it this way and that. I plan many of our serials; I formulate ideas for articles. Then I want to be able to lay my hand on the man competent to work out that idea. I don't care a rap about a name. I prefer a good story by an unknown writer to a poor one by Kipling, every time. No, I shall not say that the *Post* has 'made' any author, although you know several who have come to the front in our magazine. It is not the magazine which makes the author. The author makes the magazine."

The Quality of Contemporary Fiction.— In common speech literature has almost come to be narrowed down to a synonym for fiction.

If reference is made to the most distinguished writers of the day, our minds naturally turn to the most distinguished novelists. It is they that can boast of the largest sales and the most dazzling financial returns, and it is of them that popular literary gossip most assiduously prattles. The question, "What new books have you been reading lately?" means, in nine cases out of ten, "What new novels." It is generally accepted that, if a contemporary writer has any ideas to express, he will express them most effectively in this form. In the twentieth century no other type of literature, unless the daily paper can be included in this classification, can be expected to reach the ear and heart of the democracy. In the course of all the ages there has at last been evolved this supreme literary medium, for lack of which our rude forefathers had to be content with poetry, the drama, philosophy, and the like. To us has come the privilege of achieving wisdom through the study of "truth embodied in a tale." Why should reading be any longer a drudgery when we can take our lessons in the kindergarten of literature?

Yet, although fiction claims so disproportionate a share of the total output of printed matter and by its rewards in money and fame can make it worth while for the ablest writers to enter this field, it may be asserted, with good reason, that there is no other kind of literary work, at least in prose, in which the level of performance is so low. In many respects, the work of modern writers will bear comparison with that of their predecessors of fifty years ago. There has been no falling off in the quality of the best biographies, letters, essays, and scientific and philosophical treatises; for these latter — strange as it may seem to the writer of personal paragraphs about authors — count for something in literary history, to say nothing of contributions to critical scholarship. But to set the most highly praised modern fiction by the side of Thackeray, Dickens, or George Eliot would make even the most pronounced optimist on contemporary affairs hesitate.

Or another test might be employed. Let any one, without bias, make a list of the books of the last three months or six months or twelve months, and strike out those which are likely to be still alive twenty-five years hence. He will find a remarkably small proportion of novels in the list of survivors. According to all the standards — artistic construction, imagination, knowledge of life, breadth of sympathies, and skill and propriety in the use of the English language — the best novels of our day are of inferior literary rank even to the best published sermons, although homiletical literature is conventionally supposed to be weaker and more insipid than any other. — *Herbert W. Horwill in the July-September Forum.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF A LITERARY CAREER. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. With description of Mrs. Wilcox's Home and Life, by Ella Giles Ruddy. With portrait. 60 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Holyoke, Mass.: Elizabeth Towne. 1905.

Mrs. Wilcox's autobiography will be particularly interesting to writers, because it gives in frank, honest fashion the story of her literary life. She tells how she began writing, as a Wisconsin country girl, mentally nourished in large part on the sensational stories in the *New York Mercury* and the *New York Ledger*; how she was paid at first with subscriptions to the papers for which she wrote and with articles from their premium lists; how she received her first unexpected check; and how she afterward won her way to reputation and success. Mrs. Towne adds a brief chapter giving the outline facts of Mrs. Wilcox's life since her marriage, and Ella Giles Ruddy contributes a description of "the Bungalow" at Short Beach, Conn., where the author spends her summers. The illustrations include five portraits of Mrs. Wilcox at different ages and a view of the fireplace in her study in "the Bungalow." W. H. H.

DANDELION COTTAGE. By Carroll Watson Rankin. 312 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1904.

In "Dandelion Cottage" Mrs. Rankin tells a delightful story of the experiences of four girls in a Michigan town who happily came into possession for the summer of a little vacant cottage on the parish lot, too much out of repair to be rented, but just the thing for them to fit up as a playhouse. The events of their occupancy are related with vivacity and sympathetic humor, and young readers are sure to be fascinated with the charm of the narrative. The book is wholesome and sweet throughout, and there is nothing in it to which the strictest parent can take the least exception. Mrs. Rankin has shown in this story a complete understanding of juvenile human

nature, and other books from the same hand will be eagerly awaited. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE LESSON OF BALZAC. Henry James. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE. George W. Alger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. V.—Its Work in War. Melville E. Stone. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

UNCERTAINTIES OF USAGE. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for August.

LITERATURE AND YOUTH. Henry M. Alden. Editor's Study, *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for August.

THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY: MODERN JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION. Hon. Whitelaw Reid. *Pall Mall Magazine* for August.

THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH. Henry James. *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

THOMSON OF "THE SEASONS." Mounce Byrd. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICA. Robert M. Lovett. *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

ROBERT BURNS. Harry Graham. *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

LYRICS IN OUR LATER FICTION. Arthur Penn. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

LITERARY CLUBLAND. IV.—Churchill Williams. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS. Joel Benton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

SOME MODERN METHODS OF ILLUSTRATION. J. B. Carrington. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

LITERATURE AS A PURSUIT. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

A CONCORD NOTE-BOOK. II.—Ellery Channing and His Table-Talk. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

JOHN HAY. With frontispiece portrait. Joseph B. Gilder. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

THE NEW BOCCACCIO: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Anneta Halliday-Antona. The Editor's Clearing-House, *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

JOHN HAY'S PLACE IN LETTERS. Talcott Williams. *Book News* (8 c.) for August.

EARLY PENNSYLVANIA POETS. Ellis P. Oberholtzer. *Book News* (8 c.) for August.

THE EUROPEAN PARCELS-POST. Hon. J. Henniker Heaton, M. P. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF YELLOW JOURNALISM. Lydia Kingswill Commander. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

SAM WALTER FOSS: A NEW ENGLAND POET OF THE COMMON LIFE. Rev. R. E. Bisbee, A. M. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

GARLAND IN GHOSTLAND.—A Book-Study of "The Tyrrany of the Dark." With frontispiece portrait. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

THE COMING THING IN FICTION. With portraits of Maurice Hewlett, William Makepeace Thackeray, and George Meredith. Nathaniel Stephenson. *World To-Day* (13 c.) for August.

PICTORIAL JOURNALISM. Illustrated. George D. Richards. *World To-Day* (13 c.) for August.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ IN HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND SWITZERLAND. Illustrated. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

JOHN HAY: AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN. With portrait. Walter Wellman. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

FOR GIRLS WHO LONG TO WRITE. Priscilla Wakefield. *Delineator* (18 c.) for August.

JOHN HAY—WORLD DIPLOMAT, AUTHOR, AND JOURNALIST. Grandon Nevins. *Pearson's* (13 c.) for August.

HAROLD FREDERIC. John Davis Anderson. *Four Track News* (13 c.) for August.

GAIL HAMILTON'S SINGLE BLESSEDNESS. Charles Warren Stoddard. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

JOURNALISM NEW AND OLD. Edward Dicey. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

SCHILLER. Reprinted from the *London Times* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

JOHN BURROUGHS: A DAY AT RIVERBY AND SLABSIDES. *Craftsman* for August.

"THE BREADWINNERS." *New York Times Saturday Review* for July 29.

THE BAYARD TAYLORS. *New York Times Saturday Review* for August 5.

NEW YORK SCANDAL JOURNALISM. Livingston Wright. *Collier's* (13 c.) for August 5.

CRITICISM AND THE LAW OF LIBEL. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for August 5.

MANNIKINS IN MODERN FICTION. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for August 12.

THE GIRLHOOD OF A NOVELIST. (Autobiographical.) Amelia E. Barr. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 17.

NEWS AND NOTES.

William Mottram, a cousin of George Eliot, is bringing out a book about her and her work.

A biography of George Macdonald will be published soon.

Percy Fitzgerald's life of Charles Dickens is almost ready for publication.

The literary executors of the late Cardinal Newman have entrusted to Wilfred Ward the task of writing the Cardinal's biography. It will be remembered that the life by Mr. Purcell, author of a biography of Cardinal Manning, was suppressed in manuscript, owing to the disturbance that was created by the Manning biography.

Mme. Zola is preparing her husband's correspondence for publication.

Dr. H. L. Hargrove, of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, is preparing a Concordance to Tennyson, modelled on Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare.

Count Tolstoy is going to St. Petersburg and Moscow to gather material for an exhaustive treatise on the history of the people's movement in Russia during the last twenty-five years. He has just asked friends in St. Petersburg to aid in gathering material for him.

"The Yellow Journalist," by Miriam Michelson, announced by D. Appleton & Co., is a newspaper story, as the title indicates, and the heroine of most of the adventures is a girl reporter.

Mark Twain is recovering from a severe attack of the gout, and has gone from Norfolk, Conn., to his summer home at Dublin, N. H.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is coming to the United States in December, partly, it is said, because she has decided on an American heroine for her next novel and wants to absorb the necessary "atmosphere."

Morgan Robertson has patented an improved periscope that he invented in writing one of his submarine stories and is said to have received $50,000 for the patent.

John Muir is seriously ill in Arizona. His condition is due to nervous breakdown, following the recent death of his wife at Martinez and the sudden and serious illness of his daughter.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who is now at her old home in South Berwick, Me., is fully recovered from the effects of her accident while driving more than a year ago. For a long time Miss Jewett has been an invalid from the result of her accident. Her condition has been the cause of the long lapse in her literary work.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has recently purchased "Quillcote," the summer place so long occupied by her situated on the banks of the Saco river at Salmon Falls, in the town of Hollis, Me., and will continue to spend *her* summers there.

Miss Myra Kelly was married August 27 in New York to Allan MacNaughton, of Teaneck, N. J.

The *Grand Magazine* is a new ten-cent monthly issued by the publishers of the *Strand* and the *Wide World Magazine*. It is handled in this country by the International News Company, New York.

The Junior Publishing Company of New York will begin the publication of a magazine for children soon. The magazine is intended to be instructive as well as amusing.

The *American Family Magazine*, published by M. J. Lowenstein and Samuel F. Myerson, at St. Louis, is a new household magazine. Colonel M. A. Aldrich is the editor.

Trotwood's Monthly, a new high-class farm journal, containing literary as well as agricultural matter, is to be started at Columbia, Tenn., in September. John Trotwood Moore will be the editor.

The subscription price of *Everybody's Magazine* will be advanced to $1.50 a year after September 1. The price of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will be advanced to $1.25 a year after October 2. The price of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is reduced from $3.50 to $1.75 a year.

A suit against a French translator has developed the fact that, according to the law, a Russian author in order to protect his works abroad, must first publish in a foreign city before he does so in his own country, as any one may translate from a Russian author.

The Ess-Ess Publishing Company, which gets out the *Smart Set Magazine*, is one of the side issues of the owners of *Town Topics*. The Ess-Ess Company has the same officers and directors as *Town Topics*. It is capitalized at $100,000, although the capital stock of *Town Topics* is only $5,000.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge died at Onteora Park, Tannersville, N. Y., August 21, aged sixty-seven.

Miss Gertrude Bloede ("Stuart Sterne") died at Baldwin, L. I., N. Y., August 14, aged sixty years.

Will Cumback died at Greensburg, Ind., August 1, aged seventy-six.

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THE VOGUE OF CLINTON SCOLLARD.

When Clinton Scollard was chosen to deliver the annual poem before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa in 1900, a critic declared that his "Lawton: An Ode" "worthily sustained the traditions of an historic occasion associated in the past with such names as Emerson and Lowell."

That Mr. Scollard is a poet's poet is shown by commendatory statements in regard to his work written by Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson; that he is a popular poet nothing proves more conclusively than the fact stated by a literary monthly some time ago, that "a magazine published now without Mr. Scollard's name in the table of contents is distinctly out of fashion."

Now when a morsel of verse like certain poems of Kipling's has served to evoke the feelings of nations, even to determine actions in great affairs, there should surely be something worth saying of a poet like Clinton Scollard, who has written verse enough to fill half a dozen volumes, and who has contributed besides, since 1881, to nearly every magazine of any note in the country. And yet I do not find an adequate statement anywhere of his work, his methods, or his excellencies. Several anthologies, — notably two of Mr. Stedman's, — in America, give selections from his works, and the same may be said of British anthologies; but in them there is no answer to the questions distinctly asked by the magazine quoted, regarding the vogue of Clinton Scollard; namely, just how he can write so much pleasant rhyme and how he gets editors of all classes to accept it.

My first acquaintance with Clinton Scollard dates back to the time when we invested each a book in a failing publishing house. My book, — his was still in manuscript, — vanished, and in the search therefor, covering several cities and much correspondence, my book was found calmly published anew by *virtue* of being snapped up at a receiver's sale, but his manuscript, happily, was recovered before untoward fate seized it as it had seized mine. When my next work found higher grace, Mr. Scollard wrote to congratulate me and we exchanged books, I mine for his "Songs of Sunrise Lands."* My heart misgave me at the time that I had cheated him and now I know it. But since then we have been "acquaint."

The answer to how he can write so much

*Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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verse is, I think, answerable by saying that he loves his work. On the fly leaf of my volume of "Sunrise Songs" are inscribed these lines: —

> "Lo! I have fared and fared again,
> Far up and down the ways of men,
> And found no path I strayed along
> As happy as the hills of Song."

Because of the happiness he found in song and presumably, too, because he found his art sufficiently remunerative to make a living by, Clinton Scollard slipped the "professor" from his name (he was professor of English literature at Hamilton College for five years) and became simply a man of letters. But before this he was a teacher in the Brooklyn Polytechnic, a post-graduate student at Harvard and at Cambridge, Eng., and afterward a traveler in many lands, but particularly in the Orient. If I write more of his poems of the East than of others, it will be with the distinct purpose of acquainting the public with one of the phases of his many-sided genius that is more seldom turned toward the reader than those of greater current interest.

Mr. Scollard's work shows plainly that he attaches great importance to form; and he invariably catches his thought in the chalice made for just that form of thought. If the cup is not sufficiently beautiful he reshapes it to satisfy his ideal of what the form should be: whether for poem, song, ballad, blank verse, madrigal, or sonnet; but, always, he holds his pen in trust to art. He has a wide and sure knowledge of the best in English literature and of the literature of all countries, so that the stream of inspiration to draw from is inexhaustible. He loves his work; he understands the technicalities of his work; he has a fountain to go to for his work; he devotes not a portion of his time but all his working powers to his work; until lately he has cast all his imagination in the form of verse; why then, granted *savoir de faire* and genius and work, why should Mr. Scollard not have achieved success in verse making? The little French phrase was given first place in the tri-sentence because knowing how is, I *suspect,* the chief lever in his verse building, although the graces of delicate taste, rare imaginative qualities, and refinement of description and diction are so efficient aids as to make them worthy partners in the whole summing up of his achievements.

To write one or two poems that shall move a nation is a great deal; to have written hundreds that are all clever, some admirable, more beautiful, others grand, is a thing to be said of few writers of to-day, or of past days, except in the case of the large group of larger poets who have had their day of fame and still hold it.

Tried in the garish light of contemporaneous writing, Clinton Scollard holds his own well, continuously and consistently and better, perhaps, than any other poet of the younger school. True there are fragments of verse flung red hot from the strong and fervid fancy of writers whose genius blazed for a while and then expired. There are memorial volumes where, as in the case of Paul Hamilton Hayne and Sidney Lanier, much good work has been gathered after the poet's early death; there are living poets like Swinburne, who compel and repel at the same time; there are dramatic poets who flash their series of pictures before the footlights; there are pretty, feminine poets, both men and women, and poets whose name is legion that write acceptably to-day and are forgotten to-morrow.

But the vogue of Clinton Scollard has held its own for many a long day and it has increased, steadily. That he has achieved certain historical novels is not, perhaps, to be seriously laid up against him even when considered with their flooding of small history and big romanticisms, for that is a vogue also; but although side-tracked by his poems as are these romances, yet they are highly spoken of by reviewers, and they serve to show the fertility of Mr. Scollard's imaginative genius.

He has written much of the Orient and of Italy. "The Crucifix," "Carmen," "Hirmis," "From Helorian" are notable productions. These may be found in "Old and New World Lyrics," but I like better his "Songs of Sunrise Lands," perhaps because I know them

better than any other book of either his verse or prose.

Mr. Scollard has given these poems the exact setting they need to bring out their varied and sparkling charm.

"The Shêkh Abdallah," beginning,

> "*What does the Shêkh Abdaliah do*
> *In the long, dull time of the Ramadam?*
> Why he rises and says his prayers, and then
> He sleeps till the prayer hour comes again,
> And thus through the length of the weary day
> Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.
> Whenever the swart muezzin calls
> From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,
> Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows
> Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,
> *The Shêkh Abdallah,—praise be to Allah!—*
> *In the long, dull time of the Ramadam.*"

goes on to the next stanza thus:

> "Why he fasts and fasts without reprieve,
> From the blush of morn to the blush of eve,"

and the next where

> He calls his servants, and just as soon
> As in the copses the night birds croon,
> A roasted kid is brought steaming in,
> And then does the glorious feast begin.
> Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,
> Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,
> Sherbet of rose and pistachios,
> All are spread for the holy man."

Then the dancers' feet, the night-long sound of lute and viol, wine-mad mirth, and the lilt of song, till —

> "Morn calls to prayers, 'Now away with cares,'
> He cries (this faithful and holy man!)
> *The Shêkh Abdallah, praise be to Allah!*
> *In the dull, long time of the Ramadam.*"

This tumult of words, chosen nevertheless with supreme care, fairly rejoices with swift, riotous mirth; the *holy Shêkh*, faithfully turning devout eyes toward Mecca by daylight, to close them at nightfall to all save mad revel, is depicted so perfectly as to stand out a distinct, if fantastic, figure before the reader's imagination. It is as perfect a thing as may be read in many a long walk in the realm of excursive fancy.

"The Caliph's Pillar," "Mustapha," "The Ride," "Khamsim," "A Damascus Blade," are all noteworthy poems and worth far more than a cursory reading.

"The Hills of Song," published in 1896, and "The Lutes of Morn," in 1901, contain some of Mr. Scollard's best work. They are the expression of his maturer genius.

Read me his songs, I will tell you his heart, might be said of the poet, if not of the prose writer. The latter deals with abstractions, theories, and deductions, while he delineates characters diverse from his own, from sheer love of contrast and interest in what is new and strange, for despite avowed belief, the novelist does not write of himself, his own life, — not very often, at least, — not as often as he does of men and matters that he studies from an opposite point of view. But the poet spins his lyrics from a full wheel, as the colonial maid spun her thread of linen or flax and wove it afterward into her wedding garments. Utility and romance are the parents of truth and fiction alike, but the poet writes from his heart *outward*, while the novelist writes from the world *inward*. The last takes his material, sits down with it, and proceeds to describe it from the knowledge he has, or may not have, of this sort of thing he is writing about. Haply, he finds realization in his stores of reserves and reflections. But the poet writes just so far as he knows and feels, no farther. Imagination plays a part, but it is as sunlight on the stained chapel windows; it lights up what is there of color, of blazoned glory of saint or soldier; but were the glass plain, what would be revealed? Nothing save added dullness, or flaws in the glass made more apparent by the sun's rays shining through.

A true poet, is Clinton Scollard. He sees, he feels, he describes that which he knows, lives, and breathes. He writes of the Orient because its charm appeals to his artistic sense. He writes of common weals because they touch him as a man of the people. But of woes, those things that are distinctly pathetic, he gives us little. I do not recall a poem of this sort, but there are plenty of poems replete with the higher tenderness and human sympathy. The restraint of the trained hand, perhaps the somewhat overtrained hand, is accountable for this lack, but he gives instead sharp, terse sentences and clipped thoughts,— stronger sometimes than fully winged ones would be,— and single poems as complete as

intaglios exquisitely set in the setting which becomes them best.

The following quatrains taken from "Old and New World Lyrics" show the completed thought he sometimes embodies in a few lines: —

THE ACTOR.

Night after night a mimic death he died,
While sympathetic thousands wept and sighed,
But when at last he came in truth to die,
No tear drops fell from any mourner's eye.

PERPETUITY.

Last night a mighty poet passed away,
"Who now will sing our songs?" men cried at morn.
"Faint heart, fear not. Somewhere, though far away,
At that same hour another bard was born."

Mr. Scollard says frankly that he has no methods of work. "Bother methods! — when it comes to verse making, I don't work by method. I have a room in my attic where I sometimes go, and an orchard nook for warm weather. As for experiences with editors, I've not an anecdote worth reading." But he adds: "When I began to send my rhymes about I did not know one solitary editor-man save a certain really delightful gentleman (now dead) who with the best of intentions, no doubt, persistently 'threw me down' until I had won my way elsewhere."

It was Lowell who first said the beatitude, "Blessed is he who hath nothing to say and cannot be persuaded to say it." But still more blessed is he who hath much to say and says it worthily, be he poet, preacher, or politician.

HANOVER, N. H. *Mary R. P. Hatch.*

WHY NOT TEACHERS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION?

St. Nicholas for September contains the following: "Our young competitors seem to know much more about the rules of art than about those of composition."

And why? The rules of art are taught in the public schools by competent specialists; the rules of composition are supposed to be taught by the same teacher who gives lessons in mathematics, or science, or both. The teacher of composition is not a specialist; in many instances he cannot write good prose, and never attempts verse; sometimes he cannot converse in refined English or read intelligently from Shakespeare or Browning. Again, the child who shows a talent for art may have the services of private teachers. Suppose my son has a talent for music. I engage a teacher at a moderate wage, and he is developing that talent. Suppose my daughter has a talent for drawing. I engage a private teacher, and in addition to her work in the public schools, she studies along the line of her special gift. But suppose my child shows a talent for verse-making: who will develop in him what nature has given? He is a coiner of phrases, a sharp-shooter with words; he catches every odd arrangement of clauses; in short, he has a talent for prose. Who can teach him to make good prose? He is taught to spell, he is taught to write a letter, he is taught to make out a bill, he is taught to write a story in a crude form. All this is elementary and the child who goes beyond must grope his way alone. True, even under such conditions a genius is found here and there who produces a masterpiece; but the average writer is not well taught. A man who could do no better on canvas could not sell his goods. The musician with no more musical culture would have no audience.

My plea is for teachers of English composition. Personally I would gladly find a teacher. I have tried correspondence schools; but the printed slips sent by mail contain little that is really instructive, and some of them would hardly serve as models. A representative of a large correspondence school after an interview told me that he had no course to suit my case. Why not make such a course? There is the demand. Authorship may be an art, and its mastery cannot be bought,

but the technicalities of an art may be taught for wage.

Again, why is it that a person who has a desire to write is laughed at? Not long ago I was looking over the drawings of a young lad. He told me with pride of honorable mention and prizes he had received for his work. By accident, I opened a paper containing a poem he had written. He blushed, and caught it from my hand, saying: "You must not look at that." Yet that very poem had received a gold medal from a first-class children's magazine. Will any one tell me why the lad was almost ashamed of his verse, while taking real pride in his drawings? And will he develop the one talent and bury the other in a napkin?

Justiss A. Percival.

AMESBURY, MASS.

GEORGE ADE, PLAYWRIGHT.

In some autobiographical notes George Ade prepared for a magazine about the time the first series of "Fables in Slang" was beginning to make him a national character he reported the fact that in 1852 his father established at Morocco, Ind., an institution which he named "the bank of North America." Fifteen years ago Morocco had a population of 397. What it was in 1852 may be inferred; it also was fifteen miles from a railroad, and an Indiana horse trader, who had made some deals in Lafayette and had some notes to cash, hunted four days for it. Having recorded the name of the bank, George Ade appended one of the best lines he ever wrote in a play or out. It was: "If I have any sense of humor, it is inherited."

Last Tuesday evening, when the audience at the Studebaker was repeating after the third act of "The College Widow" the almost delirious demonstration of enthusiasm that had marked the opening night, the playwright, who sat on a stair rail in the rear of the house, was asked what his father thought of this dramatic proposition and all the fame and profit that has accompanied it. The banker's son gave one of those curious twisted grins of his, shifted himself along the stair rail, and said: —

"He thinks I'm a burglar.

"Sometimes my mother comes across interviews with me in the papers. Usually the ones she sees begin: 'I met Mr. Ade in the café of the Holland House as he was sipping a "Sultan of Sulu" cocktail.' Then she worries. Father thinks my play royalties are the fruits of larceny; mother wonders if I'm taking to drink; meanwhile I am on my farm a few miles from the old home, going to bed at nine o'clock and getting up at six in the morning to dictate new work to a stenographer and revise what he has put into shape."

George Ade did not flash upon the vision of Chicago; he wormed his way into its affections with his gentle, unobtrusive drollery. In June, 1890, he came here from Lafayette, Ind. He was then twenty-four years old and did not look it. He had entered Purdue University in 1883 and graduated in 1887. The three years intervening between 1887 and the beginning of his Chicago career were spent in reporting on a Lafayette paper and in exploiting a patent cure for the tobacco habit. George Ade still smokes, but in vending the cure, with the assistance of a band of darky singers to draw the crowd, he accumulated a vast amount of information about people. This he is still using. It helps to pay his very moderate tobacco bills.

He went on the *Chicago Record* as a reporter at fifteen dollars a week, and he soon began to make himself felt as a new man who could handle an intensely conventional incident of city life in a singularly fresh, droll way. His story of a fire did not begin: "At eleven o'clock last night flames were seen issuing from the rear windows of an apartment build-

ing at 1000 East Chestnut street. An alarm was turned in from a nearby box and the department responded promptly," etc.

No, they were very different.

Still there was no straining after novel effects. Little unassuming, unforced touches of human nature were brought out in a simple way. People used to the passionate style of the average reporter — who was far more passionate fifteen years ago than he is allowed to be now — read the Ade stuff with delight. He really founded a new and a saner school of newspaper writing in Chicago, and the old flamboyant style has never since been tolerated on the reputable papers. So from the first George Ade was an influence. But few people outside the craft knew who wrote the engaging little reports until he established the "All Roads Lead to the World's Fair" column, in the *Record*, and kept it going every day during the exposition summer of 1893. After the fair closed came the "Stories of the Streets and of the Town" column, in the *Record*, and there Mr. Ade began definitely to develop and utilize the enormous resources of his observation and of his simple, intimate style. There appeared the series of sketches relating to Artie, Pink Marsh, and Doc Horne, and there, too, was printed the first of the "Fables in Slang." Later the best of this "Streets and Town" matter was touched up and a bit amplified, and came out in book form in the following order: "Artie," 1896; "Pink Marsh," 1897; "Doc Horne," 1898; "Fables in Slang," 1899; "More Fables," 1900; "Breaking into Society"; "The Girl Proposition"; "In Babel."

About the last three volumes their author refused to be explicit, declaring they were only old newspaper stuff between book covers. There is a pamphlet issue of some travel sketches of his that may be come upon in second-hand book stores. It contained unassuming notes of his first visit to Europe in 1895, illustrated with drawings by Mr. McCutcheon, and called "What a Man Sees When He Goes Away from Home." It was published without the author's name.

In 1897 the first of the fables appeared in the *Record*, and it had no successor for a long time. But "Johnny" Jenks of the Athletic Club kept saying, "George, why don't you write another fable?" and was so persistent that the author, always disinclined to estimate his own work very seriously, began to think there might be something in the idea of a series of them. The result everybody knows. The "Fables" made George Ade, created an eager public for anything he might wish to write for the stage, and so when he grew tired of turning out a "Fable" a week he was eagerly welcomed into the dramatic field. With the last of the "Fables" his newspaper career closed, and then began his work as playwright. It may be briefly epitomized thus, the dates being those of the first formal productions of his musical comedies and dramatic pieces: —

"The Sultan of Sulu," March 11, 1902, Studebaker Theatre, Chicago.

"Peggy from Paris," January 24, 1903, The Auditorium, South Bend, Ind.

"The County Chairman," August 31, 1903, Studebaker Theatre, Chicago.

"The Sho Gun," March 30, 1904, Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee.

"The College Widow," September 12, 1904, National Theatre, Washington.

For the immediate future are promised: —

"The Bad Samaritan," September 5, 1905, National Theatre, Washington.

"The Varsity Man" (though another name may be chosen), October 2, Park Theatre, Boston.

Such is the bare record of fifteen years of newspaper sketches, books, and plays, and the result of it is George Ade, thirty-nine years old, rich, beloved — and unspoiled. His hair is turning gray, and he begins to look his years. In spirit he is as big a boy as ever, loving simple ways and simple people, knowing everybody and allowing everybody to think he knows him. His friends range from the bartender at Turner Hall, the clerks in the drug store on the corner, and the little restaurant man next to the drug store, whom he used to know fifteen years ago when he lived at 268 Chestnut street, to theatrical magnates, men of letters, social leaders, politicians, and all the notables of the great world. He forgets nobody, and maintains an unaffected interest in the affairs of all the figures in the panorama of city life that ever interested him or ever were friendly

to him. Success is apt to make enemies, and this man has been enormously successful; but there is yet to be found a man who will express anything but admiration mingled with personal affection for George Ade. He clings to his old friends, makes new ones wherever he goes, and sidles along through the world in his quaint, lank way, peering out from under his eyebrows, smiling that slow, big smile of his, and storing away all the odd human things he sees. He is the accepted American dramatist of the types of men and women who are ludicrous without knowing it, and he presents these people without caricature because he loves them and can see what is worthy and fine in them beneath their eccentricities.

Having won fame and a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, George Ade has gone back to the land that bore him. In 1898 he began buying farm land near Brook, Ind., a village a few miles from the town of Kentland, where he was born February 9, 1866. To-day he owns 900 acres in Newton County, one of the richest agricultural regions in the Middle West. The place is called Hazelden, and there he raises corn and oats, blooded cows, hogs, and sheep. The farm is not a plaything, but a big eight per cent investment. The corn just now looks like regiments of Prussians, and the yield of oats runs from fifty to fifty-five bushels to the acre. A residence in the old English beam and plaster style has been built, and there is always a house party, small or large, in session. The diversions of the owner are baseball, tennis, automobiling, and almost daily trips to the parental home at Kentland, thirteen miles away. Recently the breeding of Boston terriers has been added to the activities of Hazelden. Up to date only one dog has been sold. One of the terriers has killed a prize pig and another attacked a sheep and bit one of its ears off. But the investment in other respects looks promising. All the puppies are being named after characters in Mr. Ade's plays. A mother bears the name of the heroine of "The College Widow," Jane, and her litter is beginning to answer to the call of "Stub," "Matty," and "Murphy." There are also a Peggy and a Lutie.

After the "Artie" book appeared a five-cent cigar was named after the hero of those sketches. This was George Ade's first taste of the fame that cheers. Now the Big Four Railroad is running a new branch through a part of Newton County, and the president of the road says he is going to have one of the stations, not far from Hazelden, named George Ade. The permanency of the dramatist's place in American annals is therefore assured even if he never writes another line.

But he will.

His grasp of life grows firmer with every new work he completes, and his power of characterization becomes steadily deeper and stronger. He is enamoured of the simple, human themes of American life, and in them he is content to work. While he watched the audience fairly gloating over the simplest, most intimate touches in "The College Widow" at the Studebaker last Tuesday evening he said: "It's pathetic how they yearn for human nature and the pictures of life as they know it! Why don't men who are masters at construction, where I am still a beginner, turn to such subjects? The playgoer is sick to death of musical comedy which is so utterly unreal, sick of glitter and sensation and claptrap. He just wants you to sit down and tell him a little story that is out of life."

In the matter of accomplishing his work a friend of Ade's said: "The farm at Brook is the greatest investment George ever made, for there he can bury himself from the loving friends who want to make him their boon companion day and night, and who seem to think he has some patent magical system for writing plays without an effort."

In spite of all he has accomplished, George Ade has found time for many wanderings overseas — to Europe in 1895 and again in 1898, and to Japan in 1900, 1902, and 1905.

To the grief of a great many charming girls, he is unmarried, not following the parental example, for he is one of six children, and his father and mother celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of their wedding last spring.

James O'Donnell Bennett.

The Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A suggestion that should be of much value to verse-writers — and of some importance, possibly, to poets — is contained in the *New York Tribune's* review of a recent book of verse in which the reviewer says: "We venture to protest against the economy of effort which has led the author frequently to give us only one rhyme to a quatrain. For one thing, the jingles would not have come so easily if he had allowed them their full measure of rhymes, and the additional attention required would have worked to the advantage of the matter as well as of the manner of his verses." It is also true that the author who writes and rhymes with extreme facility needs to put more thought into his work than the ordinary writer, to elevate the standard of his verse and keep it from degenerating into doggerel. Easily-written verse is seldom poetry.

* * *

How the affected use of foreign phrases, where English words would do as well, may grow into a ridiculous habit is illustrated by these extracts from the editorials of a single day in the *New York Evening Post:* —

Sometimes *force majeure* of this kind makes for peace.

Quia multum amavit.

But their *mot d'ordre*, "mum's the word," cannot hide the fact.

Nobody will accuse President Roosevelt of having intervened in the present peace conference with the air of a Wachtmeister.

If Chinamen do not stop boycotting our flour we will refuse to regulate by treaty our treatment of them as a sort of *ferae naturae.*

* * *

Correspondents of the *New York Sun* have recently been carrying on an interesting discussion as to the shades of meaning expressed by "Dear Mr. Smith" and "My dear Mr. Smith" at the beginning of a letter. One of them, to illustrate usage in England, quotes Grant Allen, who tells us that Darwin's letters to him first began "My dear Mr. A."; then as they came to know each other better the "my" was dropped and it became plain "Dear Mr. A." Next the "Mr." was left out, and with the formal "Mr." eliminated the "my" or not "my" question followed logic and made the next form "Dear A.," and finally the last and most intimate, "My dear A.," was used. According to this, these four forms represent the proper philosophic gradations from the most formal to the most intimate in letter-writing. To some, the use of "My" with "Mr." seems to savor a little of patronage or condescension. A Toronto correspondent says: "The degrees of intimacy in an ascending scale are indicated as follows:

'Dear Sir,' 'My dear Sir,' 'Dear Mr. Smith,' 'Dear Smith,' 'My dear Smith.' You will observe that in this scale there is no place whatever for 'My dear Mr. Smith,' the theory being that the degree of intimacy indicated by the use of 'My' is incompatible with the use of 'Mr.'" The conclusion obviously is that self-constituted authorities on this interesting question have somewhat different ideas. Observation of usage in this country goes to show that "My dear Mr. Smith," while apparently more intimate than "Dear Mr. Smith," is generally regarded as more formal, but that "My dear John" is regarded as more intimate and affectionate than "Dear John," the theory, perhaps, being that as soon as "My" is used with a given name or a surname alone it has its natural significance of control or possession. For correspondence between gentlemen Darwin's usage was certainly "good form."

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Witte Has Most Complete Powers. — *Boston Journal Headline.*	Witte Has Complete Powers.
Lands Man Eating Shark.— *New York Herald Headline.*	Lands Man-eating Shark.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Alice Ward Bailey, whose story, "Lady Help," appeared in *Good Housekeeping* for September, lives in Amherst, Mass., with her aged mother, who is an invalid. Mrs. Bailey has written a series of what she calls "Living-out Girl" stories, four of which have already appeared in the *Outlook*. Her novel, "Mark Heffron," published by the Harpers ten years ago, was somewhat of a puzzle to readers not versed in the occult, but was greatly enjoyed by the initiate. She has also written a volume of verse for children, published by E. P. Dutton, under the title, "Outside of Things: A Sky Book," and she has contributed essays, poems, and stories to *Harper's* and *Scribner's Magazines*. Mrs. Bailey has just finished another novel, which will appear in January.

Annie Nettleton Bourne, author of "Back to the Hills," in *Harper's Bazar* for September, is the wife of Edward Gaylord Bourne, professor of history in Yale University, and a sister of the well-known artist, Walter Nettleton. Until her marriage to Professor Bourne, she lived in Stockbridge, Mass. She is a graduate of Vassar College, and was an instructor in English there for two years, and for one year she was resident officer and instructor in English at the Women's College, Western Reserve University. Mrs. Bourne is the mother of four sons and one daughter. Her fiction and descriptive articles have been accepted by *Scribner's Magazine*, *McClure's*, the *Outlook*, the *Criterion*, the *New England Magazine*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Congregationalist*. Her work is frequently signed by the pen name, "Ruth Craft."

Irene Fowler Brown, whose poem, "Antietam," appeared in the September number of *Everybody's Magazine*, is a resident of Memphis, Tenn., and a graduate of Vassar College, taking her degree in 1894. She has contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Everybody's Magazine*, the *Confederate Veteran*, and the *American Historical Magazine*. "The Child Eternal," published in *Harper's Magazine*, has been included in a volume of poems having the child for its theme. She has a poem yet to be published by *Everybody's Magazine*.

William Forster Brown, author of the stories, "The Justification of Cap'n Orrin," in *Lippincott's* for September, and "An Anchor to Windward," in the September *Munsey's*, was born at Quincy Point, Mass., January 2, 1870. Descended from a long line of seafaring ancestors, his boyhood's playground was the ship-yard, among the growing hulls of clippers since famous, and his friends and counselors were men who had gone down to the sea in ships, and were blood-brothers to the east wind and the tides of many oceans. Possessed, as far back as his high-school days, by the "itch for scribbling," about four years ago Mr. Brown ventured some tales and sketches of those quaint, simple-hearted old

sailormen he had known and loved, and found, to his surprise and gratification, that the necessary evil of rejection slips was frequently mitigated by substantial checks. One of his first stories, "The End of the Voyage," was published by *Farm and Fireside*. Since then, he has had stories published in the *New England Magazine*, the *Argosy*, the *Household*, the *Nickell Magazine*, the *Boston Globe*, the *Black Cat*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and *Munsey's*. Mr. Brown's manuscript books show that during the four years he has sold seventy stories, although the "Wandering Jew" proclivities developed by some of them before they were finally gathered to the fold were astonishing. He is now engaged upon a book manuscript, but it will probably be some time before it will be presented to the public, as Mr. Brown is prone to forsake the typewriter for the tiller, when occasion offers, and the lure of a beat to windward in a reefing breeze has greater magic for the son of a sea captain than a still hunt through Roget's "Thesaurus" for the one word that will answer his purpose.

Witter Bynner, author of the poem, "The Chaplet," in the September *McClure's*, was born in New York, but removed when a boy to Boston, where he went through the Brookline high school, and afterward entered Harvard University with the class of 1902. He was an editor there of the *Harvard Advocate*, won a Bowdoin prize with an essay on "The Style of George Meredith," and was graduated with honors in English. After spending a little while abroad, he returned to New York and entered the office of *McClure's Magazine*. Then for a time he traveled with Mr S. S. McClure, acting as his secretary. He is now on the magazine staff, as well as literary editor for McClure, Phillips, & Company. So far, his attention being pretty well taken by his business, he has published but little. He has had verses from time to time in *McClure's*, the *Reader*, *Everybody's*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *Scribner's*, and to the *Critic* he has contributed several "Interviews," notably "A Word or Two with Henry James," which was published soon after Mr. James landed in this country, and which has recently been noticed in the editorial column of the *Bookman*, as a literary interview even more successful than those of William Archer. Mr. Bynner intends to contribute other interviews to the *Critic*, and hopes to make room for more and more writing. The fact of there being already a literary bent in his family will be noted by those who remember the writings of his uncle, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, best known for "Agnes Surriage," a novel of early Marblehead.

Arthur Davison Ficke, whose poem, "The Oracle," was published in *Harper's Magazine* for September, is a young man of twenty-two who made his first appearance in the magazines only a year and a half ago. Since then he has had some ten or twelve poems published in the *Century*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Smart Set*, and *Scribner's Magazine*, and several more of his productions are soon to appear in these magazines. Mr. Ficke is a Harvard man, of the class of 1904, and while in college he was president of the *Harvard Advocate*. Since his graduation he has devoted himself to poetry, and his first collected volume of poems, under the title, "Boundary," is to appear shortly. Mr. Ficke's home is in Davenport, Ia., but much of his life has been spent in Europe and the far East.

Harold Hammond, author of the serial, "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," which has been appearing in *St. Nicholas* since last February, is a graduate of West Point, a captain of the Twenty-third United States infantry, and is now stationed at West Point as instructor in the department of drawing. Captain Hammond was born in Illinois thirty years ago, and was appointed cadet at the United States Military Academy in 1894. He was graduated from there in 1898, and went at once to Cuba with the first expedition. In 1899 he went with his regiment, the Ninth United States infantry, to the Philippine Islands, and after fourteen months' service there, he accompanied the same regiment to China, taking part in the expedition of the Allied Forces which marched to the relief of

Peking. He remained in China eleven months, returning to the Philippines with the regiment in June, 1901, and serving there again until June, 1902, when he returned to the United States. It was at the time of the rescue of the members of the various legations at Peking that Captain Hammond met his wife, who is a niece of Minister Conger. "Pinkey Perkins" is Captain Hammond's first literary effort, and is the outgrowth of a single article, "How Pinkey Got Even," which was sent to *St. Nicholas*, and was accepted with a request for a series of articles of the same nature. Captain Hammond says that he began writing about Pinkey more to set down for his own amusement certain events that occurred during his own boyhood (or might have occurred) than with any intention that the story should ever be submitted for publication, and it was not until after it had been written that he conceived the idea of testing its merits on the literary market. The last story of the present series will appear in *St. Nicholas* for October, and the stories will then be published in book form by the Century Company. "The Recompense of Private Marx," by the same author, which was printed in the August *Metropolitan*, was suggested by events which came to his notice during his three years in the Orient, and while the element of fiction enters largely into the story, it was not built entirely without a real foundation.

Norvell Harrison, whose story, "A Scarlet Fever Letter," appeared in *McClure's* for September, is the daughter of the late Dr. Carkie Harrison, the philologist and authority on rhetoric and the use of English, and the sister of Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose stories in *Harper's Magazine* and the *Smart Set* have attracted attention. Miss Harrison is a southern girl by birth, but she has lived the greater part of her life in Brooklyn, N. Y. Recently her family removed to Richmond, Virginia. Stories by Miss Harrison have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *McClure's*, the *Smart Set*, *Leslie's* (now the *American Illustrated Magazine*), the *Criterion*, and the *Red Book*. She asserts that the surest road to success for writers lies in the field of humor. Good humor, she believes, is always salable. She is convinced, however, that the writer of short stories merely must always rank far below the successful novelist, and in connection with this statement, it is interesting to note that she herself is at work upon a book. This is a novel of southern life as she has seen it, dealing with the negro as he is to-day, and will be strongly religious in tone. The general conception of the book came to her five years ago, and the fact that through her varying successes as a writer of short stories no important changes in its treatment have occurred to her, she believes is an earnest of its claim to ultimate success.

Birdsall Jackson, whose story, "Monahan's Incroochmint," appeared in *Lippincott's* for September, and who also had a story, "The Lost Pasture Lot," in the September *Black Cat*, took his baccalaureate degree at the Brooklyn Polytechnic, and has been a practicing architect in New York city for ten years or more. "The Lost Pasture Lot" was awarded one of the major prizes in the recent *Black Cat* contest, being given the first place in the $200 class. Mr. Jackson says he cannot remember the time when he did not write stories, and he still devotes most of his leisure hours to this avocation. His experience as an architect has given him plenty of material to draw from for stories like "Monahan's Incroochmint." He has had other stories accepted by the Munsey Company and by Lippincott's. His first book, "Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales," published three years ago by F. M. Buckles & Company, of New York, was very well received.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hale. — The rules of living formulated by Edward Everett Hale, who after a life of unusual mental activity is sound, mentally and physically, at the age of eighty-three, should be of particular interest to literary workers. "In the first place," says Dr. Hale, "it's a much-abused notion that seven or eight hours of sleep are enough for a person. Each person knows how much he requires, and some need much more than others. It's very wrong

to go with only seven if you need nine. Personally, I need ten hours of sleep, and I take it, because if I did n't, I should be injuring my health. Sleep is one of those things which are absolutely necessary to the retention of one's health and I fully believe people can go without food easier than they can without sleep.

"A man who is doing congenial work will live longer than a man who is loafing or a man who has no aim or ambition in life, or whose work is not of a nature in which his heart and soul are interested. Some people have been fortunate in their work, and I am one of them.

"There are many days on which people feel better than they do on others, but the man who has something to think of, something to plan out in his mind or execute with his hand or brain, forgets his moods, and they vanish

"I believe thoroughly that no small portion of my good health is a result of my having lived out of doors as much as possible. I don't think that the weather should affect people. They should make a practice of going out of doors in all kinds of weather, being sure that they are properly clothed on stormy days, of course.

"Eat simple foods and do not overload your stomach. In other words, know your stomach. Find out what agrees with it and what does n't. Act accordingly.

"Here are my rules for living: —

"Go to bed at nine and get up at seven, as I do.

"Take a cup of milk just colored with coffee an hour before breakfast, and again at eleven o'clock.

"Breakfast at eight, lunch at one, and then sleep an hour.

"Dine at seven, and spend the evening reading or playing cards with your family or in attending some good theatre.

"Then, if you had a light dinner, at bedtime take a cup of warm soup.

"Do not go to bed on an empty stomach.

"Never drink tea or coffee after two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Don't engage in any hard brain work after four p. m.

"If you are a literary man or woman shut yourself up in a room at 9.30 a. m. and do your work. At 12.30 throw open the doors and put aside your work.

"If your brain is tired, change your work or stop it.

"Never work when you feel fagged out, because you cannot do any good work while in that state.

"All work is best done when it is relieved from time to time by other work — in a different channel. But first do the task on hand. And when a thing is done take up the next task and don't waste any time in self-congratulation.

"And last, but not at all least, don't worry."

Lowell.— Mrs. Caroline H. Dall sends to the *Springfield Republican* a letter, not before published, written by James Russell Lowell, telling how he happened to pick out his second wife. "You will be astonished," he wrote, "but not more than I am myself. During the years that Miss Dunlap had had the care of Mabel (the child of his first wife, who died early) no thought of marriage had entered my head. Not long ago she had taken Mabel to walk. They had wandered happily, till, to Miss Dunlap's horror, the warm afternoon turned chilly, and she found herself too far from home and beyond help. I had grown anxious for the delicate child, and I started to find them. Imagine my surprise when I finally reached them, still too far away, to see Mabel astride upon her friend's shoulders, and that friend walking with painful slowness! As I took the child into my arms I broke into angry reproach that Miss Dunlap should have exposed her own health to such a strain. 'I should have done it if it had killed me,' she replied. 'It was my own fault. I must take the consequences.' I shall never forget the proud dignity of her speech. I saw that this woman ought to be my child's mother."

McCarthy. — Justin McCarthy tells this story of his early journalistic experiences. Soon after arriving in London he obtained an introduction to an editor who had started what was then the novel feature of publishing short stories in newspapers. Mr. McCarthy wrote a story for him and sent it in. A few days later he called at the office to learn its fate.

"I hope you can see your way to accept it?" he said timidly.

"Yes, and sixty more like it," replied the editor.

Nothing more was heard of Mr. McCarthy for several months. When he eventually put in an appearance at the office he had a large parcel with him.

"What have you got there?" asked the editor, seeing him untie the cord.

"These are the sixty stories you asked me to write," answered the visitor. The editor gasped for breath.

"But I did n't ask you to write anything like that number!" he said.

"You expressed your willingness to accept sixty stories like the one I wrote on approval, and here they are. I merely took you at your word," quoth the young Irishman. The stories were not refused.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Tolstoy.—Tolstoy has lately been elected a member of the Rousseau society at Geneva, and in a letter accepting his election he writes: "Rousseau has been my master since I was fifteen years old. Rousseau and the gospel have been the two great and beneficent influences of my life. Rousseau never ages. I have lately read some of his works again, and with the same admiration and elevation of soul that I felt when I read them in my youth." Emerson and George Eliot agreed on their first meeting that Rousseau's "Confessions" was their favorite book.—*Chicago Daily News.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Value of Poetry.—It has been gossiped about that the *Atlantic Monthly*, one of the oldest and best of the American periodicals, will print no more poetry for three years. The idea seems to be that there is little or no poetry that is worth printing, and that poetry for poetry's sake is not worth while.

Assuming the story to be true, a writer in a western paper dissents. He declares, and fairly so, that this is a foolish attitude to assume, for no editor can know what his morning mail may bring. He would be justified in leaving poetry altogether out of any certain number of his magazine if he had none worth printing. The practice of printing a little verse in every issue is much less complimentary to the poets, and vastly less stimulating. To this extent the new departure of the *Atlantic*—if it has really been taken—is praiseworthy. But the doors should certainly not be absolutely closed. Unfortunately, nowadays, with the average magazine, verse seems to be chiefly useful in filling up the bottoms of pages, and, at best, for decorative effect. Most editors would be frightened by a long and serious poem covering two or three pages, and having real substance. What they want is an occasional sonnet or quatrain with which to close a page. They know, and almost seem to admit, that the poetry they offer is not of great merit, but it serves its purpose, and they must have something—so they use what they have, for the end which has been pointed out. It is time to insist that real literature—literature for its own sake—consists chiefly of three things—the poem, the novel, and the literary essay.

The writer goes on to say that of these, poetry is by far the most important. The great lines of literary development must be traced through the poets. They are the real makers and creators. This is true of even some of the less important poets. Wither, Carew, Lovelace, Crashaw, and Suckling were neither great men nor great poets; but they were real poets, they had the instinct and the inspiration, and their times would have been poorer without them. Therefore, a man in charge of a literary magazine cannot afford to ignore this most important branch of literature. Nor will it do to say that little or no good work is being done now, even if it be true. For that fact makes it all the more necessary that editors should be more than ordinarily sympathetic and hospitable. Of all people, they should be the last to admit that the situation is hopeless. It would be better for them to cheat themselves into the belief that the outlook is good. As a matter of fact the divine fire has never been wholly extinguished. In the most commercial and materialistic of ages we have had our singers. We

have them to-day — not so many or so great as we should like, but still some of whom we need not be ashamed. The thing for the gentlemen of the magazines to do is to use their great influence to stimulate poetic production, and to encourage the poets. Let them make the standard as high as they please, let them even dare to go to the public without a line of verse in their magazines — but let them not surrender without a fight.

The point is, of course, made that the people do not now read or care for poetry, and that therefore the magazines ought not to be expected to print it. The writer then asks, but did people — in the sense in which the word is here used — ever care for it? Probably more men and women now read and enjoy poetry than ever before since the invention of printing. The mistake consists in comparing the number of the poetry-readers with the number of the novel-readers. To do this is to forget that poetry never was widely popular, and also to ignore the obligations of the magazine to literature and to people who love it. No one pretends that poetry is, or ever has been, "popular." That is its sufficient condemnation from the magazine point of view, if the magazines are made simply to sell. But is that all? Must they not, if they pretend to be literary, reflect the best thought and aspiration of the time, be written in the best style, and give us the greatest literature that is written? They must either do these things, or else abandon all claim to be considered as literary products. We cannot have great poets all the while, but we can and do have all the while poetry that many people are glad to read. What is needed is that editors shall cease using poetry as filling, cease patronizing it, cease being frightened when they get a real poem that happens to be too serious and too long, and certainly cease barring it from their magazines. The poets, of all people, ought to have every possible chance. — *New Haven Register.*

New Writers Wanted. — "New writers wanted," is the advertisement of the *Bookman* for August. This authority on things literary thinks it is high time for a batch of new writers to step forward to enjoy for a few brief years the delectable combination of youth and celebrity. The last batch has had its full share and should willingly step aside for the newcomers and settle down to serious, mature work. "Somehow it does not seem so long ago that Marion Crawford, for example, was classed among the 'young' writers," says the *Bookman*, "and only yesterday Richard Harding Davis was being taunted with his lack of years, and patted complacently on the head by the reviewers and told that he might do something when he 'grew up.' Yet the first turned the half-century mark a year ago this month, while the creator of Van Bibber must now be either in his forty-first or forty-second year. Even the men who have come in with the best-selling epoch are spinning along merrily toward grizzled locks, and most of them have left the twenties well behind them." A glance at "Who's Who" corroborates this melancholy statement. Among the contemporary writers whom we are accustomed to characterize as "young," Booth Tarkington is thirty-seven; Winston Churchill is thirty-five; Jack London is thirty; George McCutcheon is thirty-nine; Stewart White is thirty-two; and Thomas Dixon is forty-one. It is interesting to record that the second oldest of this group is no older than Rudyard Kipling, who is in his forty-first year, and has done more literary work than all of them combined, with the exception of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Davis, and has written greater and more enduring books than all of them put together. It was given to the Anglo-Indian to taste fame when he was little older than a boy. — *Rochester Post-Express.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A THEORY OF POETRY. Henry Timrod. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

SIGNIFICANT POETRY. Ferris Greenslet. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. S. M. Francis. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT. I.—Student Days in Europe. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND SHAKESPEARE. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

THE AUTHOR AND THE MAGAZINE EDITOR. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

JOHN HAY IN LITERATURE. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

A CONCORD NOTE-BOOK. III.—Ellery Channing and His Table-Talk. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

THE SANE READER. Annie Russell Marble. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

PHILADELPHIA IN LITERATURE.—I. Illustrated. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

SOUTHERN WRITERS. Mrs. L. H. Harris. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

GLIMPSES OF JOHN HAY. "J. B. G." *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

RELATION OF LEGS TO LITERATURE. Bailey Millard. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

FASHION IN WORDS. E. Leovy Hall. Editor's Clearing House, *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

LITERARY CLUBLAND. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Edward R. Townsend. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Norman K. Bright. *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL. Warwick J. Price. *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

WRITERS IN PHILADELPHIA TO-DAY. Reginald W. Kauffman. *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

AN AUTHENTIC LITERARY CRITIC (Paul Elmer More). *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for September.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ IN GREAT BRITAIN. Harry Jones. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for September.

THE PARADISE OF POETS (The Lake Poets). Illustrated. Mabel Percy Haskell. *Delineator* (18 c.) for September.

BOOKS THAT PUBLISHERS REJECTED. Harry Thurston Peck. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for September.

BYRON AND HIS ONE FRIEND. M. A. Van Norman. *Four Track News* (13 c.) for September.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE WILLIAM C. HARRIS. Charles Hallock. *Outing* (28 c.) for September.

W. W. JACOBS. With portraits. *Strand* (13 c.) for September.

MRS. CRAIGIE. With portraits. *Strand* (13 c.) for September.

BIRDS AND BIRD INTERPRETERS. A study of recent ornithological essays. Charles C. Abbott, M. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

THE THEATER OF EDMOND ROSTAND. With frontispiece portrait. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

MAXIME GORKY. Ossip-Lourié. *Open Court* (13 c.) for September.

CAN THE ART OF FICTION BE TAUGHT? Chester Bailey Fernald. *Sunset* (13 c.) for September.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. With portrait. Mary Bell. *Sunset* (13 c.) for September.

PAUL DU CHAILLU. With portrait. *Phrenological Journal* (13 c.) for September.

CELIA THAXTER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH A CHILD. Part I. Illustrated. Mollie Lee Clifford. *Little Folks* (13 c.) for September.

THE GOOD GRAY POET AT HOME. Horace Traubel. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for August 19.

JOHN HAY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Ainsworth R. Spofford. *New York Times Saturday Review* for August 26.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 26.

"THE TRUTH IN ITS PROPER USE." The fundamental law of newspapers' existence. Reprinted from the *Wall Street Journal* in the *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for September 2.

NOVELISTS—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for September 9.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, THE MAN. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for September 16.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Booth Tarkington and Mrs. Tarkington have sailed for Italy, where they will spend the winter.

Hall Caine is making a brief visit to the United States. He has come over mainly to see the American production of "The Prodigal Son." Before sailing he told an interviewer that he had for a long time been making a study of the millionaire and the problems which beset him, and that it was probable this would be the topic of his next book.

Mrs. Spencer Trask, better known as "Katrina Trask," lies in a darkened room in her country home at Saratoga Springs, suffering from an affection of the heart, complicated by a hemorrhage in the eye that, it is feared, may result in total blindness. Her physicians say that she can be relieved, but not cured. Mr. Trask is a New York city banker.

J. T. Trowbridge observed his seventy-seventh birthday at his home in Arlington, Mass., September 18. He is enjoying excellent health.

George Meredith is one of the group of authors who remain faithful to the old-fashioned quill pen. There are people who believe that no work of genius can be produced with anything else in the way of pens, and the authorities of the British Museum seem to agree with them, for they still offer to visitors the good old goose quill.

The unpublished manuscripts of John Hay will be edited by his daughter, Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell is writing an illustrated life of her uncle, the late Charles Godfrey Leland.

A life of Andrew Marvell, by Augustine Birrell, will soon be published in Macmillan's English Men of Letters Series.

"Makers of English Fiction," by W. J. Dawson, the lecturer and evangelist, has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

A. S. Barnes & Company announce "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe," an India paper edition in four volumes, with illustrations, introductions, and recollections of Poe by Richard Henry Stoddard. There will also be other special prefaces and notes.

"On Two Continents," by Mrs. Bayard Taylor, published by Doubleday, Page, & Company, contains the most intimate picture ever published of Bayard Taylor and his work. The book also gives recollections of the Brownings, Thackeray, the Stoddards, George William Curtis, Boker, Aldrich, the Warner and Cary sisters, Bryant, Stedman, Swinburne, and others.

The *Bachelor Magazine* is a new periodical soon to be published in New York by Reed Carradine.

The *Market Place* is a new monthly magazine, published by Richard Badger, Boston. Its purpose is to reflect "the soul of business life."

The *Art and Story Magazine* is a new monthly, published in Des Moines by the Midwest Publishing Company.

The name of the *American Kitchen Magazine* (Boston) is to be changed to *Modern Housekeeping*. Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln is the editor.

Mr. Hearst's suit to restrain *Leslie's Popular Magazine* from changing its name to the *American Illustrated Magazine*, which was denied by the United States Circuit Court, New York, disclosed for the first time Mr. Hearst's desire to change the name of the *Cosmopolitan*, which he recently bought from John Brisben Walker, to the *American Magazine*.

The publishers of the *Burr McIntosh Monthly* announce that, beginning with the October number, they will print each month "a very short piece of text." It may be a story, a little interesting reminiscence, or a poem. In the October number Clara Morris contributes a sketch of her meeting with Madam Jane Hading.

Schedules in bankruptcy of the Scott-Thaw Company, book publishers, New York, show liabilities of $21,087 and nominal assets of $8,998, consisting of cash, $137; stock, $4,240; accounts, $4,321, and a note of Richard Le Gallienne, $300. The largest creditors are Alexander B. Thaw, $12, 850, and George Bell and Sons, London, $4,231.

"A Descriptive Index to Shakespeare's Characters in Shakespeare's Works," by Walter Jerrold, has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Company. The volume indexes not only the characters that appear in Shakespeare's plays, but also those that do not actually appear, but who are the subject of comment by those who do.

Count Tolstoy has not lost his sense of humor. A friend said to him recently: "I have seen a great many of Ibsen's plays, but I cannot say that I understand them. Do you?" Tolstoy smiled and replied: "Ibsen does n't understand them himself. He just writes them and sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him precisely what he meant."

Lovers of poetry will find much to interest them in the September *Atlantic*. A remarkable paper upon "A Theory of Poetry," left in manuscript by the Southern poet, Timrod, is printed for the first time, and there is a comprehensive review of the "Significant Poetry" of the past two years by Ferris Greenslet. "The Lesser Children": A Threnody at the Hunting Season, by Ridgeley Torrence, is the only poem of the number.

Hezekiah Butterworth died at Warren, R. I., September 5, aged sixty-five.

George Macdonald died in London, September 18, aged eighty-one.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles died at Roxbury, Mass., September 20, aged thirty-six.

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HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Hezekiah Butterworth was born on the 22nd of December in the year 1839, on his father's farm in Warren, Rhode Island. The first of his ancestors of whom we have knowledge in America was Deacon John Butterworth, who was one of the founders of a Baptist church at Swansea, near Warren, in the year 1663. It could not have been much later than this when other ancestors of Mr. Butterworth's settled in Warren, and the farm on which he was born has been in the possession of succeeding generations of the Butterworth family from that day to this. The house in which Mr. Butterworth was born stood until last May, when it was destroyed by fire.

The early life of Mr. Butterworth was like that of any other farmer's boy in the New England of that day. There was more of work than of play in it, for his father was a poor man and there were six or seven children in the family. Mr. Butterworth's school days began before he was four years of age, and, partly because of a remarkably retentive memory, his progress was more rapid than that of boys of twice his years. No boy in the town could so quickly commit to memory a selection of prose or poetry to speak at school. The retentiveness of his memory did not lessen in his later years, and it served him well in his life as an editor, writer, and public speaker.

Mr. Butterworth had definitely decided before he was fourteen years old that he would become a writer. He had no taste for farming and the life of a writer seemed very alluring to him. He was but thirteen years old when he made his first venture as a writer. A brief article he had written was accepted by the editor of a juvenile paper. This very ordinary literary achievement encouraged him to attempt other articles, and he was "always scribbling" from that time forth. After leaving the Warren schools he took a course in language and rhetoric at Brown University, and he was self-taught from that time forward. The first of his more ambitious attempts at writing were in the shape of stories and essays on New England folklore, and these were published in the New York *Independent*. Leaving the farm he fared to Boston, that Mecca of so many eager and hopeful young writers. Here he wrote for a number of periodicals, and among them the *Youth's Companion*. The owner and editor of the *Companion* soon discovered that the young writer from Rhode Island had unusual ability, and in time he was given an editorial position on the paper. This position Mr. Butterworth held for twenty-five years, resigning it in the year 1895 to devote

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his time wholly to the writing of books and to lecturing. He had before this written his most successful books. These were his "Zig-Zag Journeys," of which there were some seventeen volumes, having an aggregate sale of more than half a million copies. They are to be found in nearly every public library in the land, and one small library in the vicinity of Boston has in it twenty-six of Mr. Butterworth's books, while thirty-four of them are in the Boston Public Library. His books number about sixty volumes, and more than one million copies of them have been sold. The greater part of his work was for young readers, and he had rare skill in divining what young readers liked. Few writers have been more versatile than Mr. Butterworth, and in addition to his many books written for the young he wrote "Story of the Hymns," "Story of the Psalms," "The Great Composers," "In Old New England," "Young Folks' History of Boston," "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year's." His "Story of the Hymns" won for him the gold medal offered by Mr. George Wood for the best book written that year that would aid in spreading the Gospel. In addition to his books Mr. Butterworth had many stories published in the *Century*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Outlook*, and other of the best periodicals of the day. Many of his poems have been set to music, and his cantata, entitled "Under the Palms," was one of the most successful of his poetical compositions. The music was by the late George F. Root and something more than fifty thousand copies were sold in this country and in Europe. Another cantata, "David, the Shepherd Boy," was also very successful. At the time of his death Mr. Butterworth was engaged in revising his "Story of the Hymns" with the intention of including in it the story of hymns that have become popular since the first volume of his book was published. The work will be completed by the Rev. Theron Brown, an editor of the *Youth's Companion*, and one of Mr. Butterworth's oldest friends.

Of his many admirable traits of character none were more marked than his ready sympathy for all young writers and his eagerness to be helpful to them. Indeed, he was ever ready to encourage the young along any line of effort, and he was deserving of the words of one who has said of him that he was "a simple, kindly, high-minded man, an open-handed philanthropist; a bearer of other men's burdens, he made the world better for his living in it." It was often stimulating to come into contact with him and to feel the influence of his fidelity to his own high ideals. His friends could always feel sure of his loyalty to them, and he had in a large degree that "grace of soul which forgets self, and loses self, and finds it again in the being of another." A more unselfish man never lived, and he was ever conscientiously loyal to that which he felt to be right and true. His time, his talents, and his purse were so freely given to others that it is not to be wondered at that he died a comparatively poor man. It was one of his common sayings that although he had never married he had reared several families who seemed to be almost as dependent upon him as they would have been had they been his own. He cared little for the pecuniary rewards of his pen, excepting as they could be used in helping others. A man of unfailing industry, he expended the last of his strength at his desk in trying to complete unfinished work. No one who knew him could ever question Mr. Butterworth's nobility of purpose, and no one regretted it so much as he when he fell short of his own ideals. If the world of letters did not lose a great writer when he died, it lost one who had a strong hold on the affections of his thousands of readers. The influence of his work was always helpful, and in his later years he was glad to remember that he had never written a line that could in any way be harmful to character.

Mr. Butterworth died on the fifth of September, at his home in Warren, and within a few rods of the place of his birth. No native of the town was ever shown higher honor than was accorded to him on the day of his funeral. Business was entirely suspended during the funeral services. The public schools were closed, and perhaps the most affecting part of the funeral service was that of the six hundred school children marching into the church and past the casket, each child laying a flower on the casket. He was buried from the church

of his fathers, and his grave is by theirs, in the little cemetery at Butterworth Corners. "Men come and go, but their work endures in those that follow. Certainly this is a precious sort of immortality, to live again in minds made better by our presence." *J. L. Harbour.*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

WANTED—POETRY, NOT VERSE.

The death in his prime of a gifted poet like Mr. F. L. Knowles is sad enough when the choir of singers in a land is full. Far sadder is it when poetry is not produced lavishly and when the times are calling for singers with the prophetic soul. One need not be as pessimistic as one of our few poets who recently said of the fine arts in this country: "They have no source in popular feeling: they do not spring up spontaneously from our social condition." One has only to meditate on the facts of his own life or his neighbor's to realize that in this period of stormstress in ethics through which we are now passing, New Englanders, not to go beyond the Hudson, are not watching as eagerly to-day for the words of our singers as their fathers did for the poems of Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, which were so splendidly prophetic as well as truly poetic. American poetry, to-day, as Mr. Ferris Greenslet has recently said, after reading between two and three thousand poems in manuscript and more than two hundred volumes of recently collected verse, lacks the robust note of the past, save in forms "so crude as to be provocation rather than a pleasure." So far as it is admirable it is because of its "delicate retrospective refinement."

Consider how many opportunities have gone unseized the past few years. The Spanish-American War, the inauguration of the irrigation scheme of the West, which is to make paradises out of gehennas, the grapple of the United States with the task of wedding the Atlantic and the Pacific, the tragic death of McKinley and dramatic and ironic elevation of Roosevelt to power, his many acts of energy and power, the death of John Hay, our greatest recent Secretary of State, our entrance as a nation as an arbiter of international affairs and a new force in inter-continental diplomacy—have any of these called forth verse commensurate in volume and quality? The candid critic must answer "no."

Tremendous far-reaching alterations in national policy have been made. Large personalities have died. The linking of oceans has begun and deserts have been invaded. Mighty armies have clashed. A new Oriental Power has emerged. The Occident has had its conceit lessened. Racial egotism has been curbed. American influence has become world wide and our Chief Executive, by the admission of European publicists, has become the most conspicuous ruler in Christendom, and no poems on a scale with such themes have been sung.

Dr. Richard Gannett, the English critic, has kindly come to our defence in reply to those who chide us for not producing a Homer, and said:—

> "Thou art too great! Thy million-billowed surge
> Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
> Confounds the raging eye from verge to verge
> With mazy strife or smooth immensity.
> Not soon or easily shall thence emerge
> A Homer or a Shakspere worthy thee."

This is true, doubtless. But we are not asking for a Homer or a Shakspere. We will be satisfied with a group of singers as alert and patriotic as our own group of mid-nineteenth-century singers, who seized on the issues and events of their day.

There are reformers to-day fighting municipal "graft" as worthy of praise from poets as John Brown or Garrison were in their day. There are aspects of our national life as fair game for the satirist as any Lowell punctured

with his Biglow Papers. There are "statesmen" among us as deserving of scorn for their betrayal of the State as any Whittier pilloried with his "Ichabod." There are patriots among us as courageous and self-sacrificing as any Whitman immortalized in his original, unconventional verse.

If "false is the war no poet sings," as the late lamented Hezekiah Butterworth sang in a line which will make him immortal, so also is it true that barren is the literature which fails to see the tragic and noble as well as sordid and ignoble in a time like this.

The day for "retrospective refinement" in our verse is past. It is a time again for poetry that has "her womb and cradle in the human heart," that has "her splendor and joy" in "the august circle of eternal law," that is "a passion rather than an ambition." It needs to be

> "Fire suffused through and through, one blaze of truth
> Undeadened by a lie."

In the language of Mr. Knowles, just gone from us: —

> "Unravel all your tangled cheats,
> Your triple-twisted-thread conceits,
> Your subtle sonnets flung afar!
> Stand up and show what man you are!
>
> "Why linger o'er decrepit shrine
> In Hellas or in Palestine?
> America as Greece is grand,
> America is Holy Land."

A caustic critic of Scotland's present materialism, irreligion, and indifference to social evils has just said of that land that it has "fifteen sects, six thousand churches, three hundred bowling greens, two hundred and fifty golf courses — and no poet."

> "Up, blinded skeptic! Grasp your harp!"

Knowles had grasped his, and in such poems as "The Christmas for America" and "The Coming Singer," had shown how he was to be alive to twentieth-century issues.

George Perry Morris.

The Boston Transcript.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO JOURNALISM.

Let me begin by protesting my conviction that there is not an editor anywhere who is not anxiously searching for writers with something to say. The conviction, common to many minds, that editors can be reached only through a personal introduction, and that they are quite careless of the literary contents of their papers, is a wrong conviction, a conviction which must be broomed out of the mind as soon as possible.

It is true that in some cases a letter of introduction may secure publication of a characterless essay which would otherwise have found its way back to the author; but never, I am sure, does the wine of good copy need the bush of influence. It is a truth that editors,— who are, remember, competitors one against the other,— are searching the world for writers. Treasure this truth; and instead of railing against ignorant editors, labor so to observe the world, and so to express your observations, *that there* shall not be one editor in the world unwilling to receive you into his bosom.

This is the beginning of the gospel of journalism — absolute faith in the discernment of editors. Assured in his soul of this belief, and emptying his mind of all little schoolboy conceits and undergraduate extravagances, let the beginner consider well within his soul how he shall present himself before these gods of the Press. What shall he write about, and in what manner shall he write?

Begin by knowing that there is no subject under the sun, howsoever beautiful, howsoever profound, howsoever urgent, which can hope to be admitted to the feast if it be not clothed in the wedding garment of interest. The newspaper is meant to interest people. Its mission may be as high as you please, but it must interest. "If God tires you," said Fénelon, "tell him so." The world has a mighty mission, we suppose, but if it did not interest us there would be neither man of science nor poet of nature. And the newspaper may be

educating people, may be guiding opinion, may be forming taste, but if it be not crammed with interest it will have no readers

Choose, then, your subjects from the point of interest. Look out upon the world and see what most interests the marching ranks of humanity. Consider yourself not as the great captain of the host, nor yet as the chaplain of the forces, but rather as the minstrel called to the camp-fires to beguile the quiet hours which separate the march from the battle. Do not be afraid to be humble. The greatest of journalists can never hope to play a part greater than Homer played before the warriors of Greece.

Your chief labor must be observation. You must study men and women, you must study nature, you must study literature. You cannot be a great writer if you are not a close observer. Unless you have seen a thing more clearly than other people have seen it, you have no excuse for writing. It is only when you have cultivated the seeing eye, only when you have seen and reflected upon what all the rest of the world has merely glanced at, that you can have justification for desiring the attention of the newspaper reader.

You must not be afraid to feel. Cultivate in yourself the gift of sympathy, the faculty of responsiveness. Never let your own personality get between the retina of your consciousness and the vibrations of the image of humanity. Stand on one side to receive the picture. The picture is of more importance than your own notions of propriety. Do not condemn the tears of Little Nell till you have drawn a finer character than Mrs. Nickleby. Feel joy and feel pain as other people feel them. Have sympathy with all men.

Then, when you have observed the world, and when you have cultivated in your mind the gift of sympathy with humanity, consider the style in which you shall present your reflections to the reader. At first you are sure to begin jumpily, self-consciously, with grimaces and contortions, aping the styles of other men, and murdering them. Do not be disheartened. Put these early writings on one side, and look at them six weeks hence. Through the blushes and the tears which will cover you with confusion you may yet see in that poor article of yours more clearly than in all the works of all the greatest geniuses, your own sure road to success. You will see exactly where you were affected, where you were unnatural, where you were pompous, where you were stupid, and where you were tedious. You will see exactly how to avoid all these mistakes in future; and practice will gradually bring you into the kingdom of your own natural style.

Do not write a great deal, but write something every day. Let the act of writing become easy to you. And strive above all things so to become interested in your subject that you are carried away by it, and know not how you have written, scarce, indeed, what you have written, till the last word is drawn from your soul. Then when the creative side of your brain has done its work, let the critical emerge and do its work as well. Go over the paper again and again, striking out every word that rings falsely, scratching out every sentence that is unessential, and buckling up the whole composition so that it reads with a rhythm from beginning to end, and has not one dull line or one impertinent word from the first to the last. Avoid as far as possible a painful search for "the inevitable word." He is a bad writer who makes you pause to say, "that's a good word," or "that's a brave phrase"; he is a great writer who carries you under the magic of his art away from all such questions of style and effect, and clean transports you into the region of his fancy. Study to be natural. Employ all the graces of language and all the felicities of manner which are within your reach, and which commend themselves to your critical faculty; but just so far, and not a comma farther, than they are natural to you.

In this manner would I speak (not, I hope, too didactically) to the boy setting out with his pen to fight the world. But there is yet one more word to say. A quicker road to success than lies in writing articles, and verses, and stories from your own room is that which takes the observer into the streets of the town and makes him a chronicler of the day's drama. I would advise a young man who desires to be

a thorough journalist to set his affections upon one paper, and to drop into the editor's letter-box, night after night, some brief record of the day's events, some story or description, so full of interest and human curiosity that it must needs take a front place in the morning's paper. Such work—if it be finely done—though ill rewarded at first, ends, I am sure, in that first step to success, a permanent employment on the editorial staff. This I believe to be the royal road to journalism, and, perhaps, there are fewer people walking this way than on any other path of human activity.

I do not think there is a more interesting profession open to men than this fast and furious profession of daily letters; but it is a profession full of bitterness for the bad or inefficient workman, and full of disappointment for the stubborn, self-preaching egoist. Its prizes are for men capable of repressing their own gospels of salvation, and cheerfully willing to serye the public in the capacity of gossip and tale-teller. And from the beginning to the end it means work,—hard, honest, conscientious, and devoted work. If a man be a keen observer, if he be modest in his ambitions, and if he work with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul,—seeking always to interest his patrons,—he will need but little elbowing and pushing to reach the rewards of journalism. *Harold Begbie.*

The London Author.

OUR FRIEND, THE "NOM DE PLUME."

Even though he be a hoary old sinner, I always sympathize with the under dog, especially when every other dog in the neighborhood is on top of him. That's why I want to say a word or two about an old friend of the writing fraternity who, of late, has come in for much criticism, most of which is deserved. I refer to the pseudonym, sometimes called the "nom de plume."

Says the eager critic: "There is no more reason why a writer should sign a fictitious name to his work than for John Smith to put the name of Roderick Random over the store where he sells pork and molasses."

There are plenty of reasons why a writer should n't use a pseudonym; but this particular reason does not hold water. The obvious answer to the critic is that the tradesman does use a "nom de plume"—or "nom de cash register," if you so prefer. John Smith and Roderick Random call themselves "Smith & Random," which is a misleading term, in that, abbreviating beyond the right limits of abbreviation, it does not specify the particular Smith or the particular Random. Or they call themselves "The St. Spotolin Table Supply Company," which is another instance of the same thing. Or John Smith, doing business alone, calls himself "Smith & Company," when the "Company" is all empty air. Or he calls himself or his place of business "The Red Star Store," when every one knows that "Fly-speck Store and Emporium of Bad Debts" would more correctly describe it. Or, finally, to get right down to hard pan, to corral our airy and unobservant critic as completely as anything can be corralled, John Smith, purchasing the stock and good-will of Roderick Random, continues to conduct the business under the name of—Roderick Random.

It is only another instance of our amateur critic not reading up on his subject. Judging by the overwhelming number of grocers along Main Street who use it these days, the "nom de plume," which he terms "unbusinesslike," is the very essence of business.

The pseudonym dates back to days when prison and pillory were the lot of the luckless scribbler whose pen was raised on behalf of an unpopular, or perhaps too popular cause. Then, it served the best of ends; so that, in memory of its good deeds, when fame and fortune replaced prison and pillory as the re-

wards of literature, the world and the profession alike looked on the pseudonym as a first essential of the literary man. Early in the last century it was practically universal. Since then it has been permitted, very wisely I think, to fall into disuse. To-day, it is looked on as the sign of an amateur.

With it the amateur invariably starts a "literary career." Says Ophelia MacNabb to herself: "I'll write a story, and call myself 'Catinka Cuttlefish,' or 'Molly Mulligrub,' and when it's printed I'll get Grandpa to read it, and Pa, and Ma, and Sis, and when they've all praised it, I'll reveal the secret."

So "Catinka Cuttlefish" writes the story, and sends it to *Current Literature*, or the *Forum*, or the *Kennel Gazette*. It returns, not only early, but often, like the plugger on election day. The day of disclosure of the amazing and glorious secret of its authorship is again and again postponed. Grandpa dies of old age, Pa's hair is silvered, and Ma grows deaf, and Sis marries the new preacher, and the usual large family grows up about her. "Catinka Cuttlefish," if she has the right stuff in her, persists, writing more and, in due time, better stories. The euphonious name of "Catinka Cuttlefish" comes to represent, to the more mature Ophelia MacNabb, a great deal of poor work, traded off for subscriptions to cheap and evanescent "family" journals, or not published at all. So, when at last the checks come in, "Ophelia MacNabb" smiles at you from the title page. There is no amazing and glorious secret to disclose, but Ophelia MacNabb starts a bank account, and buries "Catinka Cuttlefish," along with the now hazy memory of her early and erratic efforts, in a grave whose tombstone is oblivion.

That is what happens nine times out of ten. The tenth time "Molly Mulligrub" makes a "lucky hit," the name acquires a market value, and Ophelia MacNabb can't rid herself of it, even if she wants to. Says the editor: "What! Publish this under the name of Ophelia MacNabb. No thank you, madam. 'Molly Mulligrub' is money in my pocket; 'Ophelia MacNabb' is — nothing!"

And the unduly successful authoress is haunted till the day of her death by that appalling and alliterative apparition, "Molly Mulligrub."

Let us pity her!

The pseudonym has some illustrious examples. Dickens first wrote as "Boz," but the appellation was dropped coincidently with his attainment of a reputation. Thackeray wrote under a variety of names; but his greatest work came out over his own. That most American of all American writers, S. L. Clemens, still preserves old memories of the Mississippi in the world-famed name, "Mark Twain." Now and then authors with uneuphonious names still adopt fictitious signatures. But the pseudonym has practically gone out of fashion amongst modern writers.

The worst that can be said of the pseudonym is that it gives the editor two names to keep track of. Writers who have been denied the joys of idleness now and then will appreciate the consequent annoyance to an editor, who would like to be lazy and has to take an extra moment or two from the time he might spend in "lazying." Yet, literature being a business, if we apply business rules to literature and register our business-literary appellation the same as any other firm name, John Smith can be Roderick Random, and Roderick Random only, to his editor. John Smith is liable for John Smith's literary and other crimes, no matter under what name committed; at the same time, under this distinctly business arrangement, the editor will be able to devote an extra seven seconds to the task of taking things easy, and the author will retain his cherished pseudonym.

The best that can be said of the pseudonym is that it gives the young writer a chance to bury his first crude efforts in oblivion, an oblivion which delights him the more, the greater his fame grows. Or, if his first efforts are not crude, but brilliant, it gives the reader a striking name which will stick in his memory. Though if John Smith's story places him on a par with Kipling, assuredly he will be remembered, even if he is modestly loyal to the humble and common, but none the less honorable, appellation of — John Smith.

CHATHAM, Ont. *Victor Lauriston.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In the October WRITER was reprinted an editorial article from the *New Haven Register* on "The Value of Poetry," in which reference was made to the current rumor that the *Atlantic Monthly* would print no poetry for the next three years. Some color was given to the story by the fact that in the September *Atlantic* the only original poetry was Ridgely Torrence's long poem, "The Lesser Children," while several spaces at the end of prose articles, such as are generally utilized by magazine editors for bits of poetry, were left blank. To settle the question definitely the editor of THE WRITER wrote to the editor of the *Atlantic*, asking if the report were true. In reply Mr. Perry writes: "We have noticed occasional newspaper references to the statement that the *Atlantic* is to print no poetry for the next three years. The only foundation for this story is to be found in a certain slip, a copy of which I enclose. As you will see, this slip, which has been sent to a good many contributors of verse during the past six months, states that during the remainder of 1905 and also during 1906 we are to devote relatively little space to verse, and that we already have what we need for that department of the magazine. It has never entered into our head to suspend the publication of poetry even temporarily, but we are perfectly willing to let it be known that in our judgment the interests of the *Atlantic* and of good literature generally will be furthered by the publication of less verse, provided this verse is characterized by higher quality. In other words, we propose to print poetry more sparingly than we have sometimes done, and to print only such pieces as in our judgment are in accord with the very best traditions of this magazine."

* * *

The slip referred to in Mr. Perry's letter reads as follows: —

Editorial office of
The Atlantic Monthly,
Boston.

The plans of the *Atlantic* for 1905 and 1906 allow but a limited space for verse. As the needs of the magazine are already largely supplied, its editors are compelled to request that further contributions of verse be withheld for the present.

* * *

Now that Ian Maclaren is leaving the Liverpool church of which he has been minister for a quarter of a century, his conclusions concerning his work and methods, deducted from his long experience, possess especial interest. "If I were beginning instead of closing my career," he says, "I would be careful about three things in particular: I should preach

shorter sermons; I should be more attentive to my English; and I should preach more comfortingly." These are most excellent principles; and they apply not only to sermons, but to books. W. H. H.

THE RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

Cyrus Townsend Brady is suing a New York publishing house for a whole lot of money. Mr. Brady's name is probably seen oftener in more magazines than that of any other writing person in the United States. Mr. Brady was first a boy, then a naval officer, then an ordained preacher, and, after that, and up to the present time, a prolific producer of magazine copy. Some time ago Mr. Brady wrote a novelette called "A Corner in Coffee," which the *Smart Set* printed. The story had a dramatic value, and a while ago Mr. Brady had an offer for the dramatic rights. While the deal was pending it was discovered that the publishing company had already disposed of the dramatic rights to a well known theatrical firm, and that the story was in process of dramatization by a professional play tinker, who makes a specialty of work of this sort. Hence the suit. Mr. Brady claims what is known as the "author's right" to his own stuff after it has been printed.

Recently the junior member of a prominent New York publishing firm was in Washington on some copyright business. A *Star* man asked him for enlightenment as to the merits of Mr. Brady's trouble with his publishers.

"I don't know Mr. Brady personally," replied the publisher, "but I do know a great many other writers of his grade, and I am bound to say that the majority of them are wholly unreasonable in their business dealings with publishers, and exceedingly hard to get on with.

"Now, nobody expects a writer of fiction to be a good business man, but you'd naturally suppose that such people would read a contract, anyhow, before signing it. As to that business appertaining to the dramatic rights, we had a fine old riotous time of it in our New York office a few months ago just because a new author on our list had failed to read the terms of a contract he signed in making over a book to us.

"You see, it is the custom of publishers in these days of dramatized novels to reserve the dramatic rights of a novel in the contract. The dramatic rights clause is inserted in all of the contracts for books of fiction, as a matter of custom and course. Once in a while some author comes along who makes a kick over the clause, and, when that happens, we come to some sort of an agreement with him, if his book is particularly promising, whereby we agree to share and share alike in the dramatic rights.

"Ordinarily, however, authors skip this clause altogether, having little idea that anybody will ever want to use their books for stage purposes. And when they skip the clause, and sign the contract, the dramatic rights belong to us as a matter of course.

"That's what happened in the case of a pretty good seller we published a year ago last spring. The author did n't pay any attention to the contract clause as to the dramatic rights, and signed the contract handing the dramatic rights over to us.

"When the book got to going well a number of different adapters for the stage got hold of it simultaneously and saw at once that it was eminently well adapted for dramatization. They immediately dug the author up, and the first thing he knew he had them bidding, and in pretty good sums, too, for the dramatic right to his book. Then he came down to our publishing office, a good deal elated. I received him.

"'Say,' he said, 'I'm going to have that book of mine dramatized.'

"'Yes?' said I. 'Who's going to do the work of dramatizing it?'

"He mentioned the name of a well known play tinker.

"'All right,' said I, 'You send him down to me, and I'll talk with him and give him my figure as to the dramatic rights. The dramatic rights belong to the firm, you know.'

"He was up in the air in less than a second, storming and throwing his arms around. I showed him the contract he had signed. He swore that he'd never even read that clause in

the contract, and declared that it would be simply swinish — that's the word he used — on our part to claim the dramatic rights when they clearly belonged to him, the author, morally, anyhow, in spite of the old contract.

"It was a rough house sort of time we had of it over that little point, and the firm didn't come out second best either. At that, I believe that if the young man hadn't stormed and raged at us the way he did we'd have cut the dramatic rights in two and given him half. But we didn't. We just remained swinish.

"It's the simple truth that most writers of works of fiction possess business views that are simply childish. Only a week or so ago at the New York office I permitted myself to become unnecessarily 'het up' over the conversation of one of the writing men on our list. Last autumn we published a piece of fiction of his making. It was his first book. Quite unexpectedly — that is, we of the firm didn't expect it, even if the author did — the book made a big success from the outset. Inside of three months we sold between 75,000 and 80,000 copies of it. These big sales, of course, put the young man who wrote the book in clover. His royalties during the first three months were about $10,000.

"He had never had anything like so much money in a lump before, and I grieve to say that he lost his head. He had a passion for horse racing. Now, $10,000 is a right tidy little sum of money if devoted to the ordinary uses and comforts of life, but it isn't any terrible amount of money wherewith to gratify a passion for horse racing.

"Virtually all of this young man's $10,000 royalty money on his first book went into the satchels of the bookmakers. Just about this time the sales of his book began to sag some. He noticed this, for he was very careful in his scrutiny of our sales accounts. He figured it would be a good thing for him to get from under. He needed some more money, and so he came to us and offered to sell his interest in the book for a pat $2,000.

"I advised him not to do this, I told him that books have a queer habit of getting their second wind and coming again, so to speak, and that he stood a pretty good chance to make a lot more than $2,000 out of his book if he'd only be patient and wait for his royalties.

"But, no, he couldn't see it. He had it all figured out that his book had seen its little day, and that he'd rather be putting it on us if he got $2,000 out of us for his interest in it. We gave him the $2,000, and he signed away his right to any remaining interest in the book. It was a bit of a gamble with us, too, you are to understand, yet we had a fair right to presume that a book that had sold 80,000 copies in three months would, even if the sales were letting down some, go on winning out enough at least to make good for the $2,000 we were paying out to acquire entire title to the book.

"Well, the thing fell our way. Not long after we had given the author the $2,000 he was so eager to obtain for his interest the book began to sail along again quite wonderfully. I don't mind admitting, either, that we did a bit of extra advertising and booming for the book as soon as we had gained the complete title to it, and, of course, this helped to give the piece of fiction its second wind. Well, we've sold over 40,000 copies since buying the young man's interest, and the book is still going ahead at a most profitable clip for us, although I never could see that it was so much of a book, at that.

"The author, of course, heard how well his book was doing after he had disposed of his interest, and it grueled him. Then, not long ago, he turned up at our New York office with a martyred countenance. After beating about the bush for a while he shambled to the point. He said he'd heard how well his book had been going since he'd sold out, and he asked me whether, in view of that, I didn't think it would be only the fair thing to offer him at least a portion of the rake-off. It was a square and straightout case of the baby act on his part, you will perceive.

"'Why should we do that?' I asked him. 'You sold us the book, and it's ours now, isn't it?'

"Oh, yes, he was willing to admit that the book was ours all right, but when he'd sold out his interest he'd had no idea that it was going to continue to bound along the way it

had, and he thought that as long as he had chiseled himself so badly, why —

"'And yet,' said I, 'when you sold out to us for $2,000 you were convinced that you had away the better of the bargain — you rather figured it that we'd be coming out at the little end of the horn on the transaction, eh?'

"Well, he'd thought at the time of his selling out that the $2,000 would be a fair shake all around, he said, but as the sales had turned out so big since, why —

"His attitude was so childish that I became a bit warm over it. In my warmth I fell into parable.

"'Look here,' said I to the young author, 'you know a good deal about horse-racing, don't you?'

"'I wish I knew less about it,' he replied, mournfully.

"'All right,' said I. 'Now, supposing that last fall you had sold me a two-year old colt that had won a number of big stakes for you, but that had gone a trifle lame from too much racing — so lame, in fact, that you had concluded that the colt wouldn't develop into a good three-year-old, and so were perfectly willing to sell to me at your own figure. Supposing I had taken that colt and patched him up and sent him to the races this year, to find that he made good for me right along, and won quite a lot of money for me. Would you, in such a case, come to me with a booby face and ask me for a share of the profits earned by the colt you had been so willing and eager to sell to me last year? Would you consider yourself in any way, even morally, if not legally, entitled to any of that money?'

"'You're right, and I am a crying baby,' said the young man to that, his gameness and sense of right asserting itself then. 'I hadn't looked upon the matter in that light, but I can see now that it's the same thing. Only thing for me to do is to write another book and then hang on, eh?'

"I told him to peel off his coat and go right at that other book and deliver it to me at the earliest possible moment, and I gave him a check for advance royalties on the still unwritten book, at that.

"I mention the case of this young author because it is a typical one. With respect to a book, no matter which way the cat of public popularity jumps, most authors are inclined to be dissatisfied, and develop the notion that they are getting the worst of it.

"You see, few of them are what you'd call good gamblers. They don't want to take any chances. They want the sure thing every time. Now, any publisher will tell you that nowadays every book is more or less of a gamble, as every book by an unknown writer is an absolute out-and out gamble. The author, in nine cases out of ten, expects the publisher to do all of the gambling and take all of the chances. The average author is a strong believer in the 'heads I win, tails you lose' system.

"The majority of new authors want the publishers to buy their books outright. They've heard that only about one book in a hundred ever pays for the printing, electrotyping, and binding of the first edition, and they don't like these 99 to-1 shots. So they want to sell outright. If the book looks pretty good, and we buy outright, paying what we think it's worth — which is always a very large cut, indeed, from what the author thinks it's worth — and the book is a go right from the start, why, the author becomes sulky and disconsolate over it. He's glad that his book is a success, of course, but he has the childish feeling that his publishers have 'done' him, and his pouting is something dismal to contemplate.

"If, on the other hand, the new author gives ear to the publishers' counsel, and disposes of his book on the royalty basis, and the book has a quiet birth and a still more quiet death, the writer not getting anything worth mentioning out of it, there, again, he has a sad grievance, and he fares forth into the highways and byways and tells everybody he meets what a crafty, close-fisted Old Scrooge lot those publishers are.

"Occasionally there's an author who takes a sporting view of these things, and in dealing with a man like that we're a good deal more inclined to treat him generously than the one who does the baby act and fills the air with his lamentations. One of the most successful men now on our list of authors knew how to

take his medicine when he first brought his wares to us, and he has assuredly lost nothing by it.

"The first book he gave to us on the royalty basis. It was a far better piece of fiction than the average, and it fell dead. Could n't give it away. It came along at the wrong hour, or something, but anyhow the author never got a cent out of it, for we did n't get back the first cost of putting the book on the market, and there was the usual stipulation in the contract that 2,000 copies of the book had to be sold before the author's royalties should begin. We could not get rid of even that first edition of 2,000 copies, and so the author did n't get a nickel out of his book.

"But he did n't make any complaint at all. Said that he'd been taking chances all his life, and he never looked for money until he saw the color of it in his hand. But the next book he submitted to us he said he'd rather sell outright because he was broke, and had a family, and needed the money. He named the modest sum of $500, and we bought the book at that figure. We had a good deal of respect for that writer on account of the game way he'd taken his failure to make the cost of pens and ink and paper out of his first book.

"Well, his second book was the biggest kind of a winner from the first day it appeared on the counters. After the first fortnight we were browbeating our binders because they could n't let us have enough copies of the book. The book started right off among the 'six best sellers of the week,' and in that particular case we would n't have felt the least put out, much less surprised, had the author turned up and suggested that he thought he ought to have a look-in for some of the big profits. But he never came near us. Did n't emit a whine when all the newspapers, in their literary reviews, were cracking his book up to the skies, and when the publishers' trade papers were commenting upon the big sale the book was having.

"If he had taken the usual petulant and peevish part of some authors in such circumstances the $500 for which he'd sold the book to us would certainly have been all he'd ever got out of it. But when the book had leaped past the $60,000 mark inside of six weeks I held a little conference with my partners, and we sent for the author.

"It took him three or four days to get around to our office, although he was right in New York, and when he did appear he seemed to be wondering what we wanted with him.

"'Hear about the way that book of yours is going?' I asked him.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Seems to be a winner, does n't she?'

"'Only third on the list of the year's best selling books, that's all,' I told him.

"'I've been reading a lot about the way the thing's traveling along,' he replied, not at all perceiving that I had anything in mind for him. 'Guess I'd better sell the next one to you on the royalty basis, eh?'

"'Well, you're selling this one to us on the royalty basis,' I told him, pulling the contract for the outright $500 sale of the book out of a drawer and tearing it up before his eyes. 'This firm has got a tender feeling for writing folks that have sporting blood in them and that don't do the baby act,' and I wrote him a check for his royalties at the regular rate up to that date, a sum amounting to more than $6,000. It's not often that you 'll see a full-grown man come so near falling down for no apparent reason as that one did when he cast his eye over that check. But he deserved it. The whimperer never gets anything out of an American publisher." — *Washington Star.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Frank Waller Allen, whose story, "The King and the Candy Cane," was published in the *Reader Magazine* for October, is a clergyman in charge of his first parish. He is the son of a clergyman and editor of a religious paper, and was born at Milton, Kentucky, his father's summer home, in 1878. His childhood home was in Louisville, and he was educated at the Kentucky University, in Lexington. After graduation he became a reporter on the staff of the *Louisville Times*, and later joined the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* as a feature-writer for the Sunday edition of that paper. He then became the literary editor of

the *Kansas City Times*, and from there, although he says the step may seem rather large, he stepped into the seminary. Mr. Allen has written a large number of short stories, the best of which have appeared in *Munsey's*, the *Criterion*, the *International*, and other magazines. The *Reader Magazine* has now for publication another of his short stories, entitled "In the Moonlight of Picardy." Herbert B. Turner & Company, of Boston, have just issued Mr. Allen's first novel, "Back to Arcady," which is described as a Kentucky idyl.

Katharine Hopkins Chapman, who wrote the story, "Naughty Puritan Plym," printed in the October *Delineator*, was born in Selma, Alabama, where she now lives, and where her family still retains the land settled by her great-grandfather in the days when sturdy planters moved inland from the Atlantic seaboard until they could say "Here we rest!"—with plenty of room. Miss Hopkins began writing stories and sketches as soon as she was graduated from college, her first substantial encouragement coming from the *Philadelphia Times*. Her father, Major Hopkins, belongs to the old school which believes that a lady's name should appear in print only in event of her marriage or her death, so his daughter adopted the pen-name of "Katharine Hope." After her marriage to Dr. J. T. Chapman, she ceased writing, and has only recently taken it up again. Several sketches depicting the trials encountered by Southern housekeepers during this transition period of the colored servant have been syndicated in the leading Sunday papers, and have also appeared in *Advance*, a magazine embodying the progressive spirit of the New South. Mrs. Chapman's first book, "Love's Way in Dixie," has just been published by the Neale Publishing Company.

Norman H. Crowell, author of the story, "The Man with the Mark," printed in the October number of the *American Illustrated Magazine*, is thirty-one years of age, and has written for literary magazines for the past three years. In this time he has had stories and articles in the *National Magazine*, the *Red Book*, *Outing*, *Leslie's*, *Everybody's*, and *Education*. His work has been more evident in the columns of the sportsmen's magazines, to which he has contributed steadily for a number of years. His descriptions of the humorous side of sport have given him an extended acquaintance with the readers of *Field and Stream*, *Outdoor Life*, and the *Northwestern Sportsman*. Mr. Crowell says that he had an ancestor in the long ago who turned from the narrow pathway of rum and molasses bartering to the more lurid and lucrative pastime of piracy, and to this fact he attributes his natural bent for sport. At present he resides at Farmington, a small town suburban to St. Paul, in Minnesota, where he is within a night's journey of the land of the bull moose, which animal he says he has frequently, but unsuccessfully, attempted to "bag." The *American Illustrated Magazine* for November contains "The Campaign in Hair," a story in Mr. Crowell's favorite vein — humor.

Lawrence Gilman, whose story, "A Lapse from Reason," appeared in the October *Harper's Bazar*, is better known as a musical critic and composer than as a writer of fiction. In 1901, he succeeded E. I. Stevenson as musical critic of *Harper's Weekly*, and he has contributed frequent articles on musical subjects to the *North American Review*, the *Critic*, and other magazines, besides the Harper periodicals. His volume of Essays, "Phases of Modern Music," was published last year by Harper & Brothers in America, and by John Lane in England. During the present winter his biographical and critical study of Edward MacDowell will appear in John Lane's Living Masters of Music Series. Mr. Gilman was born at Flushing, Long Island, and studied to be an artist. His father, however, being an accomplished musician and composer, Mr. Gilman became deeply interested in music, and took up the study of theory, æsthetics, composition, and organ and piano playing. He has composed and published music, notably a group of tone-poems to words by certain of the modern Celtic school of poets. Mr. Gilman has lately taken up the writing of fiction,

and is now, in addition to his other occupations, at work on a musical novel.

Albert Kinross, whose "America: A Story," appeared in *McClure's* for October, is an Englishman, born in London, July 4, 1870. Mr. Kinross published a good deal of work in the *Boston Transcript* during 1896-1898, was associate editor of the *London Outlook* during 1898-1900, and has been on the staff of several London newspapers as reporter, dramatic-critic, special correspondent in Russia during the war, amateur emigrant during the Alien Bill agitation, art critic, book-reviewer, and political leader-writer. He has several books to his credit, "The Way Back," considered by Mr. Kinross to be his best, never having been published in this country. Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, published "An Opera and Lady Grasmere," and "Philbrick Howell," and he has had two other books published here. He himself, however, has never been to America. He has contributed to practically every English magazine and journal of any consequence. The *Century* for July, 1905, had a paper written by him on "The Secession Movement in German Art." Mr. Kinross says that "America: a Story," is the introductory chapter of his newest work. The second chapter appears in *Harper's Magazine* for November, under the title, "The Story of Margaret Noyes."

Alice Lounsberry, author of "A Peacock's Love Story," in *Harper's Bazar* for October, and of the children's story, "The Severity of Lucy," in the October *Delineator*, is known to the reading world chiefly by her books on nature, "A Guide to Wild Flowers," "A Guide to the Trees," and "Southern Wild Flowers, Trees, and Shrubs." She has written comparatively few children's stories, and those which she has written have invariably connected the child intimately with out-door life. "The Severity of Lucy" is one of a series of such stories which the *Delineator* is publishing, and is based upon an experience of Miss Lounsberry's own childhood, which she says was melancholy, though true. Miss Lounsberry's next book, which will be published in the spring, will be about children who love flowers.

Henry Oyen, whose story, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," was printed in the *Metropolitan* for October, was born in Wisconsin, November 29, 1882. He began writing when he was nine years old, and had two stories printed while he was yet a boy; but he says that fate is kind in that the magazines in which the stories were printed are so obscure that there is no chance of their contents coming to public notice. Mr. Oyen's first "real" story was "The Indian Protest," an Indian story published in the *Century* for June, 1904. This story drew him out of the commercial world to a place on the Sunday staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, his first newspaper work of any kind. He is now an editorial writer on the *Tribune*. In June of this year the *Reader Magazine* had a story of his, entitled "The Mob and the Dreamer," and the same magazine has another story yet in type, while the *Black Cat* has two unpublished — winners in the last prize competition. Mr. Oyen says that he sold the first story he ever wrote, but he has written several since then which he has been permitted to keep for his very own.

Jean Webster, whose story, "Miss Ethel's Dress," in the October *McClure's* is one of a series of short stories from her pen now running in that magazine, is a daughter of Charles L. Webster, the publisher of General Grant's Memoirs, and is a grand-niece of "Mark Twain." She was graduated from Vassar in the class of 1901, shortly after which her first book, "When Patty Went to College," was published. Since her graduation she has lived most of the time in Italy, and the Century Company will bring out this month her Italian novel, "The Wheat Princess."

Maud Tarleton Winchester, whose story, "Gimlets," was printed in *Short Stories* for October, was born in Mobile, Alabama, and as a very small child began writing poetry — an achievement which her family regarded as extraordinarily precocious. Her poetical talent, however, died a natural death, and be-

tween the ages of fourteen and twenty she devoted herself entirely to the violin, studying in Dresden, Berlin, and Paris. Her teachers were anxious for her to become a professional violinist, and she would have done so but for the opposition of her mother, who persuaded her, instead, to make her début in society as her friends had done. After her marriage to Mr. Marshall Winchester, a Baltimore banker and stock-broker, she removed to their present home in Baltimore County, which is near the Green Spring Kennels. It was at this club-house, called in the story, "The Cold Spring Valley Kennels," that "Gimlets" rode in the juvenile steeple chase. "Gimlets" was first sent to the *Collier* short-story contest, and failing of acceptance there, was next submitted to *Short Stories*, which promptly accepted it. The editor has also taken another story, which will come out during the winter. For the last year, Mrs. Winchester has been absorbed in writing plays, and both Mr. Frohman and Mr. Fiske have plays of hers under consideration.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HEROINES IN POETRY. Priscilla Wakefield. *Delineator* (18 c.) for November.

GOOD LITERATURE FROM WRITERS OF TO-DAY. Elizabeth K. Tompkins. *Good Housekeeping* (18 c.) for November.

MARY MAPES DODGE. With portrait. *Burr McIntosh Monthly* (28 c.) for November.

LAFCADIO HEARN, THE MAN. Nobushige Amenomori. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE CAREER OF THE JOKE. John Albert Macy. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

A SIGNIFICANT BIOGRAPHY. (An autobiography of President Andrew Dickinson White.) Theodore T. Munger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

WRITING FOR THE SYNDICATES. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING HENRY VI." Illustrated critical comment by Ernest Rhys. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

UNKNOWN PICTURES OF SHELLEY. N. P. Dunn. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT. II.— Student Days in Europe. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

LITERATURE: POETRY AND ESSAYS. Herbert W. Horwill. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

A TALK WITH MATILDE SERAO. With portrait. Elise Lathrop. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

MARY MAPES DODGE. With portraits. "The Lounger," *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

MARY MAPES DODGE. An Intimate Tribute. Sarah S. McEnery. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

OTHELLO, SHAKESPEARE'S MOST INCONSISTENT CHARACTER. Clara Morris. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

PHILADELPHIA IN LITERATURE.—II. Illustrated. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S HEROINES. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

A CONCORD NOTE-BOOK. IV.— Gerrit Smith and John Brown. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

WANTED — A NEW MODEL! Mary L. Pendered. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for October.

THE WAY OF JOURNALISM. Harold Begbie. The *Author* (London) (18c.) for October.

THE LITERATURE OF SOUTH AFRICA. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for October.

WHAT LONDON OFFERS AMERICAN WRITERS. James L. Ford. *Reader Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

TEMPTATIONS OF A YOUNG AUTHOR. Booth Tarkington. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for October.

WRITING FOR A LIVING. Gilson Willets. *World's Work* (28 c.) for October.

IN MEMORY OF MARY MAPES DODGE. With portraits. William Fayal Clarke. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for October.

LITTLE SKETCHES OF TRAVEL. VII.—The Country of Lorna Doone. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *Delineator* (18 c.) for October.

WHEN WEST MET EAST. (The war correspondents in the Far East.) Illustrated. Edwin Emerson, Jr. *Sunset* (13 c.) for October.

MRS. HUBERT BLAND ("E. Nesbit"). With portraits. *Strand* (13 c.) for October.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. With frontispiece portrait. Yone Noguchi. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

RALPH KEELER OF VAGABONDIA. With portrait. Charles Warren Stoddard. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

CELIA THAXTER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH A CHILD.— II. Illustrated. Mollie Lee Clifford. *Little Folks* (13 c.) for October.

HOW THEIR FIRST BOOKS WERE WRITTEN. Montrose J. Moses. *Success* for October.

HOW COMIC OPERAS ARE WRITTEN. Grace H. Tower. *Theatre Magazine* for October.

THE EARLY DAYS OF NEWSPAPER MAKING. Edward Everett Hale. Reprinted from the *Associated Sunday Magazine* in the *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for October.

BEN JONSON'S MEDICAL IDEAS. *Southern California Practitioner* (13 c.) for October.

JOSEPH PENNELL: ETCHER, ILLUSTRATOR, AUTHOR. Illustrated. Frederick Keppel. *Outlook* (13 c.) for September 23.

GEORGE MACDONALD. *Outlook* (13 c.) for September 30.

BAILEY MILLARD. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for September 23.

GEORGE CRABBE. An appreciation of the English poet whose 150th anniversary has lately been celebrated at his birthplace. *New York Times Saturday Review* for September 23.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE. The author of "Paul and Virginia," and his literary relation to Rousseau. *New York Times Saturday Review* for September 30.

"THE POET LAUREATE OF NEW ENGLAND" (Frederic Lawrence Knowles). *Zion's Herald* for September 27.

PHYSICIANS IN FICTION. Physicians as seen by Oliver Wendell Holmes. C. D. Spivak, M. D. *Medical Record* (13 c.) for September 30.

LITERARY GENIUS OF A SWEDISH WOMAN (Selma Lagerlof). With portrait. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for October 7.

THE BRYANT OF THE WORKSHOP. Harry Newton Gardner. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for October 7.

JOHN HAY'S COLLEGE VERSES. Rev. Washington Gladden. *Christian Endeavor World* (8 c.) for October 12.

ARTHUR B. FROST. Royal Cortissoz. Illustrated. *Collier's* (13 c.) for October 14.

"AVE ATQUE VALE, GIBSON." Illustrated. Robert W. Chambers. *Collier's* (13 c.) for October 21.

NEWS AND NOTES.

James Whitcomb Riley has been making a tour of the South, gathering material for an historical romance.

F. Hopkinson Smith has returned to New York after a stay of several months in Italy and Germany.

The publication of the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen" is now definitely announced by Fox, Duffield, & Company for November 25. The correspondence begins with letters written in 1849, and continues to the year 1900.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Company have just published a life of Sidney Lanier, prepared by Edward Mims, professor of English literature at Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Dr. Mims is also editor of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*.

Trotwood's Monthly is a new magazine published at Nashville, Tenn. It is devoted to farming, horses, and home life, and contains, as well, short stories and other reading for home consumption.

The publication of *Longman's Magazine* (London) stopped with the October issue.

Country Life in America and the *Country Calendar*, both outdoor monthly magazines, have been consolidated, and hereafter will appear as one under the name *Country Life in America*. Doubleday, Page, & Company will be the publishers. The first number under the new arrangement will be the January issue.

George Randolph Chester, whose story, "The Strike Breaker," published in *McClure's Magazine*, was republished in the *Literary Digest*, as "the best short story of the year," has become associate editor of *Men and Women*.

The Emma Willard Association has decided to offer a prize of not less than $1,000 for the best text-book on law and business adapted to the needs of women and for use in girls' schools. A committee has been appointed to arrange the details of the contest, and is expected to report soon.

To "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, has been awarded the first $1,000 bonus offered by *Collier's* for the best short story of each quarter. Miss Abbott is the daughter of Rev. Edward Abbott, a niece of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and a granddaughter of Jacob Abbott, who wrote the "Rollo Books." The story will be published in *Collier's* for November 11.

"The Chief American Poets," edited by Curtis Hidden Page, Ph.D., has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. The book contains a full list of reference books for each poet, brief biographical sketches, and lists of dates showing (1) when each poem was written, and (2) when each was published. The poets included are: Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Whitman, and Lanier.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published "The Companionship of Books and Other Essays," by Frederick Rowland Marvin.

The October *St. Nicholas* has memorial poems to Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, written by Richard Watson Gilder and Josephine Daskam Bacon, and an appreciative memorial sketch by Walter Fayal Clarke.

The November number of the *Burr McIntosh Monthly* has a sketch of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, accompanied by a fine half-tone portrait.

T. Edgar Pemberton died at Broadway, Worcestershire, England, September 28, aged fifty-six.

Frank Beard, the illustrator, died in Chicago September 28, aged sixty-three.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1905. No. 14.

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GETTING A GOOD STYLE.

If "The style is the man," as Buffon told us, it follows that to have a good style one must be a good man — or woman — in every sense of the word, not only morally but mentally, with every ability and faculty educated to advanced development. Under ordinary circumstances the style of a child is immature, because the child is immature. The same thing is true of many would-be writers. They are impelled by ambition to commit themselves to paper before they have developed themselves, while their thoughts and their ideas are still crude, before they are educated, before they have had wide opportunities for observation or experience of life, and their literary style naturally shows exactly what they are. They write as children in the literary art, and their writing in consequence has no effect. Even when it is not pitiably weak, there is nothing distinctive about it. It lacks the individuality that literary work must have to attract the attention of the reading world.

Good style in writing is essential to literary success. Even he who has a good story to tell will not get a hearing if he cannot tell his story well. A good style is of supreme importance, and a really good style can be acquired only by an all-round development of the powers and the faculties of the aspirant for literary fame.

How, then, can a good style be attained? Naturally, first of all, by education of the ordinary kind. The uneducated man, or the half-educated man, cannot hope to write effectively and well. Apart from the knowledge acquired in the lessons learned, the mental training of study develops the mind and so develops also the form of expression. The study of mathematics gives a habit of exactness, tending toward accuracy in writing. The study of history broadens the mind, gives an insight into the mysteries of human nature, tends to make the student a philosopher, and so enhances the ethical value of his literary work. The study of the sciences broadens the domain of his acquired knowledge, and furnishes him with material of which he may make effective literary use. The study of language acquaints him with the right use of words in their finer shades of meaning, the wonderful history of speech, and broadens his vocabulary so that he is never at a loss for an effective phrase or word. So study of every kind increases the capacity of the writer and gives him greater power to deliver his message to the world. Unconsciously the student forms his style, adopting the merits of his masters, instinctively avoiding their faults, storing up

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knowledge, and similes, and literary images, stirring up all his latent mental faculties, filling his mind with ideas, fitting himself in every way to be a leader among men.

Incidentally, while he is studying he is training his powers of observation and cultivating his memory — two things essential for the acquirement of an effective style. The successful writer must have the power to observe, and he must be able to remember accurately what he sees. Either imperfect observation or imperfect memory will make his picture false, and mar the impression that he makes, whatever the nature of his written work may be. The student who has not learned to observe carefully, and whose memory is weak, will never be successful in literary work. The observation must be trained also in dealing with the every-day affairs of surrounding life, as well as in the study of the printed book. The persistent study of human nature is of vast importance to the writer seeking a good literary style. The study of a hundred rhetorics will not avail so much as the study of one human heart. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. The man who knows human nature will always find hearers when he talks. Assuming that he has even ordinary education, his style will be good, because it is natural and fresh, because he is saying what he knows, and because the story that he tells is thrilling through and through with life and human interest.

The literary style of the ordinary man is bad because his mind is undeveloped, because his knowledge is scant, because his ideas are crude and unformed, because he has not been trained in the effective use of speech, because he does not observe closely and remember well, because he does not think clearly, and so does not know exactly what he wants to say. To get a good style, it is necessary to overcome all these deficiencies. Study of books will do much. Constant study of human nature will do more. Self-development along every line is the important thing, and with complete self-development will come the effective style.

With regard to the study of books, the study of special treatises, of course, is important, *together with* studies of a general kind. The principles of grammar must be acquired, just as much as the ability to spell. Study of the rhetorics will teach the writer to avoid solecisms, and explain to him some of the effective principles of the literary art. A really good style, however, cannot be acquired from a study of such books. On the other hand, too close attention to the rules and formulas of the rhetorics is likely to make a formal, woodeny, and ineffective style. The rhetorics are better as teachers of what to avoid than as literary guides to follow. They cannot teach good style, in the highest sense of the term, for good style is not a mechanical art, but the product in each individual case of thorough self-development. The rhetorics can teach the writer what he must not do, but, having learned that, he must work out his own destiny. They can illustrate for his benefit a few of the tricks of the literary trade, but the mere balancing of words and the antithesis of ideas will not make an effective literary style. Study of the rhetorics is good, but the essential thing is the broadening, and developing, and storing of the writer's mind.

Study of the best writers also will give important help. Man is an imitative animal, and in all the affairs of life observation, rather than instinct, is his customary guide. So it is with regard to literary work. Study of the classics reveals to some extent the method of their writers, and the student of the literary art learns to do his own work better by observing how others have done theirs well. If he has trained his mind carefully and realizes what his object is, he will never be guilty of servile imitation. He will study effects and the causes that produce them in a broad philosophical way, not with any idea of setting to work to produce the same effects in the same way, but to get general ideas for application according to his own ideas in his own special case.

From the beginning constant writing—as a rule, not for publication—is an invaluable aid toward securing a good literary style. In literary work, as in other kinds of effort, we learn by doing. It is well to keep a philosophical journal, noting down events, ideas, comments, suggestions, every day. The note-book habit should be acquired and encouraged. Letter-

writing is a great aid in the formation of an effective style. The practice of verse-writing is invaluable, because experience in writing within the limitations of rhyme and meter, compelling a right choice of words and an effective collocation of them, tends to the development of a rhythmical and snappy style. It is better to write humorous verse than to aim at writing poetry. Terseness and brevity can be acquired by practice in condensation—taking a newspaper article a column long, for instance, and putting the substance of it into two hundred words. Such practice is invaluable. The writer should study the dictionary and the hand-books of synonyms, to enlarge his vocabulary and acquire a habit of fine discrimination in the use of words. The study of foreign languages helps greatly, especially study of those languages from which come many English words. The writer, or the would-be writer, should write much every day, trying always to do his best, to avoid a careless style of expression, and to make his work effective. Occasionally he may produce something in the way of original work that will be worth printing. If he perseveres, such occasions will be more frequent. He will find that writing is a natural and easy habit, he will have no difficulty in expressing his ideas, and his writing will have an individuality that may easily be recognized. That is the way to acquire a good literary style.

BOSTON, Mass. *William H. Hills.*

SOME LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS.

When a boy, in New York, I caught the Autograph fever, but it did not linger long. Requesting the favors by letter, I formed quite a collection of autographs; but in the many years since then they nearly all have been given away to those having larger and more important collections. These few sentiments are transcribed from answers received: —

Alice Cary, the elder of the Cary sisters, sent this beautiful quatrain, signed, that I do not find in her published poems: —

> "Where no low thoughts of self intrude,
> Angels adjust our rights;
> But love that seeks its selfish good
> Dies in its own delights."

In reply to a question addressed to the Quaker Poet, Whittier, as to the pronunciation of the title to his popular poem, "Maud Muller," whether he intended it as spelt or, as in German, with dots over the u, Müller, he answered: —

"I thought I knew, when I wrote the verses, but, having been asked the question, I find I am certain no longer. So thee may pronounce it as thee will."

Seba Smith, whose wife was "Thy Friend," the poetess, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, once famous himself as the political satirist, Major Jack Downing, quoted: —

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

William Cullen Bryant sent, over his signature, an autograph copy of a quatrain from his poems that will live as long as anything else that ever he wrote: —

> "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
> The unnumbered years of God are hers;
> While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among her worshippers."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, besides a pleasant personal note, wrote this couplet on the envelope flap: —

> "If such a trifle is a treasure,
> My autograph I send with pleasure."

Some years later, when I asked for his kindly criticism by letter upon an English translation of mine of "The Battle," by Schiller, in which I had used "did roam" instead of "roams," for the sake of the rhyme, to end a couplet, he gave his opinion, using a happy phrase, worthy of repetition: —

"'Did roam' will never do; it is the mere desperation of rhyming necessity."

LYNN, Mass. *George Birdseye.*

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Provided one has any talent at all for writing, perseverance and hard work are doubtless the most important assistants to success. Miss Anne Warner sustains this view in some advice she has given to people who want to know "how to begin to be an author." Miss Warner says: "Here are a few directions, which if explicitly followed will prove one talented — or the reverse: Write fifty stories, each as good as you can possibly do. As fast as they are finished submit them (enclosing return envelopes). When they come back, read them carefully over and if possible to improve them do so to the best of your ability. Have a book and keep track of where each one goes and send each to ten different editors. When the fiftieth story has come back the tenth time, if *not one* has been accepted, it is wisest to give up. But if one can persevere to write fifty stories and to send each out ten times, *some will be accepted.*"

* * *

The political campaign is fortunately over, but speech-makers we have always with us, and so suggestions about speech-making always are in order. Those who believe that nothing good can come out of Tammany will have to admit that these suggestions given to Tammany "spell-binders" during the McClellan campaign are pointed, practical, and sensible: —

A campaign speech is not judged by its length.

If you must put fire-works into your speech, put them where they will light up a solid argument.

Don't content yourself with amusing your audience; give them at least one wholesome and convincing argument.

To entertain an audience is all right, but let the entertainment be at the expense of the opposition.

There is no better way of winning an audience than to illustrate a point by a good story.

A good story well told makes admirers for the speaker, but when told to illustrate a point makes an impression upon the audience and votes for the ticket.

We should not overestimate our own powers of oratory, but should take ourselves into our own confidence, and if we conclude that we can't make an extemporaneous speech that will fill the bill, we should not be too self-opinionated to prepare and commit our speeches to memory.

Don't rely for applause on the mere mention of a leader's or a prominent candidate's name. Such applause does n't make a single vote.

Don't talk merely: say something.

When candidates or other speakers are waiting to be heard, "cut it short" and give them a chance. You may be a candidate or "another" speaker yourself some day.

If you have n't anything to say that will make votes, for heaven's sake avoid saying anything that will lose votes.

* * *

Point and brevity are the prime qualities of the successful manuscript. Frederick W. Seward said that when he first started in at newspaper work Thurlow Weed said to him: "I will give you two rules to begin with. First, never write anything without some definite point and purpose; second, when you have written something, take your pen and go

over it to see how many words and sentences you can strike out and how much you will thereby improve the article." It was good advice; and it is just as good now as it was in the days of Thurlow Weed.

* * *

Another warning example for the rhetorics is the newspaper paragraph which says:—

Rev. —— —— of the senior class at Yale Seminary supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed for three weeks for repairs.

* * *

Subscribers for THE WRITER will note that the addresses of the wrappers of this issue are written by hand, with the date of expiration of subscription omitted. The explanation is that the bindery from which THE WRITER is mailed has been visited by fire, and the type of its mailing lists has been destroyed. Remittances from subscribers whose subscriptions have expired, however, need not be delayed on this account. In fact they will be appreciated just now rather more than usual. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

If I may be allowed to reply to my own question as to the history of the expression "so long," let me say that it was used by Walt Whitman as long ago as 1867. Mrs. Burton Harrison makes it used in 1864.

I should still be obliged for information as to its locality and origin, as the conjectures of wise men and students are so wide apart.

BOSTON, Mass. *Minne C. Clark.*

WRITING FOR DOLLARS.

Why is there such a decay in our current literature? Why does this age, which is producing such volumes, not produce a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Shakspere, a Macaulay?

There has never been an age in the world when there were such volumes of literature produced — the market is literally flooded — and there was never an age of the world when there was such a demand for literature. There are more people reading to-day than ever before, yet we hear it said daily that this author or that author has not written anything that will live, and I ask, why? To my mind there is but one answer — commercialism. Authors are writing to-day for compensation and for livelihood. The question with the majority of them is not, "Will this live, will it elevate humanity?", but "Will it sell, will there be money in it?"

In the classic days of Greece and Rome there was no money in literature. Virgil, Tacitus, Livy, Homer, and Herodotus did not write for money. In the classic days of England her authors did not write for money. O for the day when authors will look beyond the dollar, and literature will be produced for its intrinsic merit! Then, and not until then, shall we again have an age of classics, and produce a literature that will live and influence the coming generations and the future civilizations. *Sidney C. Tapp.*

ATLANTA, Ga.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Fred Gilbert Blakeslee, whose story, "The Broken Foil," appeared in the November issue of *Lippincott's Magazine*, is the military instructor of the West Middle District School of Hartford, Conn. He has made a special study of the art of fencing, from a historical standpoint, and is the author of a book, "Sword Play for Actors," in which he has adapted the ancient and modern systems of fence so as to meet the requirements of the stage. His book has won the endorsement of many of the leading actors and fencing masters, and is recognized as a standard guide for the proper presentation of stage combats. Mr. Blakeslee is also the author of the articles on "Fencing" and "Swords" in the "Encyclopedia Americana," and he has written regarding the sword and its methods of use for the *Theatre*, *Pearson's*, *Leslie's*, *Health*, and other publications. Although most of his literary work is done in the line of special articles, he occasionally writes a short story for some magazine or newspaper. Most of his stories, like his articles, relate in some way to the dexterous use of the sword.

Margaret Hunt Brisbane, whose poem, "With You," in the November *Cosmopolitan* Mr. Bailey Millard pronounced a "specimen

of perfect verse," is a native of Mississippi, and is the wife of Dr. Howard Brisbane, of New Orleans, a grandson of Albert Brisbane, one of the founders of Brook Farm, and the father of Arthur Brisbane of editorial fame. Mrs. Brisbane had poems published in the *Vicksburg Herald* before she entered her teens, and the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* has published many of her poems and short stories. She has also had poems accepted by *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and *Harper's Bazar*. She is now gathering her poems in book form, and she has a volume of short stories almost ready for publication.

Frances Davidge, the author of "The Game and the Candle," in the November *Smart Set*, is a resident of New York, but spends much of her time abroad. "The Game and the Candle" was published as a novelette in the *Smart Set*, and has since appeared complete in book form. It is a discussion of the modern social conditions in New York, and develops to an unusual solution and ending, its final question being whether the disregard of the sacredness of human life, in itself, is ever justifiable, and the murder committed in its last pages has given rise to much disagreement about the book. Miss Davidge's former book, "The Misfit Crown," dealt with the modern view of the divorce question, the scene of the story being laid in England and on the continent.

Winifred M. Kirkland, whose story, "A Room-mate Reform Movement," was printed in *St. Nicholas* for November, is a teacher of English in Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, Penn. She is a graduate of Vassar, in the class of 1897. Her first story, "An Interview with Constance," appeared in the *Youth's Companion* three years ago, and she has since had various stories in that paper. In fact, most of her work goes to the *Companion*. In December, 1903, the *Metropolitan* published a story by her, entitled "Luella's Love Story," and the *Atlantic* for September, 1904, had a humorous essay, "My Clothes." In *St. Nicholas* for November, 1904, she had a story of boarding-school life, called "Little X." The humorous essay is the sort of writing that Miss Kirkland most enjoys, but she finds a greater demand for stories for girls. She says that the story of hers that people have liked best was "The Bishop and the Baby," which appeared in the *Youth's Companion* in January, 1902.

Edwin Bateman Morris, whose story, "An Overlooked Understudy," was printed in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine* for November, was born in Philadelphia, and studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1904. While at the University he was known chiefly for his short stories in the *Red and Blue*, the literary sheet of the University, which he edited for a couple of years, and for a comic opera which he wrote every year for the architectural department, and which has now become one of the manners and customs of the University. Mr. Morris earns his living by being an architect, and says he found so much interest and color among the members of that profession that he simply had to write a little story about them. The result was the story which the *Booklovers Magazine* has published, and which is, by the way, his only recognized literary effort. He believes that there is a great field among these interesting people which nobody but one of them can explore, and he is trying to do it. He is at present engaged upon work suggested by them.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose story, "An Experiment in Poverty," was printed in the *American Illustrated Magazine* for November, was born in Pittsburg, and is the wife of Dr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart has been writing for only two years, and says that she began with poems, as she supposes every writer does. Although she was quite successful in placing her poetry, the short story appeals to her more, and she has sold stories to *Pearson's*, *Munsey's*, the *American Illustrated Magazine*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Youth's Companion*, and a number of lesser magazines. The January number of the *All-Story Book* will have the first installment of a serial by her. Mrs. Rinehart says that writing is to her a recreation only, as she has not time

to work at it seriously, and she adds that she would rather base her claim to fame on her three boys than on any of her literary productions.

Helen Rowland, whose poem, "When We Read the Rubaiyat," was published in the October *Critic*, is the author of "The Digressions of Polly," a book in which flirtation, love, and matrimony are held up to the light and turned all the way 'round in a series of lovers' dialogues, through which the story runs. The book was published last spring by the Baker & Taylor Company. and is now in its fifth edition. The author was born in Washington, and has lived there most of her life. She was graduated at the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, when she was in her early teens, and had a strong desire to go on the stage. She returned to Washington, where she did some successful public reading, and she claims that in her heart of hearts she still has a secret belief that the stage has lost a great actress, while the literary profession has gained only a third-rate star. When the theatrical passion died out, she returned to her former life of pink teas and flirtation with such zest that her family lost hope that she would ever accomplish anything. Her father's death, however. changed all this, and she became the mainstay of her family through her pen. The first article she wrote she sold to the *Washington Post*, and afterward she wrote regularly for that paper, and received there most of her training. Later she became a member of the staff of the *New York Sunday Press*, where she wrote fiction, human-nature editorials, verse, and fairy stories for grown-ups. It was there that she began the "Polly Dialogues," into which she put all the observations culled from a varied career. "When that vein gave out," she says, "I married Mr. Gilbert Claude Lutz, a newspaper illustrator of New York—and struck a new one. I began writing 'The Honeymoon Conversations,' which have been published serially in a syndicate of newspapers throughout the country, as were the 'Polly Dialogues.'" Mrs. Lutz lives now in her husband's studio, at the top of a big old house, where she says they sit by a log fire, under a Japanese umbrella, and work together. She finds this lots of fun, except when her husband gets mad at being turned into material, and she objects to being used as a model for the latest lady-criminal or runaway duchess. Regarding the verses, "When We Read the Rubaiyat," Mrs. Lutz says: "Do you want to know why I am not a famous poet? It is all the fault of Miss Gilder. Those verses were sold to the *Critic seven years ago*. At least Miss Gilder accepted them then, and promised to print them in a month or two, and send a check." During all these years Mrs. Lutz says she has never opened her mouth in question or protest, but she adds: "Would n't a wait like that strangle the poetic passion?" It is interesting to note, by the way, that the *Critic* in its announcement for October said: "The October *Critic*, especially well filled with verse, has the unusual luck to possess 'When We Read the Rubaiyat,' a charming open-air poem by Helen Rowland." Mrs. Lutz received her first encouragement in verse-writing from *Life*, which bought a poem, called "A Modern Play," which was published and paid for promptly. The *Theater Magazine* published the best verses she ever wrote, called "An Old-Time Actor," for which she says it never paid a cent, in spite of repeated promises. When she was on the *New York Press*. Mrs. Lutz was often consistently called upon to write bits of verse at the very last minute to fill up short spaces in the make-up, and once she says the editors locked her in her private room, declaring that they would not let her out until she had finished four and a half inches of rhyme. The result was "Bobby Wants a Wife," which she has always regarded as "a very good bit"—for her.

Edith Tatum, whose story, "Queen of Sheba," is printed in *Good Housekeeping* for December, is Mrs. George H. Tatum, and lives in Greenwich, Alabama. She has been writing for only a short time. "Queen of Sheba," accepted by *Good Housekeeping* last spring, was her fourth attempt at story writing, and her first dialect sketch. Since selling the story, Mrs. Tatum has placed seven others. She is now at work on her first long story, a serial, "Brave Hearts and True: A Tale of the Civil

War," written at the special request of the publishers of the *Guidon*. Her first novel is all planned, characters, plot, and all, even a few scenes written, but she has put it away to develop until she is better prepared to handle it, as she realizes her inexperience and thinks that the subject is too good to be spoiled. Mrs. Tatum says that she was prepared for very uphill progress and many disappointments, for she began at the very bottom — even sending out her first manuscripts tightly rolled — but she has met with much kindness and consideration and has received a great deal of help from hints in the letters of various editors.

Henry Tyrrell, the author of the story, "A Tea at Sherry's," in the November *Metropolitan*, is a staff writer on the Metropolitan Section of the *New York Sunday World*, and confines himself largely to topics of the theatre. He is a regular contributor to the *Theatre Magazine*, and he writes the dramatic reviews for the *Forum*. "A Tea at Sherry's" is an echo of the visit of Count Robert de Montesquiou, the Parisian poet-conferencier, to New York two or three years ago. A one-act play of Mr. Tyrrell's, "The System of Dr. Tarr," based upon the tale by Poe, ran one hundred performances in New York last season. The December *Critic* has an article on "Provençal Troubadours, and the Courts of Love," written by Mr. Tyrrell in collaboration with Mme. Emma Calvé.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Author and the Publisher — The royalty plan is a better one for both author and publisher, because it eliminates the element of chance and makes each one feel that there is no unjust appropriation on either side. If the author sells for a net amount, and then is able to figure that a royalty would have brought him more, he never afterward feels quite happy toward that publisher in his heart, and if a publisher buys a manuscript outright and fails to realize on it what he thinks he should, he is more than likely to find a recollection of the matter in his mind when he comes to dicker for another book by the same man. As an instance of how the matter works, Jack London sold outright to the Macmillan Company "The Call of the Wild" for less than one-tenth what the return to him would have been had he waited and taken his royalty of ten per cent. Of course the purchase price was fixed by comparison with what he had received on royalty from previous books, neither he nor any one, excepting, perhaps, the astute publishers, foreseeing how widely the book would sell. It is a strongly-disputed point whether ten per cent. of the profit is all that an author ought to ask. It seems a ridiculously small return at first sight. In his position as creator of the thing, he naturally feels that he is entitled to be counted as half, at least, in the distribution of the rewards. Fifteen cents out of the dollar and a half that each book brings does not seem exactly fair. But publishers generally seem to be agreed — and in more than one case they have put forth the figures to show that they are right — that the allowance to the author of this percentage for any ordinary circulation obtained represents as near an even division of the profits as human ingenuity has been able to devise. The explanation is, of course, that the publisher does not by any means get a dollar and a half for each book sold. That is the retail price, and the bookseller receives the book from the publisher for ninety cents. The author's royalty brings this margin down to seventy-five, and, allowing a like per cent. as publisher's profit, there is only sixty cents per copy, at the outside, to pay all the expense of printing, and binding, and advertising, and putting out. This experience has shown to be about the cost of issue per copy, and for any ordinary edition is probably wholly fair. With extraordinary sales, however, the profit to the publisher is much greater, and therefore the return allowed the author should be more. The fairest contract would be one providing for ten per cent. up to a given number of copies — say 15,000 — and an additional per cent. on all copies sold above that number — *Warren Cheney, in Sunset Magazine for November.*

Literary Borrowing. — Many thousands of people were astonished when they read "The Masqueraders." None of them were half so

startled as the author when she found an article in the *Critic* for June suggesting the possibility of bold literary borrowing in that novel. A singular parallelism between Mrs. Thurston's unusual plot and that of a story by Mr. Zangwill, entitled "The Premier and the Painter," was pointed out. In fact, the main incidents in both stories were shown to be identical. Mrs. Thurston admits that she was angry when she saw the heading of the article. Astonishment of a different kind succeeded as the clever novelist perused the argument. Her defence is an emphatic denial of any knowledge whatsoever concerning Mr. Zangwill's story. Its pre-existence had never been called to her attention, even through a discussion of the plot in her presence. Her emphatic assertion is reinforced by the consideration that it would be insensate folly for a novelist who had already made a success to pilfer the plot of a story by a living author. The denial is universally accepted in good faith because it is entirely convincing.

Similar parallelisms of plots are not uncommon. A reviewer working steadily finds them with such regularity that they attract only his passing attention. Sometimes the oddity of coincidences in the plots of novels is almost beyond comprehension. While the romantic novel of the "cape and sword" variety was in vogue general ideas duplicated themselves in many books. Perhaps the most peculiar instance was the simultaneous publication of two novels dealing with an authentic plot to rescue Charles I. when he was held prisoner by the Scottish army. Two principals were concerned. An English writer took one of these men as the hero and chief mover in the plot. An American writer took the other man as his hero. Each composed his book in the form of memoirs. Yet there was absolutely no possibility of communication between the two romancists, who were separated by 3.000 miles of ocean. The general resemblance of the books dealing with "love behind the throne" in a mythical kingdom or principality was commonly discerned by readers and reviewers.

Another singular instance of parallelism was that between Maude Wilder Goodwin's "Head of a Hundred," published in 1895, and Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," published in 1901. The starting point in both books was the arrival in Virginia among the first cargo of wives for the colonists of a beautiful woman who had fled to escape an unwelcome suitor. The developments have much in common. Yet it would seem that Miss Johnston had no suspicion of the prior use of the incident. Somebody has suggested ingeniously enough that there is a "literary germ" which accounts for these parallelisms. Perhaps by the literary germ is meant thought waves, which are received and registered by several sensitive minds and stored for future use. At least literary parallelisms are frequent in our day of novels innumerable and magazines by the score that weigh down bookstall and newsstand and engage thousands of pens.

Charges of plagiarism on account of resemblances are no longer considered tenable, notwithstanding the decision of the Chicago Court that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was pilfered from a ridiculous drama by a resident of the Windy City, and the recent decision of a British jury giving $15,000 damages to a man who wrote the "book" of a musical comedy which happened to have the same scene as "The Cingalee." — *Philadelphia Press.*

The Demand for Short Stories — "The person who can write good short stories has the greatest opportunity open to any class of people in the world to-day, both for remuneration and chance to gain a reputation. He does not necessarily have to be one of great literary attainments, if he can put a living interest into what he writes."

This was the statement of Frederick M. Smith, assistant editor of a popular weekly, who is visiting in Worcester, made to a reporter for the *Telegram* while he was talking about the opportunities in the field of story writing. Mr. Smith looks after short stories for his paper, doing special lines of work in story writing himself. He receives between 150 and 200 stories a week, but says the larger magazines and papers are short of good stories. There is a dearth of good short stories, and a crying demand from publishers for more, and it makes no difference

who the writer is, if the story has interest, he will be rewarded, and liberally, too, for his effort.

"I think the field offered the short story writer to-day is more attractive than any other line of endeavor," said Mr. Smith. "It has not been long since the magazines of first water considered a cent a word rather liberal pay for a story. But the demand for reading material has so advanced that the larger magazines are now fighting for the same grade of story at five cents a word or better. Not only has the price advanced, but the censorship, or rather the standard of excellence, has changed, and is in favor of the writer. It does not require the literary brilliancy to-day to get stories on the market it did ten years ago.

"The main requirement is that the story must have interest. It must tell something and tell it in a pleasing manner. The first sentence even must interest. Sluggish stories are not wanted by the reader, and the publisher is catering to the reader. He wants only what pleases his readers.

"The society story is a great favorite now. It is natural that people like to read something different from their own experiences when it is well told. Ordinary readers like, therefore, to read of the doings of royalty, the four hundred, the exclusive few who are regarded in the public mind as the makers of society. It takes them away from their own plane, and gives them enjoyment which they could not find in anything dealing with their own life experiences, no matter how well told such a story might be. It is the difference they like.

"Outdoor stories are popular. People like to read of the experiences of field and wood. There is something about the atmosphere which they seem to demand in those stories. Such stories are readily taken by publishers. With the outdoor stories there is a new feature which affords good opportunity for the writer. The magazines to-day have a great liking for pictures which will help tell the story. A picture which is well used is as good as copy for the magazine. *It must be a* picture that is well selected for the story. A person may take many pictures to illustrate his story, but which would offer no special interest, while another person writing the same story would take one or two pictures, but well selected, that will double the interest of the article.

"Detective stories of the new school are in great demand. I do not mean the Old Sleuth or Captain Carter, or any of that class, where the chief element in the story is bluster, blood, and thunder, and killing of the characters in rapid succession, till none are left to tell the story. It is the detective story where the chief element is the mental side, which carries out the well organized development of an intricate and exciting plot, a story of situations, and thrilling and reasonable, not made gruesome and uncanny by constant catastrophe, giving a touch of romance mingled with comedy. Detective stories of that class are to-day welcomed by the reader, and hence are wanted by the publishers. They are on a much higher plane than the old-school detective stories and such are not objectionable for children.

"There is a wrong conception among many people about the way the publishers handle stories offered them. It seems to be a prevalent notion that copy is oftentimes not read because the writer happened to be some person not known to the publisher. That is a serious mistake. It is not a question with the publisher who wrote the story. It would be treated just the same in most cases if there were nothing known as to the writer. It would not be fair to say that Kipling or Hall Caine or that class of men would not now receive prompter attention because of their signature, as people demanded their work, but an article which has the merit in it gets attention, and if the merit is sufficient it gets the writer the pay for it.

"The field of contributors is so small publishers cannot afford to wait for men with established reputation. They are willing and anxious to help men gain reputations as writers if they show ability. Large publishers gladly develop new talent if brilliant. They want it.

"The cheap popular magazines play an important part in the education of the masses of readers. They furnish a sort of primary department, which graduates the reader to the higher priced and better edited magazine. I talked with a representative of one of the great magazines of the country a few days ago, who told me that the cheaper magazines do not really compete with the higher grades at all, but rather help their business. They make, he said, new readers every year. They teach the people to read current publications, and soon they begin to want better thought. They naturally turn to the higher literary publications.

"I wish to emphasize the fact that a good business story is just now about the right thing. A story dealing with the rise to fortune or fame of some well known character makes a big hit. The series of stories which was printed in a magazine not long since, which told the history of a number of the captains of industry, is of a most popular class of story. It offers not alone interesting reading, but it gives the young reader concrete examples of the possibilities of life. Such things are quickly taken by publishers.

"If I were giving, briefly, the requirements of the present-day story, I should say a story of a good deal of action, with some good elements of adventure over which is spread a sauce of love. This sort of a story, told well, not too long, will pay, and there will be no trouble in disposing of it."

Asked what he thought of newspaper work as a training school for magazine writers, Mr. Smith said: "Many of the greatest magazine writers and editors to-day started as newspaper reporters. The newspaper education is certainly desirable for any line of life work, specially story-writing."—*Worcester Telegram.*

Successful Playwriting.—Are the profits of successful playwriting so great as they seem? Is the author of a play which simultaneously is being performed on three continents to be looked upon in the same light as the discoverer of a rich gold mine? The answer to the first question is no, and to the second question it is yes; for the man who discovers the mine and he who exploits it are generally not the same. The author has staked his time and the manager has staked his money; the author is the discoverer and the manager is the exploiter, and the exploiter's money always commands the greater part of the returns. Nevertheless, the returns to the author are very large, set off against the time some single play has taken him in the writing. But how much experience has he generally had to acquire before he has been able to achieve his success? Ten years of fruitless effort is the average lot of the playwright before he finds himself with a reputation; ten years in which with one play after another he batters at the doors of the managers. There are exceptions, and notable ones, but most of the solid achievement is based on such a foundation of time and untiring effort.—*Chester Bailey Fernald, in Sunset Magazine.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE. Henry Holt. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

MR. TORRENCE'S METRICAL ART. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE MODERN NOVEL AND THE MODERN PLAY. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

HAUNTS OF JACK LONDON. Illustrated. Ninetta Eames. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for December.

THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER. Warren Cheney. *Sunset* (13 c.) for November.

COUNT TOLSTOY. With portraits. *Strand* (13 c.) for November.

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN NEWSPAPER. Alfred Charles William Harmsworth. *World To-day* (13 c.) for December.

SOME HEROINES OF SHAKESPEARE, BY THEIR IMPERSONATORS.—JULIET. Illustrated. Eleanor Robson. *Delineator* (18 c.) for December.

THE VERSE OF THE FUTURE. C. Crozat Converse. *Open Court* (13 c.) for December.

AMATEUR PUBLISHERS. *Bookseller* (Chicago) (13 c.) for September-October.

WALLACE IRWIN. With portrait. Randall Blackshaw. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

NEW ORLEANS IN FICTION. Illustrated. W. S. Harwood. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

A CONCORD NOTE-BOOK. V.—Thoreau and Ellery Channing. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

THE JOYOUSNESS OF BOOKS. Charles S. Brooks. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN MEN'S BOOKS. Myrtle Reed. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

A PERNICIOUS WAY OF PAYING AUTHORS. Edward Carlile Litsey. Editor's Clearing House, *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

THE POPULARITY OF BERNARD SHAW. Illustrated. Lionel Strachey. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

ON STYLE. Charles Marriott. *Author* (London) (18 c) for November.

THE MAN WHO WOULD WRITE. Walter M. Gallichan. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for November.

THE LITERATURE OF AUSTRALIA. R. M. Praed. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for November.

"LITERATURE" IN ADVERTISEMENTS. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for December.

SOME CANADIAN WRITERS. I.—Poetry. Bernard McEvoy. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for December.

PROPERTY IN A "NOM DE PLUME." Counsel's Opinion. W. Oliver Hodges. *The Author* (London) (18 c.) for December.

WITH ROSSETTI IN LONDON. Yone Noguchi. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

WINE AND THE POETS. A critical study of the poets' devotion to the god of wine. John Madden, M. D. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* in the *Southern California Practitioner* (13 c.) for November.

THE POSITION OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPHY. Reprinted from *British Journal of Photography* in the *Professional and Amateur Photographer* (13 c.) for November.

WHY MANUSCRIPTS ARE REJECTED. James C. Bradshaw. *How to Write* (13 c.) for October.

THOUGHT AND SPEECH. J. A. Dewe. *Education* (38 c.) for November.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE—THE MAN. Illustrated. Vivian M. Moses. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for November 11.

LITERARY STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE. With portraits of Harvey J. O'Higgins, Joseph C. Lincoln, Myra Kelly, and Holman Day. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for November 11.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MANUFACTURER OF MELODRAMAS (Theodore Kremer). With portrait. D. F. St. Clair. *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for November 18.

WRITERS OF PLAYS. Elizabeth Marbury. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 25.

THE LADY OF THE TWINKLE AND THE TEAR (Kate Douglas Wiggin). Illustrated. Adele Marie Shaw. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for November 18.

LITERARY PERSONALITIES. Edith Wharton, Maurice Hewlett, May Sinclair, Gilbert K. Chesterton, George Bernard Shaw, and Richard Watson Gilder. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 25.

THE REAL LUCAELIA IN HER GERMAN GARDEN. Robert H. Schauffler. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 25.

THE VATICAN PERIODICAL AND HIS SERVICE TO LITERATURE. Illustrated. R. D. Townsend. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 25.

REVISION OF THE COPYRIGHT LAWS. Herbert Putnam. *Independent* (13 c.) for November 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Vincent Harper" is Henry Austin Adams. Mr. Adams now lives in Seattle.

The *Bachelor Magazine* (New York) is a new periodical devoted entirely to the interests of men. Stories, verses, descriptive articles, and half-tone illustrations will be used, and space will also be devoted to yachting, automobiling, golf, and other sports. Reed Carradine is the editor.

A collection of the letters of the late Lafcadio Hearn will be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. The collection will be edited by Ferris Greenslet, with the collaboration of Mrs. Hearn and Basil Hall Chamberlain, the literary executor, and will contain a biographical outline.

The *Mother's Magazine* is a new monthly magazine, published by the David C. Cook Company, of Chicago.

The editorial offices of *Floral Life* have been moved from Springfield, Ohio, to New York city. D. J. Thomas is the editor of the magazine.

The January issue of *Country Life in America* will mark the consolidation of the *Country Calendar* and *Country Life* in *America*.

The *Era Magazine*, of Deposit, N. Y., has discontinued publication.

The *Woman's Home Companion* is to be enlarged, and new departments and special features will be added.

The John Lane Company, the Bodley Head, is the full name of the incorporated publishing house in New York, formerly the American branch of the English house. Rutger Bleecker Jewett, the vice-president of the new company, is the managing director. Associated with him on the board of directors are Spencer Trask, Robert W. DeForest, and Acosta Nichols. The new company will follow the general style of publications already associated with the name of the Bodley Head, and plans to extend and broaden the scope of the *International Studio*.

The *New York Independent* offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best cover design adapted for its special monthly numbers in 1906. Designs must be suitable for printing in one color.

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